THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 45

MAY 8, 1926

Fou kly Franklin

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Ben Ames Williams—William Hazlett Upson—John P. Marquand
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Spring final examination

COURSE: *Bathing* II *(Morning & Evening)*

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: *This examination is conducted under the honor system and answers may be written in the bathroom.*

1 If you waste 5 to 10 minutes in the morning chasing an elusive cake of sinker-soap along the tub-bottom, what happens to a soft-boiled egg for breakfast?

2 One man sings while he bathes; another sputters in wrath. What soap does each use, and why?

3 Of the fifty-five good reasons for using Ivory Soap in the bath, which comes next in importance after *"It floats"*?

4 Bathers for nearly fifty years have compared Ivory lather to (*a*) clouds, (*b*) foam, (*c*) whipped cream. Can you think of a better comparison? (A correct answer to this question insures a passing mark in the examination.)

5 If an airplane travels at the rate of 3 miles per minute, how much faster does Ivory lather rinse off?

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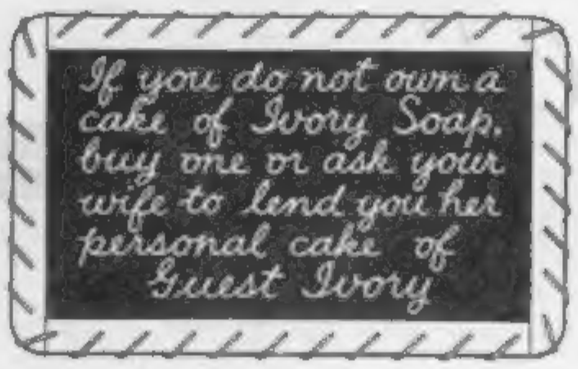

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 8, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 45

Aviation Comes Out of a Tail Spin

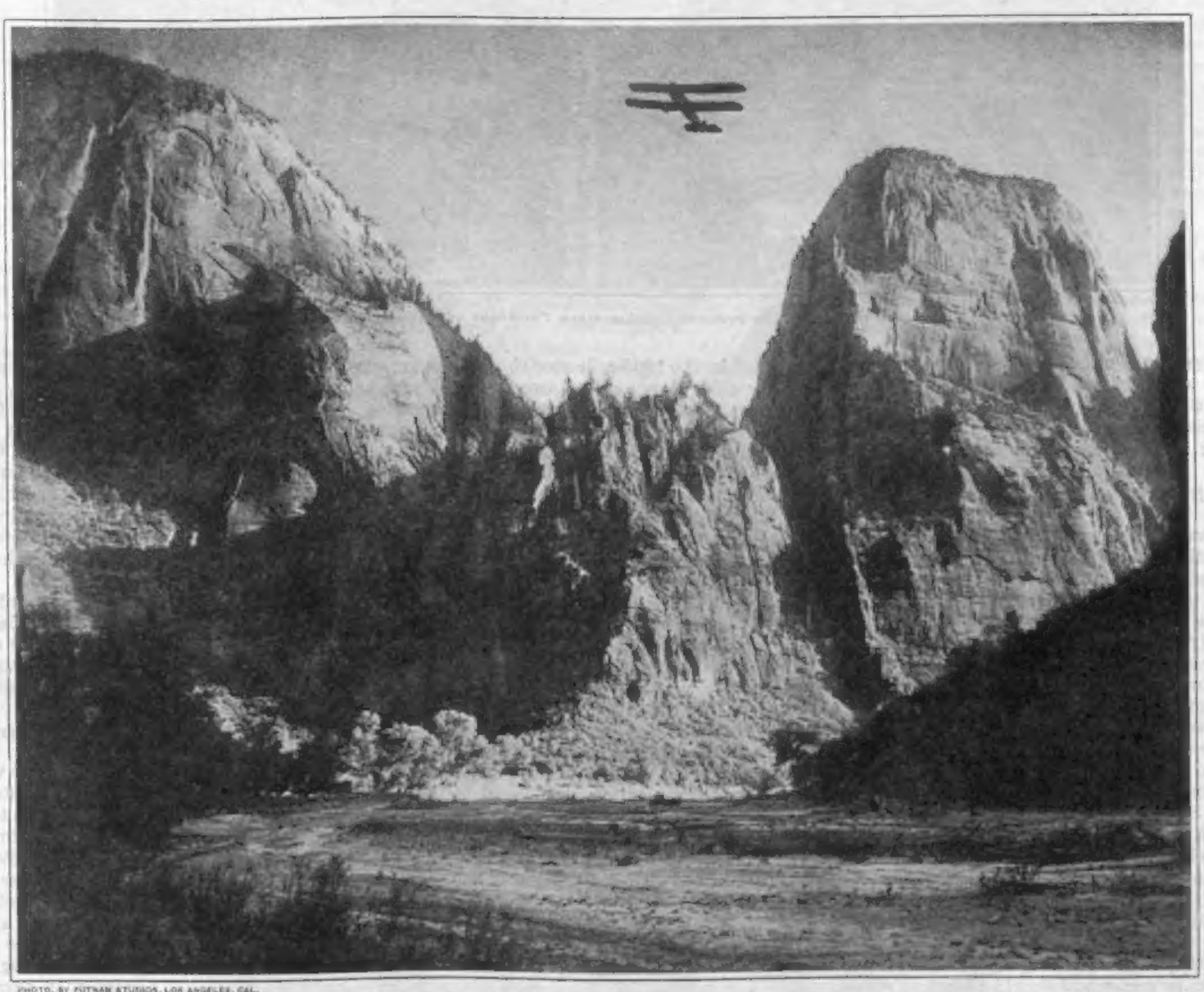
By WESLEY WINANS STOUT

THE great aviation ruckus has been bellowing and pawing up the Washington landscape now for seven years, until the layman, who did his best to pick the hero of the piece from the villain, finally stopped his ears in befuddlement and disgust and turned to the comic strips. He can uncover those abused ears again. Sweet music is on the air.

Aviation, after much furious post-war chasing of its tail, has gone to work for a living in the United States in earnest and at last. The Pony Express has returned with wings, clipper ships breast the prairie trade winds, lighthouses wink in cornfield and pasture, pilots steer by grain elevators and village steeples and the shadows of great birds fall upon frightened chicken yards.

Ten new contract air-mail routes, privately owned and operated, made possible by the Kelly Bill passed by the last Congress, have begun hauling mail for the Post Office Department for a maximum of eight of the ten cents charged per ounce per zone for air mail, leaving the post office its normal two cents, net. The Pony Express in 1860 charged five dollars each half ounce between St. Joseph and San Francisco. That is about half the price of pure gold.

One of the contractors will inaugurate an air express service, either in conjunction with the American Railway Express Company, or other existing medium, or independently.



PHOTO, BY PUTNAM STUDIOS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A Western Air Express Mail Ship Passing Over Zion National Park en Route From Los Angeles to Salt Lake City

There is Lots of Good News in the Air

AVIATION thereby becomes a commercial fact in this country for the first time; and if these enterprises survive and grow, as the men who have put their money into them hope, what the Army and Navy do or do not do in the air in time of peace will be interesting but relatively unimportant.

In reviewing the aviation muddle in these columns a little more than a year ago, the writer said: "We have the records, but we can't fight with records. We haven't the planes, nor the men to fly, build and groom them, nor have we the means of getting these things quickly in case of war."

Now, with luck, we shall have all the materials of a quickly mobilized air defense at hand, and we shall have them in civilian hands.

The mileage of our civil air routes today is 8272, or approximately our national railroad mileage of 1847. The first airplane flew on December 17, 1903, less than twenty-three years ago. The locomotive first pulled a useful load on July 25, 1814, or thirty-three years before 1847. Year for year, apparently the plane is the lustier of the two.

In the thirty-three years that followed 1847 our railroad mileage grew to 93,000, and eventually in 1917 to its peak of 266,381 miles. No such expansion is likely in air transportation, for the airplane cannot operate to advantage as a common carrier over distances of less than about 600 miles, or the mileage a fast train can travel between the close of one business day and the opening of another, and it must of necessity have an important commercial center at each end of its route. Mere annihilation of distance is not sufficient. A north-and-south air route between Butte, Montana, and Tucson, Arizona, would cut the time between those cities as sharply as the first transcontinental railroad did the time between New York and San Francisco; but traffic does not move north and south there; the intervening territory is sparsely settled, and neither Butte nor Tucson originates any considerable mail or express traffic for the other. The ten contract routes now in operation have a total mileage of 4881, in addition to the 3391 miles of the existing Post Office Department airways. Contract Number 1, for the Boston-New York route, 192 miles, went to Colonial Air Transport, of Naugatuck, Connecticut. Route 2, between Chicago and St. Louis, 278 miles, was let to the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, of Anglum, Missouri. Route 3, 1000 miles and next to the longest, between Chicago, the Tri-Cities, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth and Dallas, is being flown by National Air Transport, Inc., of Chicago.

Western Air Express bid in the Salt Lake-Los Angeles branch, 600 miles; and Route 5, from Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington, with a train connection for Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and the transpacific steamer mails, 435 miles, went to Walter T. Varney, of San Francisco.

The Ten New Routes in Our Air Mail Service

HENRY FORD is operating Routes 6 and 7 between Detroit and Cleveland, and Detroit and Chicago, 91 and 237 miles respectively. The longest of all, Route 8, 1121 miles, from Seattle the length of our Pacific Coast to Los Angeles, was let to Pacific Air Transport, of North Bend, Oregon; and Route 9, from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis, 377 miles, was bid in by Charles Dickinson, of Chicago.

Route 10, Atlanta to Jacksonville, Tampa, Fort Myers and Miami, 550 miles, has been taken by the Florida Airways Corporation. The Atlanta-Jacksonville section is not yet in operation.

Thus our air-mail service, which was limited in 1923 to one line between New York and San Francisco, flown only by day and in relays on and off trains, three years later is a continuously flown, twenty-four-hour service, extending from Boston to Minnesota, Central Texas, and the length of our Pacific Coast—incomparably the greatest practical achievement in flying in the world today, exceeding the total mileage of all the regularly operated trunk air lines in Europe, all of which are subsidized.

If the ten new routes justify themselves, two more may be expected to follow shortly. A line from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond to New Orleans or Atlanta, and a much needed service from Chicago to the Gulf, possibly via Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Nashville and Atlanta, suggest themselves at once. Both these would link the Florida Airways Corporation line, now a geographical orphan, with the other contract routes and the government transcontinental. Two such additional routes would leave no large city farther than a short overnight ride from an air-mail station. Beyond that, commercial aviation is not apt to expand greatly for many years; the growth must be in traffic.

PHOTO BY FAIRCHILD AERIAL CAMERA SURVEY, INC.

Love Field, Dallas, Texas, the Present Southwestern Terminus of National Air Transport, Inc.

The Shortest But Not the Best Route

THE first organized and most largely capitalized of the nine contractors, National Air Transport, Inc., is carrying express as well as mail on its Chicago-Dallas jump, and by autumn is scheduled to operate a night air-express service from Chicago to New York over the Post Office Department's airway, probably by contract with the American Railway Express Company.

National Air Transport also hopes to bid in the government transcontinental mail-line service when it is let out by contract and the Post Office Department retires from aircraft operation, as Postmaster-General New plans to do as soon as feasible, and to shift the main line from the present route to one leading southwest from Chicago to Kansas City, Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles. Western Air Express, operator of the new Salt Lake-Los Angeles branch, looks with favor on the possibility of switching its planes to a Los Angeles-El Paso service, connecting at the West Texas city with the N. A. T. ships from Dallas and New York.

The N. A. T. has as its general manager Col. Paul Henderson, former second assistant postmaster-general, in charge of and virtual creator of the air mail; and as its traffic manager, Luther K. Bell, formerly serving in a similar capacity for the postal air service. Out of their experience in the latter they are convinced of two things. The first is that at the outset the mail traffic on the contract lines will not be sufficient to turn a profit for the contractor; second, that the New York-San Francisco main line is mislocated.

It looks pretty on the map, but it doesn't click. Its advantage of directness is much more than offset, their experience indicates, by disadvantages of latitude and altitude. Senators Phipps of Colorado, Warren of Wyoming and Smoot of Utah, all politically powerful in Washington, were instrumental in locating the original air-mail route on a line due west from Omaha to San Francisco over the Rocky, the Wasatch and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Most of the breakdowns in the air-mail service have occurred in the 1000-mile stretch of violent storms, bitter winter cold, heavy snows, excessive altitudes and forbidding terrain between Cheyenne and Sacramento.

All the Western mountain ranges taper down sharply toward the Mexican border, flattening out to high plains and low peaks. This and the advantage of many degrees of latitude are decisive factors in airplane operation. There is no month in which ships could not fly without weather interference over the Southwestern route—that, approximately, of Butterfield's original stagecoach line from the Mississippi to California. It taps, moreover, a region of greater sources of traffic.

The express contract with National Air Transport is before the board of the American Railway Express Company for action as this is written. More than a year ago, John W. Newlean, vice president and treasurer of the express company, told the Congressional Select Aircraft Investigating Committee:

"We are ready to consider contractual arrangements for an air-express service as soon as any dependable and strongly financed organization is prepared to furnish the service, preferably beginning with a New York-Chicago night-flown route."

The contract has the strong backing of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This road, one of the largest in the world, is so cordially and farsightedly in favor of the auxiliary use of aircraft that it may be expected to coöperate in an air express, whether in conjunction with the American Railway Express Company or not. The latter corporation, a consolidation of the old Wells Fargo, the American and Adams companies, operates the express service of all the major rail lines of the United States, excepting only the Southern Railway and the Mobile and Ohio, and is, of course, the ideal partner in such an enterprise.

Speaking officially for the Pennsylvania, of which he is president, and unofficially voicing a sentiment believed to be shared by most of the railroads, Gen. W. W. Atterbury made the following statement to me: "No one knows the future of air transport. Twenty-five years ago no one knew the future of motor cars. Virtually everyone, including the railroads, failed completely to anticipate the development of the automobile and its extraordinary effect on the social and commercial life of the nation. I, for one, hope that we shall not repeat the error with air transport.

"I do not think of air transport as a competitor of the railroads in any important degree, either now or in the future. It will, I believe, create a new field chiefly of its own. Indeed, to the limited extent to which it is now being used in this country, it actually is creating such a field. Instead of being a competitor of the railroads, I think it will prove a valuable ally in coöperation with them as an auxiliary form of service.

"Moreover, it seems to me not only possible but probable that the railroads will themselves find it desirable to utilize aircraft directly, just as they now are finding it desirable to make use of motor trucks and busses on the highways to supplement the service on their rails."

PHOTO BY COURTESY FLORIDA AIRWAYS CORP., TAMPA

Thomas A. Edison and Major Reed M. Chambers, Head of the Florida Airways Corporation, Beside a Ford-Stout All-Metal Plane, One of Several Types Flown on the Jacksonville-Tampa-Fort Myers-Miami Route, Inaugurated April First

A Luxury Today, a Necessity Tomorrow

"THAT the United States is one vast economic unit, the greatest economic unit in history, is due to our rail transportation facilities more than to any other one factor. Our country and its people continue to grow rapidly in wealth, purchasing power, living standards and numbers. The demand—the necessity of the times—is for greater speed in transportation and communications. That we are able each year to afford new luxuries is one of the inevitable benefits resulting from transportation. Luxuries, in turn, become necessities. The most striking instance of this in history is the story of the motor car.

"It is not discouraging to admit that airplane operation is expensive today. So were railway and motor car operation in their infancy. Like progress may be expected in aeronautical engineering.

"Air transport is just beginning to wean itself from military service. It scarcely has had a chance to give more than a flash of what it can do. Generous acknowledgment of what may be discovered or developed in the near future, however, does not prevent proper conservatism in making the statement that air transport will remain probably for a considerable time an extra-high-cost transport, drawing its patronage partly from the luxury desire and partly from the demand for extra speed that marks as peculiarly American our whole social and economic structure. That we shall—perhaps more quickly than we now realize—come to look upon it as a necessity seems to me extremely likely, despite

continued high cost. But such traffic always will represent only a negligible fraction of the total carried by rail. The bulk of traffic will continue to move by rail because of the vastly greater economy.

"Traffic analysis of the government owned and operated air mail shows that, without selling effort, air transport has attracted business in the following order: Banks, bond houses and other financial institutions; export and import houses; manufacturers and distributors operating on a national scale through dealers or branch agencies; publishers and advertisers conducting nation-wide sales campaigns; transport and communication corporations, and lastly the general public.

"In short, whatever in the shape of mail or express can, for business reasons or personal luxury desire, justify extra charge for speed, can be solicited by air transport. This, however, also indicates how highly specialized the air field must be by comparison with the total of rail-borne transportation.

"I know from our own experience that the charging of an extra fare on a passenger train, with the accompanying extra speed and luxury, inevitably is followed by increased traffic on that train. A very large proportion of all passenger travel between New York and Chicago and New York and St. Louis moves by extra-fare trains. The first were inaugurated in 1881 between Chicago and New York. The effect was an immediate increase in travel on those trains, and the increase has been particularly notable in recent years.

"Apart from the added speed and luxury of such a train as the Broadway Limited, there is a tangible prestige to the traveler in riding it."

PHOTO. BY CURTISS AEROPLANE AND MOTOR CO.

Curtiss Lark Cargo Plane of 500 Pounds Revenue Load Capacity, Flown by Colonial Air Transport, Inc. on the New York and Boston Contract Route

Coördination, Not Competition

"THE twenty hours from New York and eighteen hours from Philadelphia is little more than an overnight ride. The airplane today might cut the time in half, but it still would be an overnight journey, necessarily in much less comfort and serenity. No doubt we shall have air passenger routes in the proximate future, but I think the vast bulk of passenger travel will continue to move by rail. The limited growth of air passenger traffic in Europe is not a criterion, of course. The relative smallness of European countries, and the succession of national boundaries, customhouses and passport annoyances are obstacles which we escape. Nor have the European railroads ever developed a general train service comparable in convenience, adequacy and comfort to that which links most of our larger cities by one-night journeys.

"I mention these matters for the purpose of making perfectly clear my ability to consider air transport entirely apart from competition with rail service. I am exceedingly anxious to see it encouraged to develop along proper lines and in proper coördination with the railroads.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad, which uses the air mail for some of its official correspondence, has been most happy to coöperate with the Government in the development of the New York-Chicago-San Francisco air route. Our part is getting the mail at the New York end to and from the air terminal at New Brunswick, New Jersey. Though this is only a small part of the total work, it is an essential one, and we are doing it whole-heartedly. We welcome the establishment of other routes in our territory and additional opportunities to coöperate. Wherever an air service may have junction with the Pennsylvania, we desire to make this junction effective in the practical interchange of traffic.

"I will go a step further and say that the Pennsylvania Railroad management is not only willing but desirous to see the air service broadened to embrace high-grade express traffic. The ten new air routes will be privileged to carry express or any other traffic they can obtain as long as they perform the mail service properly. The original New York-Chicago-San Francisco route also probably will be turned over to private agencies under contract, and thus be available for high-grade express traffic.

"It is my thought and that of my associates that the railroads should not stand in the way of this, but should encourage it, and our management has so placed itself on record."

Good Business

"ANYTHING which stimulates invention, industry and commerce necessarily increases the general volume of trade and traffic throughout the country; and in this larger prosperity the railroads, like all other economic agencies, have their share. They should play the part of leaders, never of obstructionists, in the march of progress. For all we know to the contrary, air transport may embrace the most important field of progress which this generation is to see. Nor must we forget our national defense, in which it already has been demonstrated that aircraft is one of the dominating factors.

"Patriotism joins with business sense in demanding encouragement in every legitimate way."

General Atterbury further explained that the Pennsylvania Railroad does not desire to operate airplanes itself any more than it desires to operate motor busses or trucks. The company is approaching the question of its relationship to air transport in the light of its experiences up to the present time in the bus and truck field.

Thus far in one or two cases the Pennsylvania Railroad has been obliged to initiate bus lines of its own in order to protect through traffic, and may be forced to do so in other instances for similar reasons. With this in view, it has taken steps to incorporate a subsidiary company to conduct such service where present or future necessity may require it.

In the freight field the Pennsylvania Railroad is utilizing motor vehicles to a considerably greater extent than for passenger service, though in all cases the trucks so used are owned and operated, under contract, by private individuals not connected with the railroad company. Up to date, the Pennsylvania Railroad has motorized 1050 miles

(Continued on Page 137)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY KANSAS CITY STAR

The National Air Transport's Curtiss Carrier Pigeon No. 1 Greeted at Kansas City by Postmaster Morton, Lou E. Holland, Former President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, and Others

In Oval—General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Who Favors the Auxiliary Use of Aircraft

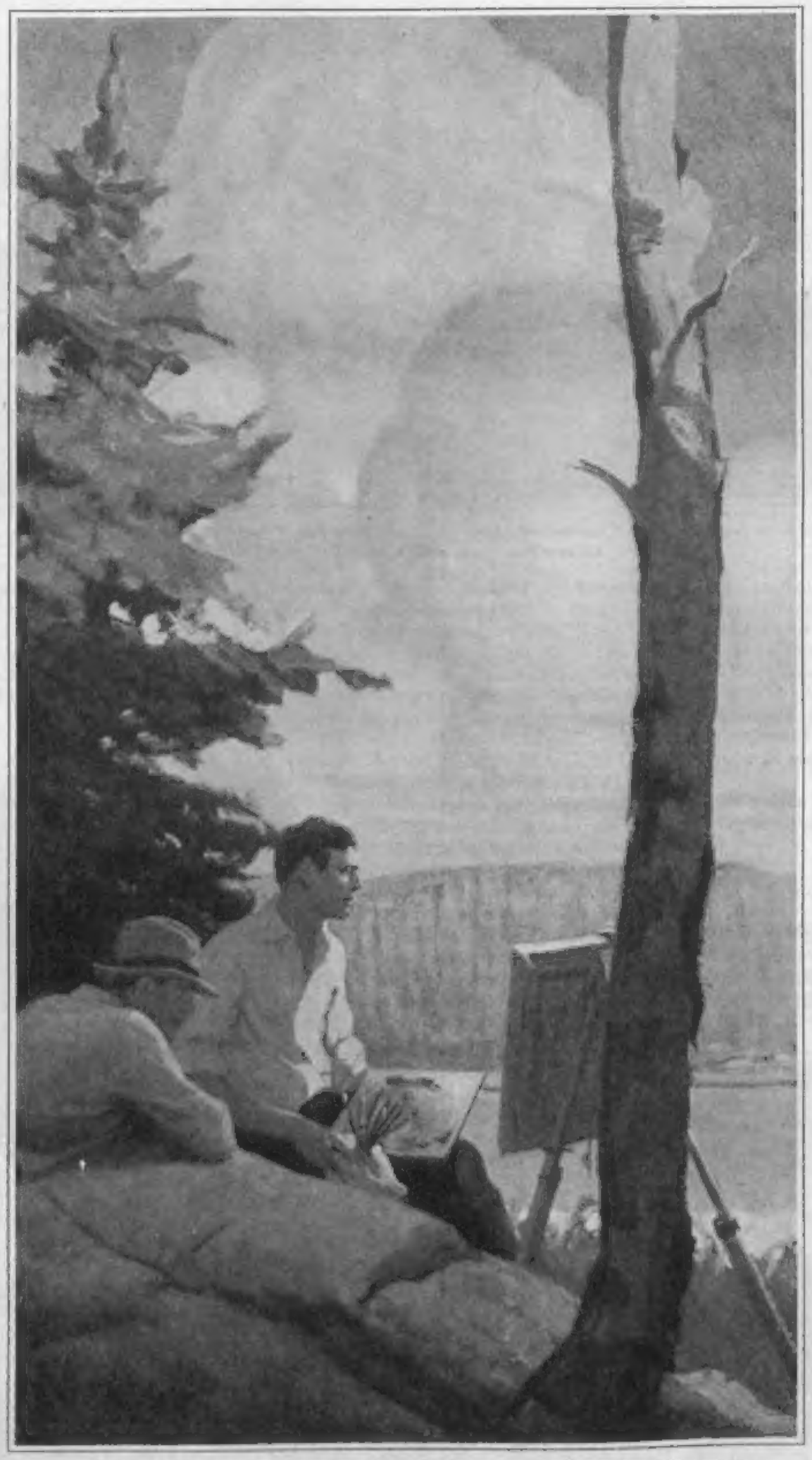
THE BLUNDERER

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

THE shallow river ran rippling through a lovely valley, its surface broken into a thousand facets by the inequality of the gravel bed which formed its bottom, each slant and whirl of water reflecting brilliantly the sparkle of the sun. The water was so clear that every pebble on the bottom was visible, yet their aspect was so distorted by the movement of the surface that they seemed to writhe and surge this way and that as the water played in whorls and eddies. There was a steady, purposeful slope to the stream bed; the current drove briskly, pressing and thrusting in a cheerful fashion, singing many little songs.

The valley through which this stream had its way had once couched a broader river; it spread level and green for half a mile from the river to the hills. On the nearer shore, the eastern, a road traced the meanderings of the stream, sometimes so narrow that two cars passed with difficulty, sometimes broader and more assuring. As one followed this road upstream, the wooded hillsides lay to the right, the river itself sparkled and sang on the other hand. Across the current, on the farther shore, elms towered gracefully, their bases hidden in alder clumps; and beyond this fringe of trees draped with flood rubbish lay the intervale, in a sweet fertility, the grass, already well grown, almost tropical in its coloring, incredibly green. Beyond the intervale again, at the base of the steep hillsides clad in trees, a white house stood drowsily in the sun; and from this house a little way, half path and half road, drifted toward the stream. It wandered from a direct line, turning for no particular reason this way and then that, with many graceful little curves like the lines of beauty which an artist draws when his idle pencil plays across the paper. Where this way at last came to the stream's side the bank was worn down, the sod broken and rutted; and there was something like a little beach or landing there. A lone, decrepit gray-birch tree with a thick bole leaned to shade the spot; and beneath this tree two horses stood inattentively, with drooping heads, harnessed to a rude cart on two wheels with heavy drag poles of white birch trailing out a dozen feet behind. On the beach itself were drawn up three boats of a curious pattern, shaped like unusually slender dories, light and graceful. Across the stern of one of them lay an iron-shod pole; and there were paddles, for the most part weathered gray and warped and broken by the sun, lying haphazard in the others. The pole was new, showing still the sprightly yellow of freshly barked spruce; but the iron shoe on its end was old.



The Highest Praise Which He Could Offer Was to Say: "That's Pretty Near Good's a Photograph"

Two men were sitting indolently at the base of the gray birch. One was Fred Hackey and the other was a man named Fitts. The house across the intervale was his home; these were his horses; the intervale itself was a part of his farm, as were the lower slopes of the wooded land behind and above the farmhouse. A man, thus, of some substance and account, yet a lean and passive citizen, now lazily whittling a fill for his pipe.

The other man, Fred Hackey, had a breadth of shoulder which Fitts lacked; he was built for rugged work, and the enormous pack basket covered with oiled cloth which was propped against the tree at his back testified to his ability to carry burdens. He was a sandy-haired man with a sandy countenance burned red and cured to a tough and durable finish by wind and rain and sun. He wore a gray flannel shirt, and the heavy kersey knickerbockers and wool stockings and stout guide shoes which are more and more favored by those whose business takes them much into the woods. There was a packet of cigarettes in one pocket of his shirt, matches in the other; and now and then he fished out a cigarette and lighted it, and presently flipped the butt into the water a dozen feet away.

The men seemed to have nothing in particular to do; their postures suggested that they were waiting for something or for somebody. In the meantime, while their talk drifted idly, they watched with mild attention the activities of a third man on the other shore, across the river. This third man was Bunker. He had poled across in a boat like those drawn up on the beach where the two men sat; and in the shade on the farther bank he was engaged in loading into this boat four bales of hay which had been deposited by someone at the roadside above the stream. Bunker was having difficulties with this hay. From where it had been left by the delivery truck, there was a thirty-foot descent down a steep path to the stream's side. It was necessary for Bunker to maneuver the bales down this path and then get them into his boat. They were heavy and unwieldy, and his efforts were awkward. He tried working them down the path end over end; but the first one got away from him and splashed into the water.

After that he backed down the path, drawing the bales after him, and he was forever on the point of being caught by them as they toppled toward the stream. Then came the awkward business of getting them over the gunwale into the boat; a matter not so much of strength as of skill. Having managed it, he found his craft hard aground. He worked it free by sweat power and found it listed sadly; his own weight failed to correct this, so that he had to shift one of the bales. And finally, when he pushed off for the return trip across the stream, the current swung him so stoutly that, calling upon all his strength to meet its thrust, he broke his pole; and since a paddle was useless, he was forced to step out into the water and wade thigh deep, dragging the boat painfully toward the landing. He arrived at last; and the river had wet him to the waist, and his own efforts had done him a similar service elsewhere. He was a weary and a sorry spectacle, absurd and at the same time faintly pitiful. And Fitts and Fred Hackey chuckled together; and Fitts said in a cackling voice:

"Ain't used to a pole, are you, Bunker?"

"She cramped on me," Bunker confessed. "She nosed under a rock and kind of cramped on me. I got quite a load on here."

"Trouble'th you is, you're too energetic," Fitts suggested. "Been me, I'd ha' brung one at a time and done it just as quick."

Hackey got to his feet with a movement curiously swift and sure for so bulky a man.

"We'll get 'em on the cart," he remarked, and Fitts rose reluctantly to help.

"I wetted 'em some," Bunker said regretfully. "Guess I oughtn't to have done that, Fred."

"They'll dry when we break the hay out," Hackey reassured him.

"Dunno as this team can haul all that water up the hill though," Fitts protested. "Dry 'em first and they won't weigh half as much. Hundred pounds of water in a bale as 'tis."

"There'll be some dunnage," Hackey remarked. "You'd best carry these over to the house and let 'em rest there and come back with the cart. Make another trip up to the pond this afternoon with what hay we can't take this time. Six hundred's a load."

"I'll drive the team over," Bunker offered, and Fitts agreed to this.

"Go ahead," he assented.

"You can get back time they're across, even if they get here right away." Hackey told Bunker. "But don't set around."

"I'll hustle," Bunker promised. "I'll be back."

He was a stout man of indeterminate age with a child's mouth and a woman's eye; and Hackey, though he may have doubted Bunker's ability to do as he agreed, nevertheless made no further suggestion. Bunker clucked to the horses and plodded peacefully away across the intervale toward the Fitts barn, and Fitts chuckled at his departing figure.

"If there was a chance, he'd drive them hosses into a ditch and break their legs," he commented. "Bunker'll find the wrong way if there is one."

"He's all right," Hackey said in mild defense.

"Dumbest man I ever see for doing things the wrong way," Fitts insisted.

"He makes a pile of work for himself," Hackey agreed. "He is kind of thumb handed for a fact."

"Kurr won't appreciate him much," Fitts suggested, with a sidelong glance at the other man. "He likes things done so so."

"Only man I could get," Hackey explained defensively, "on the notice I had. Most all the guides are working. And Bunker can paddle a canoe and cook, and he's good at fishing and knowing where the fish are."

"That New York man Bunker guided last month said Bunker lost a nine-pound salmon netting him."

"Bunker says the sport give the fish slack line," Hackey commented impersonally. "I guess Bunker can net a fish."

"Thing that gets me is the work he makes himself. It's a wonder he gets along at all," Fitts urged. He pointed. "Look at him now. He's off the road. He'll be bogged in a minute. It's marshy in there since the high water. Besides spoiling my hay."

"He's got out," Hackey said; and after a minute in which their eyes followed Bunker, he added thoughtfully: "He bothers himself a pile, but he gets along. Seems like a lot of his mistakes work out pretty good. A mistake in the right place is as good as doing the right thing at the wrong time. Sometimes it is."

Fitts nodded, and referred again to those whom they expected. "Four of them coming?" he asked.

Hackey nodded.

"Kurr and his cousin, and a man named Daigle and his wife. He paints pictures. He's going to paint some pictures for Kurr."

"Think she is Kurr's cousin, the way he says?" Fitts asked, watching Hackey.

"She can throw a fly," Hackey replied obliquely.

"He says she's his cousin," Fitts insisted.

"Guess he knows," Hackey replied briefly. He was never inclined to lend himself to the discussions of Kurr and of Kurr's affairs which were a commonplace of conversation hereabouts. The guide in charge of Kurr's sporting camp on the lake in the mountains above them, he felt his responsibility of loyalty.

But Fitts was restrained by no such considerations.

"Never did see how you got on with him," he urged.

"Do as I'm told," Hackey explained; and he added with a mild reproof in his tones: "And keep my mouth shut."

"I've see him go into a fit," Fitts insisted. "He's a man gets mad mighty easy. The kind that don't say much, but acts ugly. I'd take a lace at him if it was me."

"He don't bother if you do your job."

"Him and Bunker'll rub pretty rough," Fitts remarked, half to himself, and after a moment he chuckled. "Bunker'll tip him out of the canoe if Kurr gives him a chance. Kurr don't like water no more than a cat either. He's funny that way, ain't he?"

"Swims good as a trout," Hackey reminded the other.

Fitts nodded wisely.

"But he don't like a wetting, Fred. You know that." Hackey made no comment, and Fitts asked:

"You mind how he let out at me last time he was up? When my paddle dripped on him. I wouldn't guide for that man for a good bit. I won't take talk like that."

Hackey held his silence, and their conversation, spasmodic at best, languished; it was broken by long minutes of silence. By and by they saw Bunker returning across the intervale, riding now upon the empty cart.

"This painter man been up here before?" Fitts asked, and Hackey shook his head, and Fitts said with a grin:

"Bet his wife's pretty. Kurr picks the pretty ones." And he added, after a moment, unnecessarily:

"Here comes Bunker." Hackey nodded.

The team was plodding toward them, the knees of the horses rising to an absurd height at each slow step, their great heads bobbing ponderously.

"That's as good a pulling team as I ever see," Fitts said.

"They can pull," Hackey agreed.

"You got any more grub coming in?"

"Got the last of it in yesterday."

"How long they staying?"

"Two weeks, Kurr said."

Bunker waved to them from a hundred yards away, in greeting, and Hackey lifted his hand. Fitts grinned.

"Look at him waving. You'd think he'd been away."

"He's a friendly kind," Hackey commented. "Like a dog."

They were watching Bunker; and they saw now that he was pointing past them, across the river. Hackey looked that way, and rose abruptly.

"Here they are," he exclaimed in a quiet tone, and he stepped into that boat across whose stern the new pole lay ready. A moment later he was slanting expertly across the current toward the farther shore, the boat moving crabwise, its bow a little upstream. Fitts saw Kurr's car beside the road there. He did not shift his position, still sat indolently, but his eyes missed no detail of the scene.

Bunker came up with the team and alighted, and the calm horses relaxed with drooping heads.

"I ought to go help with the stuff," Bunker said anxiously.

"Set yourself," Fitts advised. "Fred'll have 'em over in no time at all."

Bunker so far obeyed as to stay where he was, but he did not sit down. Instead stood erect, intently watching the process of ferrying the newcomers across the stream.

II

HACKEY, as the man in charge, had been warned a fortnight before of Kurr's arrival today. Kurr had written that there would be four in the party; but when Hackey greeted his employer this morning, he saw that there were only two persons with him, instead of three. Kurr met his man with that cool assurance characteristic of him; he said gravely:

"Good morning, Hackey." Most men called the guide "Fred"; but Kurr was never thus familiar. He added now:

"Hackey, this is Mrs. Daigle. And Mr. Daigle."

Daigle, a lank, loose-jointed man with a surprisingly loud voice, said: "Glad to see you, Mr. Hackey," and gripped the guide's hand.

Hackey saw Kurr's faint grimace of distaste. Mrs. Daigle smiled her acknowledgment of the introduction, and Hackey asked, with a glance at the car:

"Miss McCaul didn't come?"

"She could not manage it," Kurr explained, something too frank in his tone. "At the last minute, she was unable to get away. I'm very sorry."

He spoke to Mrs. Daigle. "My cousin enjoys it here, and you'd have liked her."

Daigle was unloading bags and rod cases from the car, and Kurr spoke to him with faint impatience:

"Never mind that, Daigle. Hackey will take care of it." To Hackey then:

"Are you ready at the camp?"

"All ready," Hackey assured him.

"Is the cook there and the supplies? Everything I directed?"

"Yes, the stuff is in, and Toombs come in yesterday."

"You engaged another guide?"

"He's over across," Hackey explained. "With Fitts and the cart."

Kurr nodded. "You can set us over," he directed. "Then come back and take the car to the garage. We'll start ahead. You can bring the dunnage on the cart."

"All right," Hackey agreed, and he turned toward the water. But Daigle said robustly: "I say, Kurr, I'll run the car back while he's ferrying you over. I'll come along with him."

Hackey hesitated, appreciating the offer. The morning was already well spent; they would even now be late in reaching camp, and he was anxious to be there as soon as Kurr was. Kurr, he thought, would refuse Daigle's suggestion, and he was pleasantly surprised when Kurr said readily: "Good enough, Daigle. I'll go ahead with Mrs. Daigle. It's a stiff climb; she'll want to go slowly."

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He Was Behind Cynthia Now; She Sat Facing Forward, and Her Eyes Were Thoughtful. By and By She Heard Him Say, "Are You Angry?"

SECOND WIND

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

We'd Been in the Garden, Rufe and I. Spring Was Early That Year. The Mailman's Whistle Came Clear, Like a Flute

IT IS difficult to explain how the thing came about. Suddenly—it seemed suddenly—all the money I had in the world was twenty-five cents, and my husband was ill, and we were strangers in the village where we had gone recently to live. What would you have done? Borrowed from relatives? But there were none; we both were orphans. And everything of value—bonds, a small amount of stock, even my rings—had gone in the fight for my husband's health.

I remember I went into the queer old room where I worked and sat on the broken-down sofa. We were living in what had been the Methodist parsonage then—I never read anything written by Corra Harris without seeing again that dilapidated cottage which had housed ministers and their families for so long. It was furnished from the cast-offs of other women's attics, with here and there pitiful attempts at gayer taste, put in, I am sure, by the hands of women as courageous as a circuit rider's wife.

I sat there idly for a minute, staring about the room. It all seemed strange to me. Then I went to the window, looking out at the view. Hills covered in snow; little fir trees swaying in the wind; down the valley the red light of a train disappearing in the distance—all of it beautiful. I reached into my desk and took out my purse.

Down to the Last Quarter

I KNEW there was nothing but the quarter there. I turned it over and over, thinking, though there was nothing new to think about. We needed bread; the last scrap of the old loaf had been eaten at noon. Bread was twelve cents. A gallon of kerosene cost twenty-five. I knew exactly how much oil there was left in the cookstove; not enough to heat water. But I thought triumphantly of some flour in a jar. I'd make biscuit for supper—and buy kerosene. At the time the decision seemed momentous.

It had been one of Rufe's bad days. He was lying upstairs. But the worst was over now, I knew when I heard his voice. He called down when I went for the oil can.

"Mary, I'm out of cigarettes."

"Oh, are you, Rufe darling?" As if I didn't know; and yet, balancing the grimmer realities of bread and coal oil, somehow I'd forgotten. My feet carried me on for the oil can, but my heart shook. It wasn't possible to buy only fifteen cents' worth of kerosene; even a gallon burned so quickly. Yet if Rufe were not given the few things he needed to make him happy he would not get well. Like a squirrel in a cage, my mind went round and round, seeking for a loophole of escape. What was the way out? There must be one, there always was.

While I hesitated, the little boy from across the street came up the garden path. He had his mother's oil can, and he held out his hand, shyly, for mine. He'd done an occasional errand for me in the two months we had been living here.

I gave him the quarter. "You won't lose the money, will you, Joey?" I'd had a pang, seeing him stuff it carelessly in his small pocket. Suppose—suppose it disappeared? "Are you sure it's safe there?"

"Yep." He smiled. "The sewing-machine man's over at our house," he confided. "Ma says she's going to buy one this time. You going to buy one, Mrs. Doe?"

"Not now, Joey." My eyes left his small figure, trudging toward the village in the snow, and went to his mother's house. The sewing-machine man would make his way over here next. I didn't want him to startle Rufus by ringing the bell. Sometimes a sudden sound would send him back into one of those strange fits of terror again. I stood inside the door, peering out through the glass, waiting for the stranger and praying. A strange kind of prayer too, all about money and cigarettes. A smoke for Rufus; something to show me the way out. Only the Lord could have disentangled that prayer.

It was only a minute until the sewing-machine salesman came to my door.

"May I come in, madam? It is too cold to keep you standing here."

I was hypnotized by the sight of his cigarette. He took it out and crushed it beneath his heel as he entered. I'd had no idea in the world of talking to him, even, but as he threw away that smoke I almost cried out: "Oh, don't!"

Then an idea shot through my mind—an idea that I thrust from me at once. Things like that simply weren't done. But then, something within me argued, everything was out of the ordinary for me now. I wasn't living by any usual rules. People didn't get down to their last quarter without any other resources—not people like ourselves. Yet I had. I was there. It was like being dead and looking on at things from another world.

For the first time, I looked at the sewing-machine man's face. A negative sort of face, dull eyes, a way of blinking when he talked that enthusiasm overcame. He knew machines, there was no doubt of that. He liked them too. But I could not let him show me the machine he had in the case he carried.

"You see, I couldn't possibly buy one—not this year."

"Then I'll come around next," he said cheerfully, and added that he'd had a good day anyhow. As he rose from his chair he pulled out a package of cigarettes. "If you don't mind I'll light one inside; I have my hands full with these cases."

Mr. Shroeder's Miraculous Message

I HEARD myself saying, "If you have one to spare will you give it to me for my husband? He's out of them, and I don't expect to get down to the village right away. You know how it is when you want a smoke."

"I should say so!" He passed me the package, urging me generously to take more than one. But I couldn't do that. I put the cigarette away with care. Rufus would have his after-supper smoke now. I couldn't see further ahead. Each hour seemed as long as a day.

As I shut the door after the sewing-machine man, Joey came along with a dripping oil can. His cheeks were pink, his eyes shining. He opened a grimy palm and gave me back the quarter.

"Here you are, Mis' Doe. Mr. Shroeder said for you to pay him sometime when you are downtown."

"But, Joey ——"

I never did find out why this message had been sent. Perhaps Mr. Shroeder had been too busy to bother at the moment; perhaps he had so many quarters that day that mine looked to him less than a grain of sand. Perhaps —— Why multiply surmises? I sat down suddenly on the bench in the hall. I felt as if I'd taken part in a miracle. I didn't know then, as certainly as I do now, that miracles still happen.

So I got a loaf of bread after all and a ten-cent package of cigarettes; and the next morning there was a check for five dollars in the mail.

But before that came I'd been thinking, going back. This situation, like so many others, was due primarily to the war. Rufus had gone from Canada in 1916. When the army doctor sent for me a year later, my husband was again back on this side of the water.

"I want to see you," the doctor wrote, "before you take Captain Doe away. His is a very interesting case of what we call shell shock—because we have no better name."

I wondered, lying there in the starlit dark of the country night, whether it had been pure chance that I had been shown into the room where Rufus was, instead of direct to the doctor's office. The doctor had not intended this to happen. He wanted to talk to me before I saw the listless figure with the staring, hopeless eyes. When the door opened, Rufus did not turn his head, but just sat there looking at the wall, the window, anywhere his eyes happened to fall. I ran toward him, and he stood up forlornly, making some attempt at a salute, and then letting his hand drop to his side again. It was one of the saddest things I ever saw. I put my arms around him, and his tired head went down to rest on mine. He didn't speak my name; he didn't say anything that the old dear Rufus would have said. But how anxious his voice was.

"Promise me not to let them send me away from you? They'll try, you know; they'll want to do it." And he stared at me pitifully, like a child who did not understand the world in which he found himself.

"Don't worry, Rufe; I promise. They'll have to kill me first."

Figuratively speaking, they almost did. The army doctor was very kind; I remember him gratefully. He talked for a long time about Rufus' condition.

Many Specialists, but No Cure

"YOUR husband's case is a strange one," he told me; "it is shell shock, of course, but we cannot dismiss any malady of the mind with one word. I think he was a sick man, nervously, before he went to war. Think back; isn't that true?"

It was. Before he'd gone to war, Rufus had been working under a continuous strain. He was an artist, and he'd been attached to the staff of a theatrical firm more famous for their money-making proclivities than for the generosity of their payments. Having all their productions in charge, Rufus had worried incessantly. His beauty-loving soul had been under a strain which not even I understood. The war completed what had been going on for years.

"Give him ten or fifteen years," said the army doctor kindly; "it'll possibly take that, though no one can say with certainty. In ordinary shell shock—shock that is not aggravated by other causes—another shock has been known to set the condition right. But Captain Doe's case isn't like that!" He paused a minute. "I tell you what you do," he said impulsively; "take him to Crackett in New York; if anyone can help him, Doctor Crackett can."

We had a little money, not much, just the savings of two years of marriage. But it meant nothing to use this, poverty for the rest of our lives would be a small price to pay, if so we might buy a return to health for Rufus.

To New York and Doctor Crackett we went.

Doctor Crackett was a thin, nervous-looking man himself. He went over my husband's physique, took his history, made every conceivable test, said "Fifty dollars," in a dry, crisp voice, and whisked me into another room.

"Your husband should be in a sanitarium," he said without preamble. "There is a good place in Pennsylvania I can recommend. The charges ——"

I interrupted him. "I couldn't send him to a sanitarium—he'd die, Doctor Crackett. Why must he go? What is the matter? Won't—won't he get better?"

He tapped his glasses nervously on the shining top of a desk and looked out of the window. He was a great neurologist, but measured by standards of sympathy, humanity, comprehension, a small human being. I don't think he thought of Rufus as a suffering man at all, or of me—he saw merely an interesting case, an unusual psychosis.

He said irritably, almost, "No; he won't die, but he may go insane. Such cases sometimes do. And to look after one in his mental condition isn't work for an untrained person. It is practically melancholia"—he smiled dryly—"to use a term a layman understands. If his physical condition improves, there may be a chance. He would not die any more readily in a sanitarium, my dear madam, than he would in your home. And you understand that he'll need constant care—constant vigilance ——"

"He shall have it."

We went back to the apartment. I didn't know what to do. But there must be some way. I went to hospitals, called up persons who had had experience, got the names of different specialists who might help him, began the weary round that people do begin, burdened with an illness that is not understood.

Bits of Our Life Since Then Stood Out Sharply Against the Darkness

"I Beg Your Pardon, But are You Mr. Handy? I'm Mrs. Doe, a Writer, and I Live in Amberly"

The Mystery of Shell Shock

BUT it was an overworked time for the world, and there were many returned soldiers after a time. Shell shock came to be a phrase I did not use, for it was in disrepute. It is so much easier to sympathize with an armless man than with one whose brain has been numbed. For a long time people sheered away from shell shock. The idea was abroad, somehow, that a man could have helped himself, that he need not have been frightened, paralyzed in important nerve centers by some terrible catastrophe. "You and I," people thought, "would not have given in to such childish ailments. The patient can snap out of it, if he will." It seems incredible that these were prevalent ideas, but they actually were.

But how did they know? How does anyone? The shell-shocked man is one of the sickest persons in the world—a tortured, disheartened individual with no hope. What is actually the matter with him? No one knows. All that is certain is that he is ill; and when he will be well again, what will help him to that end, God only knows.

Most of the doctors advised a sanitarium, and most of them were kind. But I clung to my belief that a sanitarium was not the thing—clung in the face of opprobrium, of blame, of severe censure.

"What if your husband made you promise to keep him with you, Mrs. Doe? A promise made to a man as sick as he is cannot be binding. You cannot possibly give him the care he would receive."

"What would be done for him that I cannot do?"

One and all they lapsed into profundities, washed their hands of me. It seemed to be generally believed that to care for one whom you love made it worse for the patient. "Functioning through your emotions," as one of the doctors put it. Well, it used to be considered all right to put

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HE GRIEVED

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IT HAPPENED that all the telephones in the division headquarters stopped ringing for five minutes on a filthy morning in September of 1917. I was probably the first person to discover that our communication with the rest of the monstrous sweltering camp was cut off, and I said nothing about it for those five comfortable minutes, but chewed a lime drop and happily hunted down the typed list of recruits from the state of Louisiana for any name suggesting Onésime Marie Charles Henry Fabrice, who, according to an official of Bâton Rouge, had left home with ninety-nine dollars and thirteen cents, the property of his great-aunt, whose name I forget.

Pending such time as the division adjutant should ask me to call some brigade or regiment by telephone, I would not mention the deadness of the telephones, because our drafted men had been filtering into the new camp for days and their private affairs came swarming across my desk, in a dark corner behind the cumbered desk of the division adjutant, an amiably tranquil personage who from moment to moment would toss some paper across his shoulder to me, saying, "See if you can find out what that idiocy is all about, sergeant." He littered my blotter with strange requests from the kinsfolk of soldiers, with curious observations from members of Congress, novel sects and creditors of putative heroes.

"He Goes About in His Solitary Manner," Carnot Said, "and I Look at Him With Speculation. Rich, They Say, and So Well Tailored, and So Much Alone. In Effect, a Curiosity"

Intermittently I answered his telephone, informing the colonel of the engineer regiment that we had no bandsmen in stock so far, or trying to soothe the harassed officers in charge of the receiving depot two miles from my misery. The summer was still in force, and dust of the purest blew around my ears whenever any wind passed over Arkansas. Our mounted messengers and bicyclists came stamping and coughing back from errands, and the bugler of the headquarters troop complained that his instrument's tone was permanently spoiled. I thought happily then that the dust had done something capable to the telephones, and sought Onésime M. C. H. Fabrice on the smeared list of recruits.

The division adjutant and his two commissioned assistants wrought busily with their papers, and in the next room the field clerks argued among themselves about dice and love and the braid on their uniforms and all the other subjects known to field clerks. An inward phantom assured me that at any second the chief of staff, the commanding general or his aide-de-camp or the red-haired and industrious division inspector would find that our telephones were dead and that it might be my fault. The discovery, however, was harmless; a pillar of yellow dust appeared beyond the screens of the door, shook itself for a time and became Brigadier General Van Vliet, who came easily into the office as we rose and said in his affable murmur, "All the telephones are out of order, so I rode up."

Every officer in the square cell of fresh woodwork broke from his formal position and seized a telephone. There was a tremendous clicking and a simultaneous expression of bewildered relief. After two weeks of jangling incoherencies and absurd requests from recently fabricated officers or civilians, we were at peace! Anybody who wanted to talk to the division headquarters could come to our remoteness at the upper end of the camp; even generals couldn't bother us for a while; the mothers of sons wouldn't be able to insist on instant speech with the major general commanding. The adjutant and his assistants made a serious effort toward expressing vexation, but the tall general, getting his hands out of his gauntlets, murmured, "I should think you'd be glad of a rest. I should think —— Good heavens!" It is fair to say that this was General Van Vliet's exact remark, no stronger and no weaker. He dropped a gauntlet and stood as the model of a brigadier general in the Armies of the United States, listening to a fearful noise which jarred the long wooden building and brought showers of fresh dust through the screen behind my head.

"But," said the division adjutant, "they haven't issued any ammunition to the artillery yet!"

"It sounded more like an avalanche," the second assistant division adjutant objected, because he was born in Switzerland, and slammed the screen door open.

Men were visible, trotting across from the raw wooden home of the headquarters troop, and General Van Vliet's aide-de-camp was trying to soothe the general's horse, which had plainly tried to climb a persimmon tree on the brink of the roadway. Four beautiful women in a motor car, waiting for the division quartermaster to come forth and smile upon them, were squeaking altogether too musically in their alarm, as something crawled from under the tossed shape of a motorcycle which had banged into the steps of the veranda. A dome of dust was suspended over the tangle of the spilled machine and we all stared at this drifting canopy while it melted away in the sunlight. Out of this film a deep voice said surprisedly, "Goodness me! Must have slipped!" And the scarlet cord of a field artilleryman's hat showed. The machine had curvetted in a deep dust pond just before the steps and the brown rider hadn't stopped its course.

"Are you hurt, corporal?"

The long person stiffened. We all froze. The general commanding this division had come silently down the veranda through crowding men and officers, and now stood holding a handkerchief to his hay-fevered nose.

"No, sir."

"That's lucky. 'Mornin', Van Vliet. . . . This dust," the major general observed, "is ghastly. We must see about getting the roads oiled. . . . Come in my office, Van Vliet," said the local god, and turned; then spun and asked, "How long have you been in the service, corporal?"

"Sir, one year"

"I see," the god nodded, and tramped up the veranda with General Van Vliet beside him, as we all mildly relaxed.

This distraction was ended. Officers and clerks idled back through the screens into their various cells and the men of the headquarters troop receded across the roadway. But the model corporal of field artillery didn't unbend until the last officer had vanished, and then he unbent warily, with a cautious glance right and left before he asked me, as the nearest person, "Is that the big yell that talked to me?"

"Yes."

"My," said the corporal, "I never did speak to a gen'ral before, let alone one with two stars on him! Never saw two gen'rals in one place before neither. It's kind of excitin' ain't it?"

"You get used to it," I said with condescension.

Sergeant Major Raeburn drawled across my shoulder, "Yes, indeed. You get used to generals soon, son. What one of our regiments has the honor of havin' you in it, brother?"

"The ——th Field Artillery—C Battery. I dunno it's any honor," the brown youth mentioned, "'cause half the men ain't uniformed up yet, and you wouldn't call that a regiment scarcely."

"I know," Raeburn mournfully admitted; "we're still very crude, friend, but we aim to improve. Where in Alabama did the recruitin' sergeant catch you last year?"

"Why, sergeant, he didn't. I'm from San Francisco. But my folks did move out from Alabama, like you say."

"Like I hear," Raeburn corrected. "Indeed, yes, I was sure you're from Alabama. I still owe a laundryman in Mobile twenty-three cents myself, although my sinful life began in North Carolina. And here we all stand in Arkansas," he meditated, gazing at the sun, "and no rain! Yankee," he told me, "I was lookin' for you to inquire about a crawlin' reptile from New York who is all over the newspapers this mornin'. Who should Lieut. Claude Parmenter, of New York, be that they announce he's transferred to this division as if it'd matter much of any? What bank did his daddy rob or to whom is his mamma married?"

"His father," I said, "made patent medicine. Parmenter's Pine Tree Sirup. I don't know why the newspapers made a fuss about him, except that his family always advertises itself heavily. They aren't anybody. Claude Parmenter used to play football a good deal."

Raeburn sighed. "Many's the time I've swallowed a bottle of Pine Tree Sirup in desperation when no reg'lar drinks were on hand. It's powerful but coarse. . . . So all this Parmenter is, is a lot of cash? I hoped he was one of the unutterably too much kind of persons you breed in New York that lend kings a plate of soup in Paris from time to time. I've always yearned to see one of those. What good is this Claude to me? Nothin' at all. . . . I've got a pretty fair lemon meringue pie and some cold chicken in my desk. We can lunch at home, friend. Farewell."

He walked northward to his proper place in the office of the division inspector. The young corporal looked after him with black-eyed interest, shifting the dark chin strap below his innocent mouth.

"Who's he, sergeant?"

"His name's Raeburn. . . . What are you reporting here for?"

The boy—he had obviously never shaved, although he was six feet long—settled his thumbs in his faded correct belt and looked up at me uneasily.

"The captain said I could come, but it wouldn't be any use, 'cause he wouldn't be willin' to recommend me to be transferred out of our outfit. And I ain't got any complaint against him nor the battery. It's a perfectly good battery when the men are drilled some more an' have 'em some guns an' horses. Who should I speak to, to see about gettin' me transferred into the other regiment, or anyways out of my battery? I'm not complainin', sergeant, of nothin'. All I want is to be out of C Battery right away."

The new division was peppered with seasoned enlisted men, sergeants and corporals, sent hither from regiments of the old Army. Their weathered uniforms and trim bodies showed among the masses of suddenly created soldiers who limped and coughed on dusty drill grounds. This corporal still wore the badge of the —d Field Artillery on his collar, and his breeches were faded to the tint of moist chewing gum. Up to his face he was most decorative and utterly correct. No, his captain needed him badly.

I said in reproof, "That's a thin excuse, son."

"Sergeant, it ain't thin. It's just no good. I know that so sure as I stand here. It's a sick kind of excuse an'—an' I know it. Only—but I got to get out of that battery pronto. . . . Dunno nothin' about the big fellas in this Army. Is there some officer I could tell my reasons to, private, and —— "

We both stiffened again. The division inspector was arriving from the northward, a slim, red-haired major of infantry. As he was wearing a hat, the corporal swung up a hand and touched the brim of his own hat at precisely the correct point and angle. It was a beautifully executed salute and the inspector's head turned a little. He was an epicure of military correctness, and good salutes were unusual around headquarters. I took a chance.

"Major, this corporal wants to be transferred out of his regiment for private reasons, without any complaint against his officers. To what office should I send him?"

"Mine," said the inspector, pausing in his stroll. "Who gave you permission to report up here, corporal?"

"Commanding officer, C Battery, 312th ——"

"He had no business to send you up without reporting you to your regimental adjutant first. But that's not your fault. I'll listen to you. Come down the porch here."

The corporal said to me rapidly, "Thank you kindly, sergeant," and walked, still correctly, one pace behind the magnate, down the veranda. I hobbled back into my own official capacity, wondering just a little about the matter. But some fiend had fixed the telephones. Every bell in headquarters rang with a joyous vigor and the familiar deluge overtook me, sitting in my corner. The frenzied officers at the receiving depot had discovered two drafted men, stone-deaf, sent up by some board in Mississippi as physically perfect. The commander of the artillery brigade and the colonel of engineers both yearned for bandsmen. A lady in Helena, Arkansas, wanted me to find her son Henry and tell him that it was a boy, and a senator's secretary in Washington telegraphed buoyantly for an instant report of the number of Baptists, Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists in the division.

A whirl of questions entered the office and the adjutant said, with commiseration, "We'll have to find some means of protecting ourselves. This is a madhouse! If the civilian population isn't asking some fool thing it's one of our officers. Why so happy, Jerry?" he asked the inspector, who came roaming in. "Take my desk for two hours if you —

"No, thanks. . . . I say, we have a soldier in this division whose name is Claude G. Smell."

"Snell," said the adjutant, "is an old English name."

"No doubt. But this boy's name is Smell—S-M-E-L-L—Claude G. Smell."

He stood comfortably observing the desolation caused by that name. The division adjutant said weakly and humbly, "I once knew a man named Giggle. . . . Smell?"

"Smell. He's a corporal in an artillery outfit. Twenty years old. Think of that, friends and fellow citizens! For twenty years he's had to listen to puns on his name. He says the puns grieve him, but he knows that people like a joke. Sergeant, have you got a list of brigade officers?"

I had, and rose to hand it to him. A strange and intense amusement rode his narrow, handsome face. He was more than happy, fingering the mimeographed sheets and humming Benny Havens through his teeth.

"Between transferring a lieutenant out of an outfit, for its good, and transferring a perfectly grand corporal, which would you do?"

"Transfer the lieutenant," the adjutant promptly answered; "in our present condition one good corporal is worth ten lieutenants."

This heretical statement would not have pleased some hundreds of lieutenants in the camp below us. The division inspector scribbled a name on a piece of paper and tossed it to the adjutant, saying, "On my recommendation. Good and sufficient reasons. 'Tisn't regular, but it'll save trouble possibly. The lieutenant only got here yesterday and it'll do no harm."

The adjutant, who looked like the Emperor Augustus, imperially considered the slip of paper and gently said, "I see. H'm—they're both named Claude G. Sergeant, write an order detaching the mortal body of Lieut. Claude G Parmenter from his present assignment to duty and stick him in the other artillery regiment. Tell us the joke, Jerry."

"I can't," said the division inspector with a gurgle in his throat; "it's committed to my official discretion and inviolate. And it's time for lunch."

All the officers now filed out of the hot room toward their quarters across a strip of dirty turf. Mechanically a negro waiter from the headquarters mess fell in behind them with a tray that held tall glasses and a pitcher partly filled with cracked ice. This procession vanished into the rooms of the division quartermaster. I don't know why. It was already illegal to sell liquor in the state of Arkansas, and I cannot imagine why the officers seemed to need tall glasses and cracked ice so often in the quartermaster's rooms.

I unlaced my right shoe and sat, relieved, wondering about Claude Parmenter. This highly advertised young man and I once met at a house party in the Adirondacks when I was an awed schoolboy and he was a glittering sophomore at Harvard, the hero of two famous football games. His heroism finally did him no good with the best clubs at Harvard, I had heard, and his three country houses did him no good later with some clubs in New York. Perhaps Parmenter's Pine Tree Sirup was rather too obvious for those residents of New York who are still mentioned as the élite by editors of what are strangely called society columns.

Anyhow, you couldn't live around New York between 1912 and 1917 and not be conscious of Claude G. Parmenter, a gigantic black-haired and black-eyed young man in clothes meticulously fitted to his fine person by English tailors, and blessed in possessing many friends. That is, he was never alone in the bars of the city's two best restaurants. He himself drank nothing, and in my remote observation of him he said nothing. He simply stood while midges danced about him. Parasites should never pick out a giant for their prey; it makes them ridiculously visible.

So I sat, in September of 1917, trying to make an exact image of Claude Parmenter in my mind and nursing the ruinous foot that had promoted me slowly from the ranks of a regular artillery regiment to several desks and chevrons. This foot had become infected in Texas in May of 1917, and a series of military and civilian surgeons had tried their arts on its blistered sole without much effect. The malady had

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"An' There's Your Coat an' Hat an' Shirt an' Your Orders is in Y' Pocket"

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

I Charge Them a Fat Premium, of Course, Because of the Risk. Then It Is Up to My Company to Make That Marriage Last

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IT WAS one of Bettle's bitter days. Even he had them now and then. Usually he displayed an almost bumptious satisfaction with himself and his place in the world, which was assistant advertising manager of the Kendrick Piano Company. Indeed, his robust admiration for his past, present and future had earned him the sobriquet, Unbeatable Bettle. But today he was querulous against his fate. His state of mind he attributed to the fact that the night before he had eaten the largest lobster ever served in a New York restaurant. It had somehow stymied his spirits, and he felt, to quote him, as low as a worm's vest buttons.

"They say opportunity knocks at every man's door," he snorted. "That's a lot of hooey. Every time I've hopped out of bed to answer what I thought was opportunity's knock it's been the postman with a bill. If it rained champagne some day, I'd have nothing but a sieve on me. I've been on the lookout for opportunity so long I'm getting goggle-eyed."

"I thought," I interjected, "that yesterday you admitted you were doing rather well."

"So I am," he said hastily. "For a fellow of thirty, I'm sitting pretty, and I expect to sit prettier. What I mean is this: Like all Americans, I am a gambler. We are always playing hundred-to-one shots so we can make a big killing with which to make a bigger killing, and so on till we land in a Newport villa with pearl push buttons and platinum bathtubs—or a nice, quiet sanitarium, or a comfortable cell in a model hoosegow, as the case may be. We aren't much interested in slowly building nest eggs in this town. What we crave is a thriving poultry farm, with eleven hundred and twenty-seven incubators working night and day. We want to plant a parsnip in the morning and pluck a vegetable dinner that night. I do anyhow."

"It's been done," I remarked.

"More hooey," declared Bettle. "Nowadays, unless you stumble on a gold mine in your cellar—if you have a cellar, which my apartment hasn't—you have about as much chance of pushing through as a man with a pocketful of eggs in the Subway. Big business is so highly organized these days that if a fellow starts in as an office boy at the age of five, the chances are he'll get to be sixth vice president at seventy-three—or just in time to have his title carved on his handsome marble mausoleum."

"On the other hand," I said, "there are cases of men ——"

"I know just one," interrupted Bettle. "A miracle."

"Who?"

"Opportunity Ike."

"Never heard of him."

"His real name is Clarence Pendergast."

"Oh, him!"

"Yes," said Bettle. "I gave him the name Opportunity Ike. He used to have an office just round the corner, and I used to see quite a bit of him four or five years ago. What a nut! But he was born with a mouthful of silver horseshoes. Talk about opportunity knocking! Say, it chased that fellow around the block and beat him on the head with a club!"

"How was that?" Bettle needed no urging.

"This Opportunity Ike was a prime specimen of Grade-A filbert," he said, putting his feet on his desk and making ready, with great serenity, to use up a generous chunk of his, my and the company's time. "I met him in college. He was a lanky, beaky bird; always made me think of a flamingo going nowhere in particular. Came from some small town up in Vermont. We used to call him Old Attar of Roses because he spent most of his time pottering around the chemical laboratory, cooking up horrendous smells. He was cuckoo about two things—chemistry and money. Everybody liked Old Attar of Roses, with his slow smile and his drawl. He kept to himself a lot, but he was always pleasant when you spoke to him, and always ready to show you how to do your chemical experiments. Many a fellow he coached through an examination. If you once got to know him, and got him started, he'd get confidential and let you in on some scheme he was hatching to make a million in a month. His head buzzed with such schemes. He heard, for instance, that there is gold in sea water. What does he do but spend one whole summer vacation squatting by the ocean, near Asbury Park, running the tide through a trick apparatus he had invented."

"Don't tell me he got gold," I said.

"Sure! He did! After spending three months, working nine hours a day, and six hundred dollars which he'd borrowed, he got almost enough gold to fill one doll's false tooth. He told me about it in the fall.

"'I still think it's a good idea,' he said ruefully, 'but it didn't seem to pay very well. I suppose some luckier chap than I will find a way to get the gold out cheaply and make a fortune.' He sighed, as he always did when he mentioned the word 'fortune.' Then he brightened up and said, 'Do you realize that there is a tremendous amount of money to be made in whales?'

"I said I supposed there was, and all you needed to do was to catch the whales. His eyes sparkled.

"'Why catch 'em?' he asked.

"'You can hardly make them in test tubes,' I said.

"'Unfortunately,' he said seriously, 'that's true. But I suppose some day somebody will. Who can say what chemistry cannot do? Well, suppose I grant you that whales cannot be made in a laboratory ——'

"'It's a big concession for you to make,' I said, 'but suppose you do. What then?'

"He looked at me triumphantly. 'I've a big idea,' he said. 'Will you keep it under your hat?'

"'Sure. What is it?'

"'Why not breed 'em?'

"'Breed whales?'

"'Sure. We have oyster beds and silver-fox farms, don't we? Why not a whale farm?'

"'Sure. Why not?' I said.

"'I've figured it all out,' he went on excitedly. 'I'll start with a small school of whales. Nature will take its course. Every year, more and more whales. The mothers will nurse the pup whales. They do, you know. So that will save expense. The adult whales will feed themselves on fish, seaweed and sand, or whatever it is they eat. That will cut down my overhead. Suppose then each year I culled out a dozen yearling whales, and in my own plant, near the farm, used them and all their by-products—whalebone, whale oil, whale skin, whale meat, and maybe even ambergris! Well, figuring conservatively, the least one whale would bring would be ten thousand net, or a hundred and twenty thousand a year profit to me, which isn't a bad income, no matter how you look at it.'

"'It has all the earmarks of a sound scheme,' I told him, 'but it has its weakness. Though I, personally, am no whale expert, I imagine it would be difficult to keep them in bowls like goldfish. They might expire from ennui or lack of exercise. There's lots of room in the ocean, of course, but how are you going to put a fence around your farm?'

"'That,' he said, 'is the problem I am now working on. It's a hard nut, I grant you; but there is no nut too hard for a man to crack if he goes at it scientifically.'

"I met Opportunity Ike when he came back to college in the fall. He looked tanned, lean, healthy but dejected.

"'How are your whales?' I asked him.

"'Oh, them?' he replied sadly, and made a gesture with his long arm as if he were waving whales out of his life forever. 'They didn't pan out so well. They have such roving dispositions. I'm not saying I could not have tamed them in time; but there's more money in other things.'

"'For example?'

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm working on something.'

"'What?'

"'A secret formula. It ought to coin money.'

"I didn't see Opportunity Ike much my last year in college. I was busy, for you know I was pretty prominent in college affairs—chairman of this and manager of that—and Ike was busy, too, in the laboratory. They say he outdid himself in the series of terrible smells he produced. We parted on graduation day, Opportunity Ike and I.

"'Do you expect to make your million the first year?' I asked him.

"'Sure,' he said, as if mine were a foolish question. 'Why not? I've got a grand scheme.'

"'I'll meet you in a year—when I make my million,' I said."

Bettle lit one of my cigarettes and continued: "Well, I came to the city and went to work hymning the praises of baby grands, and Opportunity Ike went his way—whatever it was. It was not until that winter that I ran into him on the street, quite by accident. Ike was never what you'd call a snappy dresser, but he looked even more seedy and shabby than usual, and he evidently regarded time spent in a barber's chair as pure waste.

"'Made the million?' I greeted him.

"He smiled slowly and shook his head. 'Not yet,' he said. 'but I'm still young.'

"'How about that secret formula you spoke about?'

"'Well,' Ike said, 'it was a swell idea, but it had a flaw. You see, I worked out a small biscuit about as big as a half dollar which contained all the nourishment of a four-course dinner. Soup, fish, meat, dessert—they were all concentrated in one little tablet, made to retail at one dollar. But, darn it all, the biscuits tasted so nasty nobody would eat them. A few people did eat them rather than lose their dollar, and they got indigestion. I worked over that confounded biscuit day and night for months, but the more I did to it, the worse it tasted. I myself got indigestion trying them. So I gave it up. The time isn't ripe yet. Maybe there'll be a war. My biscuit would be great for soldiers. They'll eat anything.'

"I asked him what he was doing.

"'Oh, I have plans,' Opportunity Ike told me. 'Lots of them. There's sure to be a fortune in one of them. Drop in and see me sometime.' He gave me his card:

CLARENCE PENDERGAST
PROMOTER
Suite 347 Tanners' Building

"You know," said Bettle, "I've a certain amount of curiosity in my make-up. I wanted to see how Opportunity Ike was getting along. His father was editor of a small-town newspaper, so I knew Ike had no capital. So one day I did drop into his suite. It consisted of one dim cubby-hole which might have been called a closet without doing it an injustice, but which the building called an office and Opportunity Ike a suite. It had two desks, three chairs and a water cooler. A girl was playing a gavotte on a rickety typewriter. She was a nice girl, with one of those rather pretty, sensible faces. Opportunity Ike introduced her as Miss Chaney, his secretary.

"'I'm going out to lunch,' he said. 'If an order comes in from Logan, will you fill it, please?'

"'I will,' said Miss Chaney, and I liked her voice. She gave me the idea that the order would be filled promptly and competently. A fine type of girl. I said as much to Ike on the way out.

"'Miss Chaney?' he said, looking at me a bit blankly, as if he did not quite place her. 'Oh, yes, she's all right.'

"'I heard you speak of orders,' I remarked. 'Orders for what? Have you hit on something people are buying?'

"Opportunity Ike looked shamefaced. 'Oh, that's nothing,' he said. 'Just a little side line to pay expenses until I hit something big.'

"'Liquor?' I asked.

"'No,' said Ike with dignity. 'My fortune is to be made legitimately. It's really of no consequence. It's just a little business I worked up to pay my rent and buy my bed and board while I'm working out plans that will land me in the big-money class.'

"'Got any new ideas?'

"'Several; but they're still in the incubating stage. One I can tell you, though. But keep it mum.'

"'Mum,' I promised, 'it shall be kept.'

"'What,' he demanded, fixing me with an eye across the lunch table, 'is the chief charm of Paris?'

"'You can have a good time there, I suppose.'

"'Yes, but why can you have a good time? I'll tell you. It's the sidewalk cafés. What are most people most interested in? I'll tell you. Other people. We all like to sit and watch people, and make wise cracks about them, and feel superior to them. They can do that along the boulevards of Paris but'—Opportunity Ike paused dramatically—'they can't do it in New York. Why?'

"'No place to sit down,' I ventured.

"'Precisely,' said Ike. 'You've hit it. Now the two greatest shows in the world are Broadway and Fifth Avenue. But you can't get a seat for them for love or money. Where in New York can you sit and see the passing people? Obviously, you can't sit in a shoe-store window among the shoes. What New York needs is a chain of sidewalk cafés, with plenty of comfortable seats right on the street, and a leisurely atmosphere, with no garlicky waiter breathing down your neck to hurry you. Now my plan is simple. Pick out some good locations—say, Broadway around Forty-second Street, or Fifth Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth—and start elaborate sidewalk cafés. New Yorkers themselves would love them. And think of the thousands of visitors!'

"'Wait a bit,' I said. 'How are you going to make these cafés pay?'

"'Charge a dollar an hour for the seats,' said Ike promptly, 'and sell soda and pop.'

"'Do you realize,' I said, 'that frontage on Broadway and Fifth Avenue rents for about the interest on the national debt of Bulgaria?'

"'You've put your finger on the weak spot,' said Opportunity Ike. 'I'm afraid I'd have to charge about two dollars and thirty cents for an ice-cream soda and keep all my seats filled twenty-four hours a day to make money. Hang it all, who could I get to pay money to sit there between five and six in the morning? Still, somebody with more brains than I seem to have will give New York sidewalk cafés and clean up. You'll see.'

"'Anyhow,' I said to cheer him up, 'you have something that keeps your laundry bills paid. That's more than a lot of fellows, green from the campus, have. What is it, anyway?'

"'Small potatoes,' said Ike.

"'Produce business?'

"'No. I mean it's petty stuff. I hate to be wasting time on it. You see, one day, just for fun, while fooling around the laboratory, I worked out a way to make pretty fair synthetic cherry sirup. Now I cook up a few gallons of it every night in the bathroom of my flat and sell it to a few small soda fountains. I sell it cheap and make a small profit. There's no real

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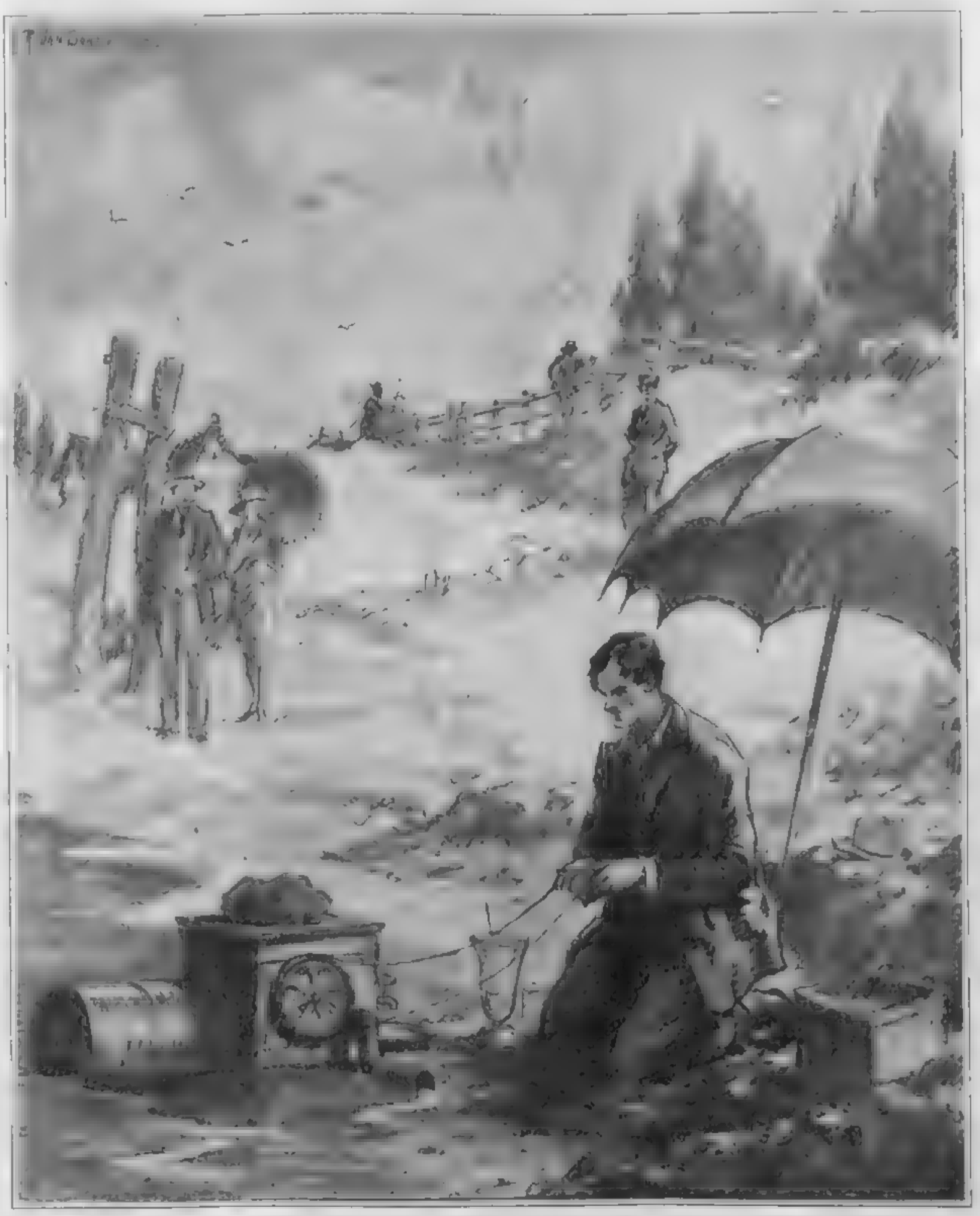

"After Spending Three Months, Working Nine Hours a Day, and Six Hundred Dollars Which He'd Borrowed, He Got Almost Enough Gold to Fill One Doll's False Teeth"

YOU'RE ON THE AIR

By Graham McNamee, in Collaboration With Robert Gordon Anderson

"STAND by!" Many times during an evening of broadcasting do you hear that command coming out through the air—"Stand by for your local announcer!"

If you could be with us by the microphone at such a time you would get some little idea of how important a part time plays in our work. Indeed, I know of no operation in any other business, unless it be the sad one of an execution at Sing Sing, that is so perfectly run off—on schedule, on the dot and to the split second. We never could advertise a performance, as the theaters do, for 8:30 and then start at 8:45.

When that order "Stand by" goes out I pause with my watch in my hand or on my wrist. The local announcers at the other stations with which we are hooked up then have a chance to put in a word to their own clienteles, something about the program that may be interesting in each vicinity. But they must start in at once, just as soon as I finish with the words "local announcer." They have half a minute—and that means precisely thirty seconds—in which to give their talks. And so perfectly has the system been worked out, so beautifully synchronized is everything, that I wait for no check or corroboration by telephone that the local announcers are through, though some of them are distant thousands of miles. I know that they are through, that all the plugs controlling the circuits of the various stations have been shot home; and at the thirty-first second I take up my announcing from WEAF again.

An even more startling evidence of this wonderful synchronization came with a speech by President Harding at Kansas City, not long before his death and not long after the events described in the previous installment. It was one of the first affairs of its kind, for not often have Presidents spoken on the air, though ex-President Wilson, too, just before his death, gave a farewell message by radio, his last public utterance.

General Pershing Tuning In

Baseball Through the Microphone

THE Harding speech was relayed from the hall in Kansas City, where he stood at the microphone, to our plant in New York City over a telephone circuit. We also had a second circuit at our command for emergency. In the cellar of the hall sat an operator in control of the microphone, and he also had head phones on his head. Over another telephone circuit he could talk with our New York plant to see if everything was coming through there satisfactorily. As the talk progressed the man in Kansas City thought he detected something wrong. Quickly, and while the speech was still going on, he spoke over his telephone to the man in New York.

"Did you hear that? Trouble on the wire."

"Yes—all right—switch!" shot back New York.

Bing—a plug shot home—the speech was transferred to the emergency circuit, and though 1500 miles separated the cities, the outside world never knew of the trouble or the transference.

There was no elision—not a sentence was lost, not a syllable even.

Our next big assignment came with the World's Series in October, 1923, a few weeks after the fight between Wilson and Greb, and I was anxious to tackle it; for the resourcefulness called for at these big outdoor jobs makes them more thrilling than the formal evenings at the studio, though these are interesting enough and present each time new problems.

I was doomed to disappointment, however, for at a late moment it was decided to try out a regular newspaper reporter instead of one of the staff. I had played baseball myself, but the experience of a man who for years had followed the big leagues, it was thought, would be of advantage, particularly since the baseball enthusiast is even more exacting than the fight fan; and, too, the average man is more familiar with the slang and technical terms—the inside stuff and lore of the diamond—than he is with the finer points of boxing.

As the stands began to fill up with the notables, motion-picture actresses, politicians and other celebrities, and the heroes in their gray and white uniforms and striped stockings marched out on the field to the music of the bands, I was longing to be at it, describing all these things. I felt that I could put that Greb-Wilson experience to good account, but I was forced to sit inactive—at the microphone, it is true, but not speaking into it—just coaching the announcer so that he would not crowd the instrument, sit too far away from it or unduly raise or lower his voice.

In the fourth inning of the third game, however, I had my chance. I was unexpectedly called on to relieve the announcer, and from then on broadcast the balance of the series.

Marion Talley, the 19-Year-Old Opera Star of Kansas City, Mo., Making Her Debut Before the Microphone

Breaks on the Air

I WAS forced to start dead cold; though, once in, found that the game required a different sort of treatment from a prize fight. There were times here, too, when things came thick and fast—during batting rallies or tense moments when men were on bases with a famous batter coming up. But there were not quite so many such moments, not so much raw drama, swift action and suspense as in the ring, where sometimes all the poor announcer can say is, "He's up, he's down; he's down, he's up!"—and all between gasps.

And the broadcaster must see to it that in his announcing there are very few of those lulls or gaps, called "breaks on the air." The man at the receiving set does not like to sit there listening to blank silence; after a busy week at the office he wants to be entertained and amused. So I found myself more than ever falling back on general description. And that is where the imagination comes in—not that you invent, but it takes something of the imaginative faculty to make the quieter times vivid and to avoid the old hackneyed, boresome expressions. You must make each of your listeners, though miles away from the spot, feel that he or she, too, is there with you in that press stand, watching the movements of the game—the color and flags; the pop bottles thrown in air; the straw katies demolished; Gloria Swanson just arriving in her new ermine coat; McGraw sitting in his dugout, apparently motionless, but giving signals all the time; the pitcher beginning to waver, and the two figures far off against the left-field fence, where another pitcher is preparing to come to the relief of his faltering comrade.

It is astonishing, too, how the little unconsidered actions of the players give reality to the listeners—the things that most people, on first thought, would not consider worth broadcasting. To say that "Scott is knocking the mud from his cleats," "Shawkey is tossing a few curves across the plate to loosen the kinks in his arm," or that "The umpire is examining the ball to see if Meusel has nicked it with that last single" may seem absurd here in print, but it's just these little details, attractively described, that add life to the game for the fellow who cannot see it.

The artistic working of the applause microphone also helped the illusion. So that this may be understood, the disposition of our equipment should first be explained.

We had wired in from the butt of a regular telephone circuit and run wires through the stands to an improvised control room and to the microphones. There were four of these, two stationed in advantageous places to catch the applause and cheers and various noises of the

crowd, a speaking mike, through which we were to broadcast, and another for emergency. The last two were stationed in a spot behind the home plate and in the press stand, which we thought the best place for observation of the happenings on the diamond.

We also had the usual head phones for communication with the man in the control room; we could switch our own microphones on or off, but had to direct him when we thought either of the applause microphones should be open.

And often we wanted them wide open, to send out, full-throated, the shrieks and cheers of the stands and bleachers. Again I found it wise to let just a little trickle of applause through my own mike, sometimes even while I was talking, but not enough to drown out or blur my own voice. Here I had the effect of melody and accompaniment—the broadcaster explaining that "Pipp singles and Ward starts for home," and the very convincing accompaniment in the roar of the crowd as Ward did run home. It is hard for a man at a distance to feel that he is actually at a ball game if he hears just a voice talking and talking, but that roar makes you believe it—you can see the figure sliding under the catcher's outstretched hand, even the cloud of dust as he reaches his goal.

And whatever I may have said about prize fights, there is no moment in any one of them that exceeds in drama such a moment as this. In fact, the most exciting experience I've ever had in broadcasting came through baseball. It was in the eighth inning of the sixth game of the series between the Yankees and the Giants, when the Yankees were leading three games to two, but the Giants leading in this game by four runs to one, and it looked pretty much as though the series was to be tied.

As I sat in the press stand I looked for just that: for there was Nehf in the pitcher's box below me, going great guns. Already he had one game to his credit, and for six innings in this had pitched the most wonderful air-tight ball. And I didn't look to him to falter as Ward, the first man up, faced him and the shadows fell over the stands. Ward sent up an easy fly—out—and the Giant rooters roared

Suddenly there was something psychic that seemed to send over a message to me. I sensed that in spite of appearances things were not quite right with Nehf. I wasn't wrong in my guess; for when, after a little deliberation, he shot over the next one, Schang, the batter, singled smartly and was safe on first; then the Yankee roars started from the lowest tier of the stands up to the tiny figures on the bluff far above us and outlined against the setting sun.

President Coolidge Broadcasting His Speech at the Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of Washington's Taking Command of the Armies, at Cambridge, Mass.

Then the third man up hit the first ball that the bewildered Nehf now shot across the plate; and the roars did not stop from that time on. If you ever heard Caruso sing you know how many notes and phrases he could sing without taking a breath—in music we call it "sustained tone." Well, that crowd had a wonderful sustained tone. But then it had this on Caruso—10,000 throats could take it up when another 10,000 left off. Anyway, there was no cessation at all to that roar. If they could win by rattling Nehf those Yankee rooters were out to do it.

Suspense

AND now a fourth man was up, confronting the pitcher with threatening eye and lunging bat, while a relief pitcher was warming up far over by the left-field fence. It isn't always pleasant for the man in the box to see that figure, for it means that soon he himself may be yanked ingloriously. Perhaps Nehf now saw him out of the corner of his eye as he glanced over at the runner prancing up and down the base line at third, or else the batter hypnotized him, for he wound up deliberately and pitched carefully—four balls off the corner of the plate. The bases were full and the roar gathered volume; I could hardly broadcast. Then four more wild balls—the score four to two! Nehf was retiring to the showers with hanging head, and one of those figures in far left field was waved in by McGraw to take Nehf's place. It was Rosy Ryan, and I thought he didn't look any too happy either. And it was certainly a ticklish place for a new pitcher—he was decidedly in a hole in the critical game.

And he faltered too—four more wild balls and the score was four to three. Two more runs and there would be no need of another game. The World's Series for that year would be over.

If the roar had been deafening before, it would have been drowned out could it have been matched with the one that now followed; for here was a thick-set figure swinging a bat as he advanced to the plate. If ever the stage was set for a hero's entrance it was then. For here was the most advertised athlete in the game, one whose name appears in headlines more often than the President's—Babe Ruth at bat with the bases full. Only one little crack—just a solid connection between ash and leather, and the series would be over. The chance that was the immortal Casey's was now the Babe's. He had the World's Series in the hollow of his hand.

When Babe Ruth Struck Out

ALMOST too absorbed to broadcast, though I never for one second neglected my job, I watched him as he came forward, and it seemed to me his face, naturally a healthy sort of coffee color, was all too white. However, he squared his shoulders and set himself menacingly enough—set himself and swung and missed. I never saw a more vicious swing. Still, that was only one strike—surely he'd hit it next time! But again he set himself—another vicious swing—he had missed. The roar from one side stopped then, but you couldn't notice it—there was a good substitute for it in the Giants' howls; the third ball came whizzing it was darker now, but you could see it—another of those gigantic swings—and the poor Babe was out.

And there you are; the stage all set and baseball's highest-priced player making an ignominious exit. I watched him as he went back to the bench, his head hanging on his chest, his face almost green now, where before it had been white. And though Meusel succeeded a moment later where he had failed, part of the potential drama had vanished when the great Casey had struck out.

There is so much to tell of other events that I must not linger much longer with baseball, except to say that we had noticed in this series one very important thing: That we were getting further than ever away from mere announcing and deeper into the reporter's field. We just had to be reporters. To the voice qualifications, a sense of order, the ability to harmonize, synchronize and be on time, the reportorial instinct had to be added. And this means, if I understand it at all, a quick eye, the instinctive ability to pick out the high lights—the significant thing and a fertile descriptive power; together, it should be said, with an interest in everyday common things—the sports and recreation and work followed by the average man.

There is a marked difference, however, between the newspaper and the radio reporter. Although some of the former's work must be done in haste and on the spot, he still has time to absorb, to let impressions sink in, and he isn't bothered with having to talk all the time; and talking and putting vitality into what you say takes the juice out of a man.

Sometimes at football games we have what is called a "short pick-up." An associate sits but three or four feet

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Carl Menzer Broadcasting From the Gymnasium of the University of Iowa While a Basket-Ball Game Is in Progress

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

IT HAD been a long wait for the stage at the Box Elder station. A balmy chinook had been blowing for two days and the roads were heavy and the streams so swollen that the stock tender was inclined to believe that Red Raymond had been stalled the yon side of the Cheyenne crossing, if, being a reckless derned fool, he had not attempted the passage, disastrously, in his notoriously unseaworthy conveyance. The stock tender was worried and Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, shared his anxiety, leaving the friendly card game at the conclusion of each hand to go to the door and scan the vacant horizon. Young Johnny Lafleiche, an intending passenger for the French settlement at St. Onge, used unseemly language at every report of nothing in sight. The only unperturbed person in the company was Sam Stegg, the old bullwhacker.

"What gets me is why you-all care one solitary whoop if she is late," remarked the veteran, deftly sorting the chips that he had acquired from the last pot. "Three cheers for the red, white and blue! I'll start 'em. Ready, gentlemen?"

"Don't you start nothing that you can't finish," the stock tender cautioned, with impressive malignancy. "One yip out of you, on the tail of a sandy like you run, and you'll reelize right sudden how dog-gone ready I am, for one. What's finished is me. I'm through."

Yoakum and Lafleiche said that they also had an elegant sufficiency. Yoakum added that more would be a superfluity, thereby forestalling Lafleiche in the completion of the timeworn quip. The old bullwhacker, as hanker, thereupon made what he, at least, considered a satisfactory settlement, continuing the while to express his surprise at the impatience of his companions.

"Because," he moralized, "no news is good news, and news is about all Red brings us, which might be bad news. What news, good or bad, is for is to give us something to talk about, and I always claim that the least said, the soonest mended. What we don't know, we don't grieve for, and patience is a virtue, just like punctuality is the politeness of princes, and Red ain't no prince, nor yet polite. It's an even bet that he won't have no passengers, and all the mail Tip's apt to get is maybe another green-goods circular or a sample-copy paper or a seed catalogue. As for Johnny, it's more'n likely that his Cousin Prosper ain't no judge of a pretty girl and is deceiving him about their being so plenty around St. Onge. Anyway, Johnny doesn't speak French and can't do no more than set around and look wishful when he gets there."

"Say, you put me down in Timbuctoo and I'll come pretty near making any of the girls there understand my meanings," handsome Johnny boasted, caressing his little silky mustache. "I got the sign language down fine. And don't you never think that it's nessry to talk to 'em a heap if you know how to act, and I can act in Dutch and Spanish and Eyetalian and Sioux and Crow and Cherokee and ——"

Tip interrupted, shouting from the door that she was a-coming over the raise, at which there was great activity, so that by the time Red's six sweat-lathered steeds splashed through the puddles and came to a stand at the barn, the relay was harnessed and ready to take their places.

It was worth waiting for! Tip admitted it and begged the old bullwhacker to hold him firmly by the arm and not release him until the coach had departed and was well out of sight. For there were passengers aboard, and they were something to talk about. One of them particularly. She was not more than eighteen or nineteen years old; she was far prettier than most pictures; she was tenderly curvilinear; her eyes were black and sparkling; her mouth smiled irresistibly; her hat was of the Francis Bacon model—high-crowned and with a magnificent drooping feather held in place by a flashing buckle; a cloak of rich fur, thrown back, disclosed voluminous sleeves of dark garnet velvet, matching the hat, that were molded to her beautifully rounded lower arm, and her childishly small hands were incased in perfectly fitting kid gloves. A not altogether appropriate costume for the old stage, but highly effective.

Miss Evaline Came a-Running Out to Tell Him How Sorry She Was, and Hadn't Meant to Hit Him

"Hey! You can't get out here!" said the corpulent, pink-faced and important-looking gentleman, evidently her father. "You'll get up to your neck in mud."

But the young lady had a mind and a will of her own. She intended to get out here, and she did. Was it young Lafleiche, the gallant, the more or less linguistic ladies' man, who sprang forward alertly, strewing gunny sacks before her dainty feet like Raleigh's cloak? By no means. Johnny had shrunk bashfully into the far background at his first sight of her, and it was Mr. Stegg who performed the part of Sir Walter, and then that of Sir Charles Grandison, conducting this vision of urban loveliness whithersoever her active curiosity demanded, explaining the uses of the various quaint objects within, and even penetrating to the kitchen department, where he found that coffee was still hot on the stove and precisely what was lacking in the hamper papa had brought along, and what his daughter had been fondly hoping for. Papa was mighty glad to get a cup of coffee, too, and condescended to say so.

Presently Red was calling all aboard, and two men climbed briskly to the outside seat, shouldering aside Johnny Lafleiche, who stood, rather helplessly for him, perched on a wheel and pleading in subdued and broken accents for a place beside them. They merely laughed at him. A middle-aged angular woman who called the girl Miss Agatha was then assisted to her seat inside. Miss Agatha followed her; and then her father, with one foot on the step, thrust his hand into his breeches pocket as Mr. Stegg wished them a pleasant journey, but, meeting Mr. Stegg's eye, took it out empty and seconded the young lady's renewed thanks for the coffee—and everything. Then Red leaned from the box and addressed Johnny Lafleiche.

"Get inside, if you're going with us, bud," he said. "I told you there wasn't no room outside. Lively now!"

Snickers from the outsiders. The young man, blushing painfully, hastened to the other door of the coach and climbed in. Red cracked his whip and off they went, a small gloved hand waving farewell from the window. The old bullwhacker responded with a graceful flourish of his hat and the excitement was over. It was not until the horses had been rubbed down, watered and fed that the talk began.

"Red says that he's from Chicago," the stock tender volunteered, after waiting some moments for questions. "W. J. Bensinger—some high muckamuck—and he's interested in the Golden Sorrow. If they can pull the wool over his eyes and salt his tail along with the ore body, he's a-going to put about a hundred thousand into development. Will you tell me why a man that's worth that much money wants to come here a-chasing around after more? Shucks! And bringing his girl along! What does he do that for?"

"More'n likely he feels easier in his mind if he's got her where he can keep his eye on her—the one that ain't on the main chance," suggested the old bullwhacker. "I don't reckon he'd leave his wallet laying around absent, loose and unattended. Not but what she's a right lovely little lady, and she sure shook the breath of spring flowers from her garments when she got out of the coach. Ain't often you see a sight like that, hey, Tip?"

"They was sort of red-and-black stripud," murmured Yoakum dreamily. "And her shoes had buckles onto 'em. Ho-hum! And Johnny Lafleiche gets to ride with her a good hundred miles, and I bet the old man snoozes half the way! A fool for luck! Only I reckon Johnny had the daylights scared out of him. I doubt if he'll spring any of that sign language of his on her."

"You can't most always tell," observed the old bullwhacker. "I knew a feller onct —"

Bill Torrance, his name was. He had a ranch out about five miles from Chrysolite—a little park, about thirty or forty acres, where he just raised straight garden truck which he hauled in and sold to the miners. He knew a heap of things, Bill did. He knew beans, to start with, which some of us don't, and he knew potatoes and turnips and cabbage and lettuce and spinach and onions and peas and tomaters and sweet corn and watermelons and summer and Hubbard squash and cucumbers. He also knew how to get good prices for 'em and to take care of what he got, and he knew that he was as good as you was. I won't say that he knew a heap more'n them things, because the human brain won't hold more'n about so much; but, after all, it's better to know the things you need to know than to try to know it all.

They claim that hist'ry has a way of repeating itself. I ain't studied hist'ry a whole lot; but I do know that because a thing happens once, it ain't no sign it won't happen again. I don't even trust lightning. Now here today a man comes out from Chicago to look at a hole that he's been throwing money into at long range. He brings his daughter along with him and his name is W. J. Bensinger, according to Red. Well, nigh on to twenty years ago a man comes out from New York to inspect a sim'lar excavation at Chrysolite. He brings his daughter along with him, and his name is R. J. Pettibone—a *J* for his middle name, too, you see. I don't know whether hist'ry

has done much better than that, but I doubt it. There's differences, but the main facts is the same. This here Bensinger's neck, I judge, is about as stiff as it is thick, and he looks at you a heap pop-eyed, 's if he was a-going to put his head down and run at you if you got in his way. If he wakes up of a sudden and catches Johnny Lafleiche making signs at little daughter, there's a-going to be blood on the moon.

Now R. J. Pettibone wasn't thataway at all. He was the first real long-legged person ever I knew that had a mess of money and a waist, and when you looked at him you'd bet your last nickel that he hated to be rich and would be glad to give you all his wealth if you'd be so kind and obliging as to take it. He talked in a low pleasant voice and he had a sad gentle smile, and they claimed that he would skin you alive so dog-gone sympathetic and regretful it was almost a pleasure to have the operation done on you. I heard tell, too, that he had enough skins piled up to stock a tannery for years.

There was points of resemblance betwixt Miss Pettibone and Miss Bensinger, I reckon. Miss Pettibone was always dressed right up to the nines—not like her daddy, who wore old duds and soft shirts, although you could see that they wasn't no cheap hand-me-downs. No, sir, she looked 's if she'd stepped right out of Godey's, and no expense spared or dreamed of to improve on what the artist had drawed. Paree! Differences in the styles, o' course, but you knew that Miss Pettibone wore the latest and the best money could buy, just like you prob'ly sensed it with Miss Bensinger. Miss Pettibone's hat was a kind of a pancake, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and her skirts was fuller, and she wore white stockings and carried a dinky parasol about a foot across that had lace trimming all around it; but I want to tell you that you couldn't have thought up no improvement when you looked at her, then.

Going on to other points, Miss Pettibone didn't smile so often nor laugh as hearty as this little thing that Johnny Lafleiche is now a-looking at out of the corners of his eyes, and she was taller, and a blonde, and some older than Miss Bensinger, though not enough to hurt. You got the idee that even if Pa Pettibone hadn't been around, Miss Eveline could have managed to take pretty tol'able good care of herself, thank you ever so kindly, just the same. Not exactly stand-offish, she wasn't, nor yet so come-hitherish that you'd say it was intentional and be real sure. If you was like most, you'd want to go thither and be willing to risk your neck to, but you'd conclude to stand off.

It was a sure thing that Bill Torrance wasn't like most. Two or three days after the Pettibones got to Chrysolite, Bill loaded up his wagon with the first garden sass of the season and drove into camp with it. As usual, the stuff went off like hot cakes, or more than usual, everybody being hungry for something green. He was handing out young onions at two bits a measly bunch, and beets that wasn't much more than tops at three bunches for a dollar—and handing 'em out as fast as he could reach for 'em—when Miss Eveline and her pa come down the street and stopped to look at the mob around the wagon. After a while Bill happened to look over in their direction and seen 'em, and it was his first sight of her.

"Well, I'll be ——" he gasps, and right there Miss Eveline smiled. Don't you forget it, she'd have took almost anybody's breath away. It wasn't no wonder that Bill's eyes bugged out and he was so rattled he forgot there was six bits change a-coming to the last customer. It's my belief that if it had been the other way and six bits had been coming to him, he'd have forgot—for a moment or two. Hows'ever, he wasn't throwed so far off his base but what he recovered, and pulling off his hat, he grinned at Miss Eveline as impident as you please, and she had to smile again, and Pa Pettibone bowed and took off his hat with one of his sad looks, and then moved on with the lady.

"Gimme my change," says the woman customer, and Bill come to life and give it to her. Then he turns to one of the men.

"Who ——" he begins.

"Couple o' bunches of radishes," says the feller, and Bill passes 'em over.

"Who is ——" he starts again.

"Me," says somebody else. "I'm next. This here lettuce."

"Sets you back forty cents," says Bill. "The smaller ones is thirty. . . . Who is them ——"

"How are you selling your onions?" a woman asks him, and Bill gave it up, for the time being—only he turned his head once or twice to look down the street after Miss Pettibone and her pa. But you can't peddle truck and pay a heap of attention to strangers—not to do justice to your business, and business first was Bill's motto; so he waited until he was all sold out before he made any more inquiries. First he run into Tod Richards. Tod was a handy little man that worked up at the superintendent's house, choring around, not being rugged enough for the mine or mill. He was a mighty fine old feller, only a mite cantankerous if you didn't handle him right. I knew him real well and he told me a lot of what I'm telling you.

"Who's them dudes I see perading around town with all that dog?" Bill asks him, without no prelim'nary politeness.

"What dudes?" asks Tod, staring at him stony as a gravestone image. "I don't know no dudes, and there's too dern many dogs around for me to keep track of. Do you mean that white bull-terrier pup of Gus Sanson's?"

"I don't mean no four-legged flea refuge; I mean fash'nable fixings and airs," Bill explains. "I mean putting on dog, sabe? Two of 'em. One's a right good-looking female with one of these here hoop skirts and kid gloves on and all manner of fal-lals, and the other's a gray-headed old geezer with gold-rimmed specs and kind of stoop-shouldered. He took off his hat to me a while ago."

"I reckon you must prob'ly mean Mr. R. J. Pettibone and Miss Eveline Pettibone, but I don't see why in Tophet he should take off his hat to you," says Tod. "If he took his coat off to you, he'd be justified, if he heard you calling him a dude. He's a gentleman, Mr. Pettibone is, and Miss Pettibone is a lady, and don't you forget it, you tater-bugging, clod-hopping robber."

"If you was an able-bodied man, I'd waller you for that," says Bill. "What's biting you? I ast you a civil question and you start in abusing me. Talk about being a gentleman! That ain't no way for a gentleman to act. And when you call me a robber, you kind of forget all the work and expense I have to go to on that truck patch of mine, and the resk of hail, and so forth, and so on. Two dollars wasn't no price to pay for that melon you got of me last summer, considering everything, if that's what's still sticking in your craw. And you didn't have to buy it. Ain't that so?"

Tod moved up clost and begun tapping him on the chest.

"To begin with, it wasn't no civil question," he says. "When there's a gentleman that's rich enough to buy out Vanderbilt a-staying in the house where I work, and acting easy and friendly and plain as an old shoe with me, not to mention that he owns about sixty-five per cent of the Chrysolite Mining and Milling Company and is chairman of the board of directors, it irks me a right smart to hear him called a dude. And when his daughter—a lady that's got her own lady's maid, mind you, and don't never need to turn her hand over if she don't want to—when a lady like that never asks a thing of me without a 'Please, Mr. Richards' or 'Thank you, Mr. Richards,' and appreciates a good job of work—why, I get a pain in the neck when I hear a punkin-peddling, whapper-jawed, two-dollar-melon monopolist—and half green, at that—shooting off his mouth about putting on airs. Furthermore," says Tod, keeping up the tapping, "I got an able-bodied trigger finger, so don't you talk about wallering me. And, finally, I'll see you choke before I give you any information about them parties, so make the most of that."

Well, Bill seen that he was teetotally unreasonable, so he just naturally walked away and left him; but before he started for home he got to talking with Bob Pengelly, the foreman of the night shift, who had a considerable to say about R. J. Pettibone and his pleasant ways and the prospects of his sinking three more shafts and putting up a thirty-stamp mill, maybe, which the assays seemed to justify.

"It may be a good thing, and it may not," says Bill. "Pers'nally, I've got about as much demand as I can supply, and if the camp grows, like as not there'll be Chinamen swarming in here and starting competition. As to this here Pettibone, I ain't interested in him so much as I am in that gal of his. She is sure one daisy of the dell. I'll say that for her, judging by her looks."

Bob chuckled. "Well, m'lad," says he, "you'm a likely youngster and faint 'eart never won fair lady. W'y not 'appen around at the 'ouse some evenin' and see 'ow you like 'er closer up?"

"That's what I aim to do," says Bill, and Bob laughed and slapped him on the back and then laughed harder than ever.

"'Ere's wishing you luck and a soft place to fall on," says Bob, draining the last of his beer through his whiskers. "You might put in a good word or two for me w'en you and Mr. Pettibone is a-lushing up together."

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"When I Meet Up With a Pretty Female, I Do My Best," Says Bill. "But I Ain't Giving You No Taffy"

THE TEA LEAVES

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

JUST before the vast wheels of circumstance gave the spin which started Eddie Lefner upon his mystic wanderings, he had a premonition of approaching change. It occurred in the cellar of Hong Lee's restaurant, where you could go of a summer evening, if you wanted to and dared. Though dirty, in summer it was a cool and quiet place, from which the clatter of dishes from the kitchen abovestairs sounded a long way off, and the muffled roar of the Ninth Avenue Elevated was only a dim reminder that the whole brawling torrent of life was shut off by something as impassable as time. It was a place where a gentleman went to indulge in thoughts of self when alone, and he was alone, except for old Hong Lee, who stood watchfully beside him, for what did Gertie Hogan matter? Gertie was just one of a dozen girls who chased him, chicken-headed women who knew nothing of a gentleman's higher aspirations. It was Hong Lee, impeccably quiet and old, with whom he wished to talk, not Gertie; and he wished to speak of occult things and not of love or business.

"Hong Lee," said Eddie loudly, as one should speak when addressing a foreigner, "I breezed in here tonight because the word is you're a wise old guy."

Hong Lee seldom spoke, a habit which hinted of unfathomed depths behind his wrinkled brow. He only bobbed his head and smiled, and Eddie also smiled in a quick bright way, and blinked his green-gold eyes.

As ideas of gallantry are born from almost nothing, from a look or a change of face, a great idea had leaped to Eddie's fertile brain; for no matter what the police might say, Eddie had a sensitive soul, tuned to subtle changes of the mind. He knew he was the man for any Chinaman, and he was not afraid, because he was free, gloriously free, a scoffer at superstition. Down the street, and for blocks along the freight yards, everyone was saying that Hong Lee had an evil eye—so evil that the toughest boys who ever swung a fist would cross their fingers when they saw him. He could throw a jinx on anyone, they said. He could tell your fortune and make it come out true—talk like that, enough to give anyone a pain. It filled Eddie with a deep desire to set his will against Hong Lee's, to face anything Hong Lee could hand him and laugh when he was through. "And you're a hard guy, too," said Eddie; "that's what they say—a hard old guy, but not hard enough for me. Say, Gertie, will you leave off pulling at me? I'm talking to Hong Lee."

Gertie was up to her old tricks again, like all the other girls, always restless, always wanting to do something or get something. Gertie shook her black bobbed curls impatiently and reached out her grimy hand.

"Eddie," she said, "if you don't want to talk business or anything, all the boys are up to the dance club, dearie. Let's get out and leave the Chink alone. He makes me scared."

Eddie smiled again and wrinkled his thin nose in faint contempt. He was not afraid of Gertie either, for Gertie was an open book, and he could manage women, even when they loved him.

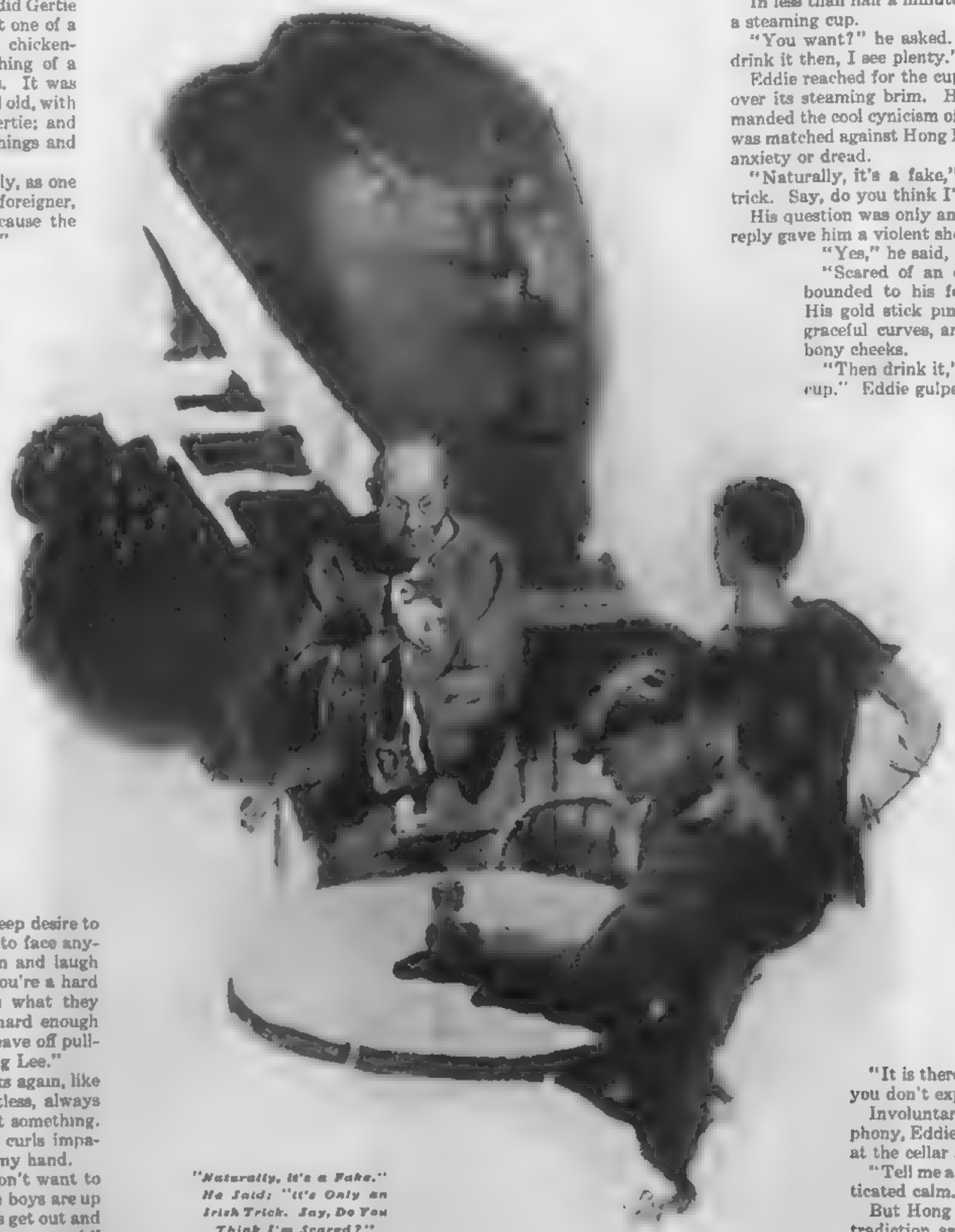
"Listen, kid," said Eddie, "it strikes me—yes, it strikes me you're getting sorta fresh. You should be proud to be with a guy like me anywhere, when a guy like me troubles to ask you out, and what are you scared of? Ain't I here? Hell, yes, I'm here!"

Eddie smoothed his vest and favored Hong Lee with a glassy stare.

"It strikes me," he said—"yes, it strikes me you're forgetting who you're with. I go where I want, kid, right from the Battery to Harlem—any joint at all—and do what I want, because I run myself. I'm wise and they know I'm wise. And in addition"—Eddie lowered his voice modestly—"yes, in addition, if any guy wants an argument—yes, that brother of yours or any other guy—I'm here. I'll tell the world I'm here!"

"And if Happy was to know I'm out with you," responded Gertie, dabbing at her vermilion lips, "he'd knock you for a row!"

"And if Happy knows what's good for him ——" Eddie paused and smiled coldly. He was not afraid of Happy Hogan, either. He could handle the whole crowd, Hong Lee and girls and tougha. "That kid will be across the river by now. I'm talking to Hong Lee."



"Naturally, It's a Fake," He Said; "It's Only an Irish Trick. Say, Do You Think I'm Scared?"

Motionless, a patient, seared and stooping figure, melancholy, yet calm, Hong Lee rubbed his hands softly on his black alpaca sleeves.

"Listen!" said Eddie. He looked Hong Lee straight in the eye. "You say you're wise—how wise? Wise like a Chink, I guess. Is it straight you can tell what's going to happen to a guy, if a guy was to ask you in a nice way? Sort of tell his fortune—see?"

"Yes," said Hong Lee in a guttural voice, "I savvy."

"Then tell it," said Eddie; "don't you see I'm waiting?"

He was off. His heart beat somewhat faster, for, though Eddie was perfectly cool, the silence in the cellar was somewhat ominous, and he did not like the vast peace in Hong Lee's face.

"Velly well," said Hong Lee, "I make your fortune plenty. I told a man, velly nice, that he get him kill last week. I go catch you a cup of tea."

"Funny—now don't be funny," remarked Eddie, still loudly. "What's tea got to do with it?"

The single flyblown light bulb in the cellar seemed darker than it had before, and the grimy chairs and tables were in a deeper shadow.

"I see," explained Hong Lee—"I see it in the cup."

Before Eddie could speak again, Hong Lee moved toward the shadow of the cellar stairs. A moisture not altogether due to the August heat appeared on Eddie's brow, causing him to draw a silk handkerchief from his pocket.

In less than half a minute Hong Lee was back, carrying a steaming cup.

"You want?" he asked. "You sure you want? You drink it then, I see plenty."

Eddie reached for the cup, glancing coolly at Hong Lee over its steaming brim. He knew that his situation demanded the cool cynicism of a perfect gentleman. His will was matched against Hong Lee's will, and he must show no anxiety or dread.

"Naturally, it's a fake," he said; "it's only an Irish trick. Say, do you think I'm scared?"

His question was only an afterthought, but Hong Lee's reply gave him a violent shock.

"Yes," he said, "plenty scared."

"Scared of an old Chink like you?" Eddie bounded to his feet, slender and magnificent. His gold stick pin glittered. His coat waved in graceful curves, and a touch of red suffused his bony cheeks.

"Then drink it," said Hong Lee. "I see in the cup." Eddie gulped noisily; his indignation was as hot as the liquid he was drinking.

"Kid," he said, setting the cup down on the table, "it strikes me—yes, it strikes me you're getting sorta fresh. I can look out for myself. Tea or no tea, what's going to happen, happens, and I'm the guy who makes it."

Like a piece of slightly browned unleavened dough—that was Hong Lee's face, almost flat, as though a hand had pushed it flat, and expressionless as dough.

"Yes," he said, "what goes to happen, happens. Give me the cup—I see."

In spite of himself, Eddie leaned forward, staring at a mass of tea leaves, bits of sprinkled, stranded refuse on a white-glazed shore. His own face was as sharp and nervous as Hong Lee's was steeped in peace, and Gertie also craned her head forward to look, restless and eager, like a child. There was a moment's silence, a nervous giggle from Gertie, and then Hong Lee spoke in a placid toneless way.

"It is there," he said, "I see. Two things you don't expect, they happen now."

Involuntarily, though he knew it was all phony, Eddie jerked up his head and glanced at the cellar stairs.

"Tell me a good one," he said with sophisticated calm. "Nothing's happening."

But Hong Lee only nodded in placid contradiction, as though he were on the inside of something, listening on a private wire.

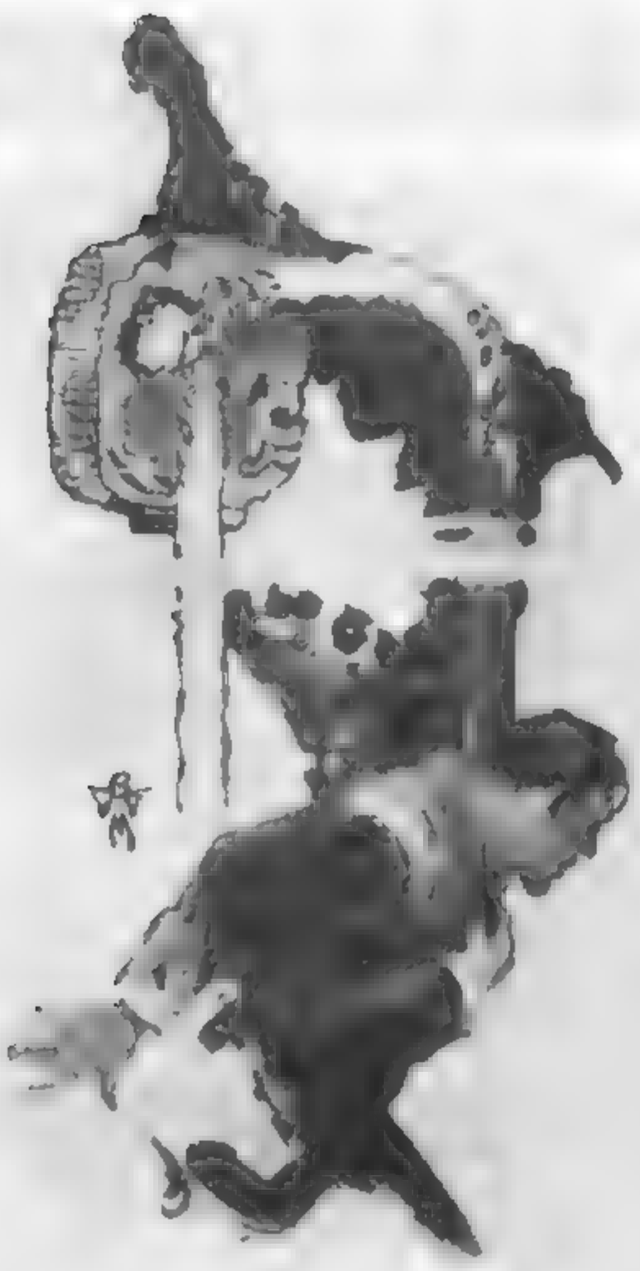
"They happen now," he said; "two things, and you go on a long journey."

Eddie drew his breath sharply and blinked his green-gold eyes. The cellar was so quiet that a thump on the table made him start, though it was only Gertie setting down a bottle.

"A journey, is it?" said Eddie. "You're wrong, kid. No one's got anything on me. No court can send me up."

"A long journey," replied Hong Lee. "I see it in the cup."

"Listen, dearie," chimed in Gertie suddenly, "don't be nervous, dearie. He only merely means you're going to do that little job he was talkin' about. Say, will I be going too?"



Crash! A Young Man Was Plunging Down the Cellar Stairs, Only Half Revealed by the Light

Hong Lee shook his head. He was only a voice and a doughlike face.

"No, but he go to a place very far away, and he —— Oh, no, he not come back." Eddie glanced again at the door and got noiselessly to his feet.

"Eddie ——" began Gertie, and reached out her grimy hand. It was an attack of nerves that seized Eddie. That was the only way he could explain it, when Gertie touched him.

"Leave go!" he cried sharply. "Don't you go trying to pull a jinx on me. I got my fingers crossed."

"Eddie," cried Gertie, "you don't believe what he's saying! You're too smart. Don't you love me, dearie?"

"Love you!" exclaimed Eddie. Somehow he saw Gertie in a new light. The whole cellar was new and strange, and the joy of life had left. "Whoever said I loved a painted jane like you?"

"What's that you call me?" Gertie's voice had risen to a shriek, but Eddie turned his back and faced Hong Lee. The whole place was queer and he felt queer and not at all himself. In the cellar, in the dim light, with the faint clatter of dishes coming from the kitchen, he could almost believe in what Hong Lee was saying.

"What do you mean—a journey?" he asked hoarsely. "Are you insinuating, old sport, I'm going up the river?"

"No." Hong Lee shook his head. "You do not go up, but first two things happen. They happen now."

"Not if I don't want 'em to." Eddie was himself again. He was too nervy a boy to get a fright for long. "Nothing happens that I don't want, you dopey old Chinese fake! I go where I want and do what I want—that's me!"

Crash! It was just like that. Up in the kitchen was a sound of breaking crockery and high protesting voices. A large and dirty young man was plunging down the cellar stairs, only half revealed by the light. As he reached the bottom he stumbled and caught his balance clumsily.

"Happy!" It was Gertie's voice, scarcely more than a gasp. And Gertie was right, for she could tell her brother's shape and step at any hour of night. It was Happy Hogan—the first thing which Eddie did not expect. There he stood, swaying in the cellar and waving his fist with meaningless sounds of rage, but Eddie was not afraid. His mind invariably was much too quick for Happy's mind.

"Well, dumbness," said Eddie, "what brought you in here?"

Happy was always dumb. His low forehead and sunken eyes and undershot jaw all betrayed indubitable stupidity. His voice rumbled ominously in his hollow chest.

"Ah, you slob, you! I got you now! Cooking up something again with Gertie, are you, without letting me in on it? Is that the way to treat a pal? Is that the way —— "

For old times, simply for old times, Eddie restrained himself from angry speech.

"Shut your face," he said; "you and Gertie too."

"I won't shut up!" roared Happy. His eyes were moist with honest rage. "Ain't I as good as you are? I know I never went to school or nothing, but ain't I just as good?"

"Kid," said Eddie, "it's not your fault, only the way you're made. You've been dumb since we were kids and Gertie and I pinched lollipops around the corner. I'm the brains here. I'm the works. Didn't I tell you to beat it?"

The dull wonder in Happy's face as he absorbed this new idea was almost comical to see.

"For what?" he asked.

"Dumbness; for the bone you pulled tonight."

Yes, Eddie was the works still, the captain of his cohorts; and yet in the very midst of his speech he stole a glance at old Hong Lee, not because he wished, but because his light inside him flickered. The power within himself flickered, which once had set all destiny running to his will.

"You lie!" roared Happy, moving toward him with a twitching reddened face. "I didn't pull no bone. None of the bulls is wise!"

Dumb—the boy would never see the little things that led to real success. The thought made Eddie tolerant in the face of Happy's rage.

"Listen!" said Eddie. "Now don't you make me sore with any argument, kid, because I know my stuff. I suppose that little guy in the cigar store tonight was blind—what? When you pulled a rod on him he didn't see you, did he? You wouldn't listen when I went all the way across the street to tip you off, like a good straight guy. He wouldn't know you, would he? By this time, kid, headquarters is after you all over town."

"An' that's a lie too, you swell-dressed slob!" roared Happy. "Nobody saw me, nobody is wise but me to you! You're after that country-bank job, when it was me who gave you all the dope. Yes, I got all the dope, and you and Gertie wanna cut me out!"

Eddie blinked his eyes and made a swift, sweeping gesture with his thin right hand. Since he had drunk that cup of tea, little events, all little, seemed to be creeping about him, stealthily, behind his back.

"It strikes me," he said tranquilly, but his face was set like an ornament of jade, "you forget that I don't have to work. I just listened to you, merely. I wasn't interested."

"Oh, yes, you was interested! You're interested now, you little swipe." Happy's features were contorted almost beyond recognition; and Eddie, always thoughtful, lowered his hand to the side pocket of his coat. "You was layin' to git me cleared out. Yah—doublin' on a pal who put you next the nicest job unworked!"

Eddie's hand moved with the deft precision for which he was famous, so fast that Happy's voice was stilled, midway between anger and surprise.

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" he said, and leveled a late-model automatic between Happy's shifting bloodshot eyes. His hand was as good as ever in spite of the cup of tea. The sight of Happy's stupid face and the knowledge of his skill gave him a desire to laugh, to snap his fingers beneath Hong Lee's squat nose.

"That stops you, don't it?" he sneered. "I was going to clear you out, was I? Well, you'll be cleared out, and I won't have to do it. That little guy in the cigar store—you thought he couldn't see because his back was to you, didn't you?—and because you wouldn't let him turn around. There was a mirror right in front of him—a mirror! Get out and let 'em catch you on the street, and don't talk back to me!"

It was almost comical to see Happy's face change with the dawn of understanding, and there was so little need for firearms that Eddie replaced his automatic in his pocket. He turned, still the master of his kingdom and the master of them all, the quickest, neatest man of destiny who walked the pavement day or night—turned and favored Gertie with a cold suspicious stare.

"And you beat it, too. I'm tired of seeing you and him!"

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As He Moved Restlessly, However, He Noticed That His Head Was Better; and Though He Could Not Think Where He Was or How He Came, He Spoke With a Sort of Triumph

THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

By Cosmo Hamilton

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IN LOOKING over certain notes relating to the production of a play of mine called A Sense of Humor, which took place some years ago in the London Playhouse, I find the words "Under dogs" written in red ink. I made this entry, I remember, as a reminder, apropos of an incident which occurred that night, to write something dealing with the lives of the members of the small army of people attached to a theater upon whom the limelight never shines. I mean, of course, the walkers-on, the assistant stage manager, the press agent—a very necessary person who must possess an astounding inventiveness—the box-office man, who seems to be able, by some means or other, to elude a perennial cold in the head, the dressers, some of whom have obviously seen better days, the night watchman and, above all, the stage-door keeper, the one man attached to a theater who, if he is honest, painstaking and diplomatic, remains steadily in his cubby-hole whether plays succeed or not.

When the final curtain had fallen on this particular play, which had been very well received, it was discovered that I had not allowed the leading lady sufficient time in which to change her dress in the middle of the second act. The play had not been tried out, as is now the custom, but had opened in London cold—though I prefer to call it hot. It was necessary for me, therefore, immediately to write in a short scene between the leading comedian and his valet which would occupy time enough to permit the charming Peg to rush into her dressing room and get out of a suit of golf clothes into a frock in which to appear at dinner. In order that the stage manager might not be put to the trouble of calling at my chambers in The Albany, I decided to send him off to supper and write the scene then and there before going home to bed.

An Extra Character

IT WAS nearly twelve o'clock. The theater was deserted. The curtain was up and the third-act set remained upon the stage. In this, among other pieces of furniture, there was a comfortable desk, a reading lamp, a blotting pad, a number of sheets of note paper and a pencil, not a prop. The echo of the applause which had gladdened all our hearts lingered in the body of the theater. All the seats had been covered rapidly by the program girls before they had followed the audience out into the street. The place was as silent as a beech forest, in which nothing seems to live except the trees. It was with a peculiar sense of trespassing in the house of my characters, which was supposed to be within a stone's throw of a golf course in "silly Soossex," that I sat there all alone, tingling with the exhilaration of success—the greatest tonic in the world—to write a scene in which I hoped to be able to give the comedian several additional laughs.

I had allotted myself an hour for this task, at the end of which the stage manager, duly refreshed, was to come for it, take it home with him, get it typed at the earliest possible moment in the morning, and bring it back to the theater in triplicate, so that it might be rehearsed and dropped into the play at the second performance.

The pencil worked well. The scene rolled out of its point. It was finished before that very cheerful person reappeared, and I had turned away from the desk to repeople in imagination the wilderness of empty seats.

Somewhat to my astonishment I caught sight of a man sitting in perfect ease and comfort on the sofa near the window through which, earlier in the evening, a shaft of sunlight had poured upon the head of Mrs. Billy Hutton. For a moment it seemed to me that here was another trespasser; a friend, perhaps, of the family, whom I had forgotten to invent, and who in spite of that omission had insisted on entering the golf cottage after the fall of the curtain as a resentful reminder of his existence.

I saw that he was an elderly person, shabby, though perfectly neat, not devoid of a certain gracefulness too. I saw that there was a sweet pea in the buttonhole of his shiny coat, a pair of dilapidated white spats over his much-mended shoes and that there was a stringless monocle stuck in his left and distinctly gouty eye. The only thing about him which denoted a lack of breeding was the fact that he was wearing his dilapidated hat.

As the house was not mine, but the one that was shared by the Huttons and the Lansdownes, I had no right to challenge the intruder.

So I sang out, "Hullo! How goes it?"

Upon which he rose, gave me a military salute and replied in a round, bland voice, "It goeth well, as it does with you, I hear. Congratulations. The play has clicked."

He came forward, smiling, and extended a grubby hand. I shook it, thanked him and wondered who he was. If my head had not been full of the aftermath of the emotions of a first night, I might have guessed. Seeing, I suppose, the query in my eyes, he volunteered the information as to his being the night watchman and introduced himself. He said, "Rivers—Algernon John Stanley Rivers of that ilk, commonly called the Babbler, presumably because the source of all rivers is a stream or brook. Far-fetched if you like but originally an affectionate nickname pinned on me at school. You, I know by reputation, and it is a great pleasure to meet you in the flesh." He bowed and gave a fluke to his mustache—a gray mustache, a little stringy, but waxed into pin-like points.

Here was a character stamped all over with the mark of Dickens, closely related to the immortal Micawber, still waiting, in all probability, although in the sere and yellow, for something to turn up. The stage manager arrived, said cheery words and departed with my scene. He was in the highest spirits and full of bass.

"I shall tell the wife," he said, "that we've got a hit. Tra-la-la, skip the gutter." He waved his hand. There was the bang of the stage door.

Rivers in Flood

"SIT down," I said to my new-found friend, "and let's talk of life and death and the great hereafter, or whatever else you like. I don't feel a bit like sleep."

"Good, indeed. As a rule my only companion is the cat."

I need hardly tell you that he chose himself as a topic of conversation. With one leg crossed over the other and one thumb stuck in the slit of his waistcoat, he reoccupied the Huttons' sofa and, although it was altogether against the rules, lit the remaining half of a rank cigar. Bit by bit he pieced himself together until the puzzle of his life became a highly colored picture in which every block was gradually put in place. He may have used several blocks which belonged either to the lives of other men or those from the store of his imagination which, from constant repetition, had become his own.

According to himself, at any rate, he was the third son of a distinguished cavalry officer, born to be a prodigal. He had been expelled from school at the age of eighteen for what he called a "little bit of natural exuberance. Nothing criminal, my dear sir, as of course you will surmise." He had accepted the proverbial shilling from his Cromwellian father and started out to make his way in life. "Like every gentleman, I was fond of horse racing and became, for want of something better, a bookie's clerk. Two to one bar one. Eight to one, the field. The silver ring, you know, with a ticket in one's hat. But that part of my career came to an inglorious end when Charlie Rogers welshed. My only suit of clothes was ruined by the duckweed on the pond. By the grace of God, however, we escaped alive. Then the circus—a barker for the fat lady. A charming life, fresh air and sunshine, giving joy to adenoidal rustics and the young idea—wandering from village to village, wet and fine. Promotion to the ring, the cracking whip, a white tall hat and a pair of riding boots which gave me corns. A love episode with a delicious little lady who rode three horses, in flesh-colored tights. Marriage. A child. Domestic bliss in spite of a fuggy caravan and, with regret I say it, a too persistent thirst. Born Rivers, I lived up to my name. From lock to lock my banks were always full. I speak metaphorically of course. The death of Rivers junior and the elopement of my good lady with the melancholy clown caused me a depression which could only be relieved by whisky, more whisky. I stumbled in

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DIPLOMATIC HOMESPUN

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE other day an American who was visiting in a foreign capital ran into an old acquaintance, also an American, who had held an important official position there for a long term.

"You must dine with us tomorrow night," the resident insisted

At the appointed hour the visitor arrived at the apartment in which his friend had lived for many years. To his astonishment, however, he was informed by the servant that the American gentleman no longer occupied this place but could be found at such and such an address.

The guest hurried on to the new residence, but when he reached it he began to suspect that he had made another mistake, for it was a spacious, dignified house, which denoted at least ten times the expenditure of the informal apartment which had furnished the former background for his friend's delightful hospitality

However, he was reassured that this time he was at the right place, so he hurried into the beautiful drawing-room to make his excuses to his host.

"I didn't know you had moved," he explained. "I went to the old place first and then had to come all the way over here. I'm sorry to be so late. But, by George," he exclaimed, "I certainly am glad to see that at last our Government has had the sense to provide suitable surroundings for its representatives!"

Promoted From Diplomat to Salesman

AT THIS a wave of laughter swept over the little group of guests who were standing near by.

The host looked embarrassed as he made his explanations in the face of several foreigners.

"You see, I'm not the representative of the Government any more. That's why I moved from the old apartment. I represent Smith & Jones, a firm of importers, now. They want me to live like this."

The American visitor was silent during the first half of the excellent dinner, which was served in another charming room. He pretended to listen to the woman on his right while she told him just where to go to buy the best of everything, from limousines to lingerie, and which revues were worth while and which ones were innocuous. In reality he was turning over in his mind the strange paradox by which the Government of a great and wealthy nation should show less desire to have its representatives appropriately equipped than was shown by a private business concern.

Suddenly he broke into speech.

His dinner partner had just said, "But you do agree, don't you, that much smarter people go to Biarritz now in the summer than go to the Lido?"

He answered indignantly, "It hurts my pride! It absolutely hurts my pride as an American citizen!"

She looked suspiciously at his untouched glass of champagne, then shrugged her shoulders and turned to the European on her other side.

The American glanced at the smoothly clipped back of her head, speculated idly on the probable weight of the great pearls which encircled her rather short neck, and then lost himself again in rumination.

After the women had left the dining room and the men were having coffee and liqueurs, the host found opportunity to draw aside his American guest for tête-à-tête conversation.

Almost sheepishly he offered him one of the best cigars the other had ever smoked.

"I've an entertainment allowance now," he said. "Smith & Jones think it good policy for me to entertain well."

"You mean they want you to dine and wine people who will be of use to them in their importing business?"

"No, it isn't limited in that way. Their idea is in a sense utilitarian, but it goes beyond that. They may believe that in the long run Smith & Jones will do more actual business by creating an atmosphere of friendliness toward its representatives, but their primary concern is in being known and well thought of. The man in charge of the personnel of their foreign trade has expressly told me not to limit my hospitality to business people. His point is that in modern Europe no one element can be disassociated from the others, because politics, banking and business are becoming so closely interrelated that it is impossible to forecast where one will end and the other begin.

"There's Prince Mondo, for example," he said, glancing in the direction of a distinguished-looking white-haired man who was leading the conversation at the other end of the long table. "Anyone would laugh at the idea of a business concern bothering to cultivate a person so remote from business as he. And yet, because he knows and likes me personally and we have gone shooting together, he has given me invaluable letters of introduction to friends of his in other countries when I have made business trips there. This is just one instance, but do you see what I mean?"

Too Many Employers

"I SEE it all right," said the American, "but why won't our Government see it? It's a darned sight more important that our diplomats should be well thought of than that the representatives of some private business concern should be."

The host nodded assent. "You mustn't forget, though, that Smith & Jones is almost a one-man corporation. That makes it easier for them than it is for our Government. They don't have to explain to a lot of well-meaning but uninformed people just why they pay me so much and some other officials in another capital more, and so on. They have experts who study the various situations and then report to the two or three big guns at the top, who decide to appropriate the necessary amounts of money, and so on. Think how much more difficult it is for our Government."

The visitor was to spend a good deal of time thinking over the entire matter during his several months' trip throughout various European capitals.

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American Tourists Now Complain That No Matter to What Remote Corners of the Earth They Go, They Cannot Get Away From American Tourists

TWO ELEGANT MULES

The Captain Asked the Old Man a Few Questions in German, and the Old German Pointed to Dan, Nodded His Head and Said, "Ja, Ja"

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

ONE afternoon about a week after the Armistice, me and my friend Henry Elton—both of us privates in the artillery—was sitting on a log and resting ourselves out in front of our battery camp, which was on the main road about four kilometers north of Commercy, France. We was discussing the news, which had just come, that we was soon to start for Germany as part of the Army of Occupation, when all of a sudden Henry pointed down the road.

"Look!" he said. "Here comes Dan Miller, and look what he's got with him!"

I took a squint down the road and there, sure enough, was Private Daniel Miller, the most innocent and pious-looking man in the whole regiment—and also the best crap shooter.

At the Front he had worked on one of the gun crews, but since the Armistice he had managed to get himself a job as permanent kitchen police, with the idea of making sure that his meals would be heavy and regular.

And now he was coming along the road leading two of the largest mules I ever seen in my life. Which was something of a surprise, because in our battery all the guns and wagons and everything was pulled by horses. There had never been a mule in the whole outfit.

Dan turned into camp and led the animals up to the battery picket line, and me and Henry followed along to see what was up. Lieutenant Baird and the stable sergeant was standing at the end of the line.

"What do you think you're doing with them things?" asked the stable sergeant.

Dan tied the mules to the picket line, and then looked around at us with his big baby-blue eyes.

"Ain't they an elegant pair of mules?" he asked in his slow, gentle voice. "Ain't they wonderful? You know I was practically brought up with mules back in Missouri, but I never seen a finer pair. No, sir, I never seen two such real humdingers."

"I asked you," said the stable sergeant, "what do you think you're doing with them?"

"I brought them in for us to use. Now that I'm a permanent K.P., I naturally take an interest in the kitchen. And when I seen how few horses we have left since the war and what poor shape they're in, I decided that I ought to do something about it. I decided I would scare up a real good team to pull the rolling kitchen."

"So you went out and stole these mules from some other outfit?" asked Lieutenant Baird.

"Oh, no, sir," said Dan, looking very shocked. "I wouldn't steal nothing. These mules was wandering around loose; I just sort of run across them by accident; and right away I thought to myself that here was what we need to pull the kitchen, instead of them two poor skinny old horses we got on it now. Them poor horses could never make the hike up to Germany, but these mules will do it easy. Beautiful animals, ain't they, sir?"

"You say they were just wandering around loose?" asked Lieutenant Baird.

"Yes, sir," said Dan. "Just roaming around. Eating grass and one thing and another. It certainly was lucky I found them. They'll make a swell team to pull the kitchen."

"My gosh, that's right," said the mess sergeant. "We need them the worst way."

"Just where was it these mules were wandering around?" asked Baird.

"Oh, sort of down the road a piece."

"Look at their hoofs, sergeant," said Baird. "Any marks to show who they belong to?"

The stable sergeant examined all eight hoofs, and reported, "No marks, sir."

Baird considered.

"Of course," said Dan, "if you think it's wrong for us to keep them, I could take them back and turn them loose on the road where I found them, but that would be cruelty to animals. Probably the outfit that owns them has moved on somewhere else and there wouldn't be anybody to take care of them. But if you say so, I'll take them back."

"No, there's no sense to that," said Baird. "You can use them, can't you, sergeant?"

"Sure, we can," replied the sergeant.

"All right," said Baird. "If nobody comes for them, let them stay."

The mules stayed. They were given a place at the end of the picket line and fed and groomed along with the battery horses. The two old wrecks that had been pulling the kitchen were transferred to some of the lighter equipment, and the mules were officially assigned to pull the kitchen in their place.

Me and Henry had the next afternoon off, and we decided to see the town of Commercy. We started out about two o'clock, and on the road we ran across old Dan Miller, also bound for town. We walked on together down the river road.

"It's funny," said Dan, "how some people have no sense of decency at all—no feeling for right and wrong."

"What's biting you now?" asked Henry.

"Well, take that mess sergeant," said Dan. "This morning he told me he won't let me drive them mules. Can you imagine that? After I go out and chase all over the country and gather up a couple of swell mules and bring them in, he won't even let me drive them."

"Why not?" asked Henry.

"He says that little Joe Chenkowitz has always had the job of driving the kitchen and he doesn't want to make a change. Think of that! Joe is nothing but a Polack or a Russian or something, and yet he gets a chance to drive my mules and ride pleasant and comfortable all the way up to Germany, while real Americans like us has to walk. It ain't right."

"It's kind of tough," said Henry.

"And that ain't all," Dan went on. "I don't care about myself, but I'm worried about them lovely mules. Joe is all right with horses, but mules is an entirely different breed of cats, and I doubt if he'll be able to handle them. Which reminds me, I got to buy some rubber bands when I get to town."

We walked on down the road and finally crossed the bridge into Commercy. It was a swell town, the best we had seen for a long time—nice stone buildings and good stores and crowds of nice-looking people, and not a shell hole or a ruin anywhere around. It sure looked good after all those ruined villages up at the Front.

We stopped into a stationery store, where Dan bought himself a half dozen big, heavy, rubber bands, and then we went on to a little restaurant where we had omelet and

bread and butter and wine—all very nice, and a very pleasant change from the goldfish and monkey meat of the army.

"By the way," asked Henry, "did you really find them mules just wandering along the road?"

"Sure I did," said Dan. "You didn't think I would lie about it, did you?"

"Oh, no, of course not," said Henry. "But I was just wondering."

"Yes," said Dan, in his smooth, pious voice, "it is perfectly true that I found them two beautiful brutes wandering along the road. But, of course, it might also be true that, about five minutes before, I had untied them from a tree to which they was hitched at the edge of the camp of one of them supply companies down by the river—but that, of course, is just between you and I."

"Of course," said Henry.

"I never tell any lies unless I have to," said Dan, "but I had a feeling that there was a few things about them mules I had better leave unsaid. And I'm glad I did, because I'm beginning to think I may have to add a lot onto my story later on, and I don't want it too complicated. Which reminds me, I got another errand to do here in town."

He called for the bill and paid it all himself.

"I got plenty of money," he said. "I had pretty good luck in the crap game last night."

After he had paid for the food, Dan had a long conversation with the old lady that ran the restaurant. He could speak French much better than me and Henry, and we couldn't tell what all the talk was about, except that she seemed to be giving him directions how to go somewhere.

When we left, Dan led the way around several corners and down a side street to an old stable, where he had a long talk with a rather tough-looking Frenchman. Finally the Frenchman wrote out something on a sheet of paper, signed it, and handed it over. Dan took the paper, passed him a twenty-franc note, and we started back for camp.

"It's terrible," said Dan, as we walked along, "how dishonest these Frogs are."

"How do you mean?" asked Henry.

"Take that bird back there. For a measly little twenty francs, he writes me out a statement that he knows is nothing but a damn lie, and then he signs it."

"What is it?" asked Henry.

"Oh, nothing of any importance. It wouldn't be of interest to anybody but me—a sort of personal matter that I can't very well discuss. But it just goes to show how low-down and dishonest some people are."

We continued our way across the bridge and back along the river road, reaching camp at the end of the afternoon.

The next day we was busy getting ready to move out, and I didn't see very much of Dan. I caught one glimpse of him, though—out at the edge of the woods behind the picket line. He had made himself a sling shot out of a forked stick and a couple of his big rubber bands, and he was practicing shooting pebbles at an old stump.

The morning after, we started the long hike to Germany. Me and Henry walked along just behind the telephone cart near the end of the column. A little ahead of us was the rolling kitchen, pulled by them two enormous mules. Little Joe Chenkowitz was sitting comfortably on the seat, holding the reins, while poor old Dan was tagging along behind on foot, looking very disgusted.

We made about twenty-five kilometers that day, and we camped for the night at a place called Essey, right in the middle of the old battle area. We was all pretty well tired out—horses and men alike. We had just finished three months at the front, and it was three months of as hard work as I ever hope to see—marching all night, working all day, firing the guns, dodging German shells and living on poor food and worse water. We was thin and half sick, and when we stopped to camp that night every man and horse in the outfit was completely tired out.

But not them mules. All of a sudden, and for no reason that anybody could see, they began kicking and jumping around something terrible. Joe had just got them unhitched from the kitchen; he had hold of their bridles, and they just dragged him all around the lot, kicking and rearing and biting at him. Joe was a pretty good teamster, and he didn't get hurt, but he had a hard time of it before he finally got them quieted down. And then the mess sergeant bawled him out, and told him if he couldn't handle his team better than that he would lose his job as driver.

"It's too bad," I heard Dan telling one of the cooks. "That guy Joe just doesn't know how to handle mules."

We slept that night in pup tents on the frozen ground, and the next morning at dawn we was up again and getting ready to go. Me and Henry had just finished rolling up our packs, when we heard a fearful shouting and swearing from Joe Chenkowitz. I looked up, and the mules was jumping around and kicking worse than the night before. And off to one side I seen old Dan leaning against a wagon as careless as could be and sticking something in his pocket. I didn't get a good look at it, but I was almost sure it was his sling shot. Maybe Joe's ignorance of mules wasn't the only reason they was acting like wild cats.

This time they broke away and went galloping off through the camp, and it was about fifteen minutes before they was finally caught and brought back. I never seen the mess sergeant madder, and I never heard him swear longer or louder. After he had calmed down a bit, he told Joe he could walk from then on.

"Dan," he said, "can you handle those damn brutes?"

"Of course, I can," said Dan. "I was born and brought up with mules."

By this time the mules had quieted down a good deal, and Dan went over to them and stroked them and petted them and talked to them soft and soothing.

"Nice muley, good muley," he said. "Papa will take care of you. That bad little Joe won't hurt you any more." He drove them the rest of the hike, and they behaved fine.

Day after day, we marched along. The hike seemed endless. After the first night we were billeted in houses in the little towns where we stopped. For a while we were in Lorraine, where there were lots of French people glad to see the Germans leaving. They had flags hung out. Later, when we got into Germany, there were no flags, and the people stood around silently as we went past. I forget the names of the places we went through; I was too sick and too tired out to pay much attention.

And Henry was about the same. Day after day we would walk along behind that little telephone cart half asleep, with our eyes on the ground, without enough energy to even think. I remember noticing kind of vaguely that we was passing pretty towns and rivers and mountains, and pine forests where the trees was all planted in rows like cornfields. And whenever we looked up along the column, we would see, a little ahead of us, the four big hairy ears of them mules flapping back and forth slow and easy and regular as they walked along pulling the kitchen. And on the seat of the kitchen was old Dan, lolling back as easy as you please and enjoying the scenery.

During the ten-minute halts he would pet his mules and talk to them, and wipe out their noses and clean their collars with a rag wet with water from his canteen. And at night he would always scurry around and get extra hay and straw and oats for them.

It took us about three weeks—which seemed like three years—to get where we was going, and finally, worn-out and half dead, we arrived at the little town of Büchel, Germany, which is up in the hills back of Cochem-an-der-Mosel. Here we was to spend the winter. It was a gloomy little town with narrow, muddy streets. The men of the battery was billeted around in the houses of the town and the horses was distributed in the various stables. All day they kept us busy grooming the horses and cleaning up the harness, the guns and wagons, and all the rest of the equipment. In the evening we had nothing to do but sit around and growl and wish we was home.

There was one little *Gasthaus* in town where they sold expensive *Rheinwein* that was pretty good, and also cheap *Moselwein* and beer that was terrible. But we hadn't had a pay

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I Happened to Look Out the Window and Seen the Stable Sergeant and His Men Arriving With the Two Lost Mules and a Very Scared-Looking German Civilian

What Would a Young Man Do?

"Isn't it Luck You Should Get Here Just in Time to Make it a Party!" She Prattled On, Her Pretty Baby Face Crimson With Embarrassment

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

GETTING dinner for Hewlitt that sultry August night was the last straw that decided Susan Merryweather. She had been uncertain as to whether to take the doctor's prescription or just be amused by it. Getting dinner for Hewlitt settled the question for her.

"What you need," the shrewd woman doctor had said, "is a vacation from one of your two jobs."

"My two jobs?" Susan had asked, puzzled.

"Yes," said the doctor. "I can tell at a glance you're the kind of girl that's got two." Her keen eyes took in the sage-green office dress which Susan had made Saturday afternoons and evenings out of seven dollars' worth of flat crêpe and which looked almost exactly like the eighty-five-dollar model from which she had copied it, even to the crisp, frilled, organdie collar and cuffs which she had risen fifteen minutes early that morning to wash and flute.

"I'll bet you manage to keep an apartment," the doctor hazarded further, "on a not-over-thirty-five-a-week salary."

"Thirty," Susan said, "and I share the apartment with another girl."

"And cook your own breakfasts?"

"Breakfasts and dinners," Susan admitted. "And keep the apartment clean ourselves."

"Worse and worse," said the doctor. "No wonder you come for a tonic along in August! What did you do with your noon hour today?"

"Well, I had lunch and ——"

"What for lunch?"

"A cup of tea and a sandwich. I was in a hurry and I wasn't hungry anyway. Then I had a marcel and bought a pair of stockings to match my gloves and ——"

The doctor threw up her hands.

"And the young man you're going out with tonight—oh, of course, you're going out with one; your noon hour speaks for that—what do you think he did with his lunch hour?"

Susan thought of Hewlitt, big, handsome, blond.

"I imagine," she said, "that he had lunch, probably cold cuts and potato salad and near beer, and then smoked a cigar with some other men and went back to the office."

The doctor smiled.

"There, you see," she said. "It speaks for itself."

Susan considered a few moments. Then ——

"You mean," she said, "that it's the extra job of—of being a woman that's one too many for a business girl."

The doctor shrugged, looked at Susan's pretty hazel eyes, set in deep tired shadows.

"Well, I don't have so many young business men coming in here looking for a tonic every August," she said.

"Now," she went on practically, "what you need is a rest. It's too bad you took your vacation in June, but that can't be helped now. The vacation'll just have to be from your other job. Can't you afford for a month, say, to take all your meals out and hire someone to clean the apartment, and cut out shopping and sewing—live the way you would if you were a young man?"

"I could get out of the apartment altogether," said Susan doubtfully, "for August. Rose, the girl I live with, has a married sister coming to the city for the month and she'd love to take my place."

"Good!" said the doctor. "Let her do it and you go and board somewhere where you don't even have to make your own bed. Take a rest. You won't need any tonic if you do it right."

And as Susan, a bit dubious, was leaving the office, Doctor Wentworth offered a parting word of advice.

"Just hang a motto over the front door of your mind," she suggested. "'What would a young man do?' Just ask yourself that frequently—and then do it. A month of that's the only medicine the average worn-out young business woman needs."

"What would a young man do?"

The phrase sang over and over in Susan's mind as she left the doctor's office and hurried up the avenue, intent upon doing a great many things immediately that no young man would do. Hewlitt Grant had asked her to go to the vaudeville with him that evening, as he always asked her Wednesday nights and, as always too, she had invited him to dinner in the apartment first. It had, in fact, become so much a matter of course, that tactful Rose had a standing date to take Wednesday evening dinner with her brother and his wife.

It was half-past five already. That meant there was only an hour and a half before Hewlitt would ring her doorbell—an hour and a half for marketing and cooking dinner. Susan, however, had done this often enough before, so that she knew how to make every motion count. One stop at the butcher's; he had promised to save her a tiny short-cut porterhouse, small enough for two.

A stop at the baker's for rolls to heat crisply in the oven above while the steak was broiling below. Another stop at the grocer's. A cauliflower—smelly and hot to cook, of course, but Hewlitt loved cauliflower—two ripened tomatoes and a firm small head of lettuce. Some Camembert cheese, imported and frightfully expensive for such a little. Hewlitt, fortunately, did not care for desserts, but, unfortunately, did not like domestic cheeses either. She had gone a hurried block toward home, wilting still more under the bulky packages, when she had to turn back. She had remembered just in time that she was all out of Hewlitt's special brand of coffee—he wouldn't drink any other kind.

Susan's apartment was on the third floor of a walk-up and the walking up tonight seemed heavily endless. A charming place once you got there, wicker chairs, cheap but low and inviting and enameled black—by Susan—to look much more expensive. Peacock-blue cushions in them. Peacock-blue curtains, also by Susan, hung at the windows, and would have fluttered coolly in the breeze, if there had only been a breeze.

Susan's moves went as smoothly as steps in a much-rehearsed dance. Water on the gas stove for the cauliflower, the little black gateleg table opened and spread, tall amber-stemmed goblets and gayly flowered dishes, the percolator on the tea wagon beside the crackers and cheese, the lettuce washed, the tomatoes sliced. Then it was time to light the broiler.

The tiny kitchen, already steamy hot with the boiling cauliflower, suddenly became an inferno. Susan, thrusting the steak into the broiler, felt almost faint. Her head, which had ached a little all day and sent her finally to the doctor's, began a dull tattoo. She could feel the hot moistness of her face concentrating in drops on either side of her nose and knew that the marcel for which she had sacrificed her noon hour was already limply gone, one straight hair straggled before her eyes.

Brr! It was Hewlitt's ring at the doorbell. Susan pushed the button which clicked two flights below and opened the front door. Then she dashed into the tiny bedroom. In the brief moments it would take Hewlitt to climb the stairs, she must remove every trace of the hot and hurried housewife, must be ready to greet him like any lily of the field who broils not, neither does she wilt. Off with the practical rubber apron, on with a fluffy little pink affair which said that getting dinner was a mere dilettante's whim. Fine hasty hairpins to make the very most of the slight limp remnants of the wave. A hasty drying of the face with fragrant toilet water, a touch of rouge, a dash of powder.

"What would a young man do?" The doctor's motto sang suddenly into the midst of this so feminine process.

"If a young man was half as hot as I am," Susan answered the accusation flatly, "he'd go right ahead and look hot."

But the young man who tapped at Susan's door a moment later didn't look hot. To Susan, who felt as though actual waves of heat were originating somewhere inside her head and beating against the powder on her face, Hewlitt Grant looked as cool as a glass of lemonade on a shady porch. He was a big, blond, good-looking young man and he bore every evidence of a very recent cold shower. He glanced apologetically at the clock over Susan's gas-logged fireplace. It registered ten minutes after seven.

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting," he said, looking toward the closed door into the kitchenette, "but I was all in when I got home from the office and I lay down. Didn't intend to go to sleep, but I dropped off. Glad I did though, if I haven't kept dinner waiting. An hour like that makes a new man out of you."

"Say, Freddy Don't Look to Me Like He Had Sense Enough to Pull His Head In When He Shuts the Window"

"You haven't kept me waiting," said Susan. "In fact, dinner isn't quite ready yet. There's the evening paper over there by my bag. If you'll make yourself at home about two minutes, I'll finish up."

The dinner was perfect, as Susan's dinners always were. Hewlitt, pushing the electric plug into the waiting percolator so that the coffee would be done just in time to go with the crackers and cheese, beamed at his hostess and fell to with enthusiasm.

"There's no doubt about it, Susan," he declared, "you're the best cook in seven states. Sit down to a restaurant dinner a sweltering night like this and you wouldn't want a thing, but this ——" Hewlitt's gesture was eloquent.

"I'd rather have gone to a restaurant," Susan thought wearily. "Any restaurant." She did not say this, of course, but it occurred to her a moment afterward that perhaps a young man would have.

And, as Hewlitt helped himself to a generous second piece of steak: "He thinks he was quite a help, pushing in that percolator plug. I hate Camembert on a hot night. I'd have liked ice cream."

And as Hewlitt explained how he had forgotten the vaudeville tickets till the last minute but had, fortunately, been able to secure some reserves that had been turned back:

"I hate vaudeville!"

At last, as Hewlitt was swallowing the last drop of his special coffee and assuring her she was certainly a little peach to remember that he didn't like any other brand, Susan pulled herself out of her unpleasant thoughts by main force.

"I certainly must need a vacation," she told herself, "if I'm getting to be such a grouch as this. I'm sure it isn't natural."

The bill at the vaudeville was probably averagely good, the usual proportion of athletes standing at tense attention and saying "Hah!" sharply at the beginning of each stunt, the two men with a suitcase, the playlet with much slamming of doors, the expansive singer who tried with not conspicuous success to get the audience to join in the chorus of Come In, Sally, Strut Your Stuff! Susan enjoyed vaudeville once in a while, but Hewlitt had taken her regularly once a week for so long that it seemed to her, wearily, tonight that she had heard every joke in the world a dozen times at least. It required an almost overwhelming effort to be appreciative enough not to attract Hewlitt's attention.

The dishes were waiting, of course, when at 11:30 she climbed the tiresome two flights once more. It had occurred to her that Hewlitt might remember them and offer to come up and help her. It would have been proper enough, Rose would be coming in shortly, if not already there. Oh, it was not discretion that kept Hewlitt, she knew that. He had simply forgotten all about the dishes. Dishes of a dinner eaten and gone were as last year's snows to Hewlitt.

It took Susan an hour to restore the cluttered little room to its usual shining order. She was putting away the last amber goblet, balancing perilously on top of the kitchen stool to reach the highest shelf, when Rose came in. Over one shoulder Susan addressed her tent mate affectionately. Then:

"Would your sister really like to come here for August?" she asked.

And at Rose's "Yes, she'd love to," Susan climbed down from her stool.

"Well, she can as far as I'm concerned," she said.

Rose looked puzzled. "Where will you go?" she asked.

"Me?" said Susan airily. "Oh, I'm going to be a young fellow for August."

And just before she dropped off to sleep:

"I don't believe I'll dust Mr. Fredericks' desk tomorrow morning," she thought drowsily. "No young-man secretary would."

Susan had invariably spent the first fifteen minutes of her day in the office in the little housewifely duties which no office cleaner could be expected to attend to. The windows adjusted just right for ventilation, the electric fan which oscillated and theoretically blew alike on the purchasing agent and his secretary, tactfully turned. It couldn't really blow on both desks, so it always merely fretted the papers at the far corner of Susan's.

Then she always prepared Mr. Fredericks' desk for the day to come. Tore yesterday's leaf off the desk calendar, possibly erased a penciled "Lunch with Stevens" from today's and wrote it on the day's to which she knew the engagement had been postponed, rinsed out the blue-enamel vacuum pitcher and filled it afresh from the water cooler outside in the main office, stopped at the pencil sharpener on the wall on her way back and laid the pin-pointed results in a tray beside the desk calendar. Noted that the inkwell was freshly filled, the wastebasket beside the desk at the angle and distance most convenient to a hasty hand.

"Getting ready for the master mind," she had called this process, to the scornful delight of Maisie, the sleek-headed little filing clerk, who usually arrived, distributing the morning mail, just as Susan was finishing.

Arriving this morning to find Susan at her own desk, Maisie concluded that she must be a little late in her rounds.

"Fire horse's harness all ready to drop on him at the sound of a bell?" she inquired, looking over at the purchasing agent's desk.

"I'm going to let Mr. Fredericks tear the sheet off his own desk calendar," said Susan.

Maisie dumped her little wire mail basket's contents on Susan's desk.

"I guess that won't be too much for the master mind," she said. This was the last stop of Maisie's mail round and she leaned chattily against a big filing case. "Master mind!" she repeated scornfully. "Say, Freddy don't look to me like he had sense enough to pull his head in when he shuts the window."

"Oh, yes, he has," said Susan. Even very tempered loyalty might safely go as far as this.

Maisie, who earned fourteen dollars a week to Susan's thirty, was perhaps the only one in the huge office force of Page-Henley who allowed herself the luxury of untrammeled speech.

"Well, I got to take your word for it. It certainly don't show in the bumps of his head." And then, "Freddy thinks well of you, too," she added good-naturedly. "I heard him telling Smithy you were a wonder on routine."

(Continued on Page 74)

"I've Had to Teach Every Man of Them the Ropes"

NEW STONES FOR OLD

By HARVEY WILEY CORBETT

These Photographs Show Steps in a Traffic Relief Plan. Existing Conditions. (Cross Section)

Elevated Sidewalks. (Cross Section)

THE soul of America! How often has that phrase been bandied about by novelists, preachers, editorial writers, Chautauqua lecturers! What does it mean anyway? If a country has a soul, what reveals it? And who is qualified to interpret it?

Obviously, it can best be interpreted by the man who knows most about its many facets, and whose grasp is great enough to judge them in relation to one another.

It was in 1903, as I remember, that Josiah Royce and I stood together at a window of the fourteenth floor of a building on Union Square, New York. That was a dizzy eminence in those days, and afforded an unobstructed panorama of the city. For the time the little red-headed Californian contemplated the view in silence, then turning slowly to me, he said:

"The soul of America can be read in that scene."

Royce was a professor of philosophy, and looked it. But few professors of philosophy have ever been like Royce That strange, malformed head of his, wabbling precariously on an insignificant body, held mental powers which seem to dwarf the aggregate of the best minds of today.

Royce read books by turning the pages. He grasped all knowledge. His memory was fabulous. But above all, he possessed that rare power of combining and coördinating that mass of knowledge and making it one coherent whole.

For years he conducted a seminar at Harvard, which was frequented by the foremost specialists in the country in all the arts and sciences—medicine, engineering, finance, architecture, pedagogy, music. And they came to learn about their specialty from him! He was always a step ahead of them, because, in addition to specialized knowledge, he knew what relation it bore to life.

America's Attitude Toward Architects

NO MAN was better qualified than Royce to discover the soul of America, and in that vista of New York City he saw at a glance the mirror of our national character. He saw elaborately ornamented façades trying vainly to disguise the cheap, mean brickwork of the sides and back, and knew it to be symbolic of our naïve bluff, our desire at all costs to put up a bold front. He saw a wilderness of tanks and penthouses, and knew that we were as yet too busy to bother with things above the shop line. But here and there he saw an honest attempt to design a business building artistically, and he knew that somewhere we had an innate desire for beauty, and that in time it would struggle to the top.

Americans are still a little distrustful of architects. But when Royce made that remark, distrust took the form of actual antagonism.

Martin Edelweiss made a fortune in a patented can opener. No housewife could get along without it. But Martin knew his stuff, and although his nifty little instrument would open a thousand cans like the proverbial charm, the thousand and first was usually too much for it. The handle broke, or the steel edge went bad. So Martin needed a bigger factory. Someone suggested he call in an architect.

"An architect?" said Martin. "What for? Joe Klump, the town contractor, handled all the additions to the old one, and I guess he knows more about the can-opener business than any of your fancy architects! Why, he fixed me up a brick garage that you couldn't beat. An architect is all right when you're dolling up your house. They're good on the trimmings. But no architect on the factory for me. No sir! I don't want any more bills than I've got already."

Identification of the architect with the interior decorator is a common misapprehension all over the country. Only 8 per cent of the buildings erected in this world today are designed by architects. And if this build-your-own-home-from-our-pocket-blueprints movement increases, the percentage is going to shrink appreciably.

On the other hand, once your business man is impressed with the fact that an architect is capable of handling his big building problems, he promptly forgets that lesser ones, such as interior arrangement, also come within his province.

Not long ago, my associates and I were engaged in erecting a skyscraper in a large city. The first three floors of this building required considerable interior work. Before we knew anything about it a decorator had been called in to attend to this work, and his contract signed. This was an unexpected turn of affairs, for we had expected to supervise the decoration ourselves.

One of the items in the contract provided for covering the floors with a special tile, of which the decorator claimed to possess the only remaining lot in the country—just sufficient to complete the job. The tile would cost $5000, he said.

I took a sample of his precious tile to the largest dealer in the city.

"Can you duplicate this?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It is imported, but we always carry a stock on hand."

I told him the surface to be covered, and asked him to submit an estimate for enough tile to cover the entire three floors, with ample allowance for plan changes, so that we would not be caught short. I told him frankly it was a noncompetitive bid.

A few days later he submitted his estimate, and I presented it to the owner. It was only $2000. The owner was amazed.

"But what am I going to do with this man's contract?" he asked.

I told him I would attend to it, but I never had to. The decorator heard that we had taken up the matter, and we never saw him again.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not attacking decorators as a class. There are just as many shyster architects as there are shyster decorators. The best results are obtained when the two men work hand in hand. But decoration is so closely related to architecture that the architect, if he is any good at all, is bound to know something about it.

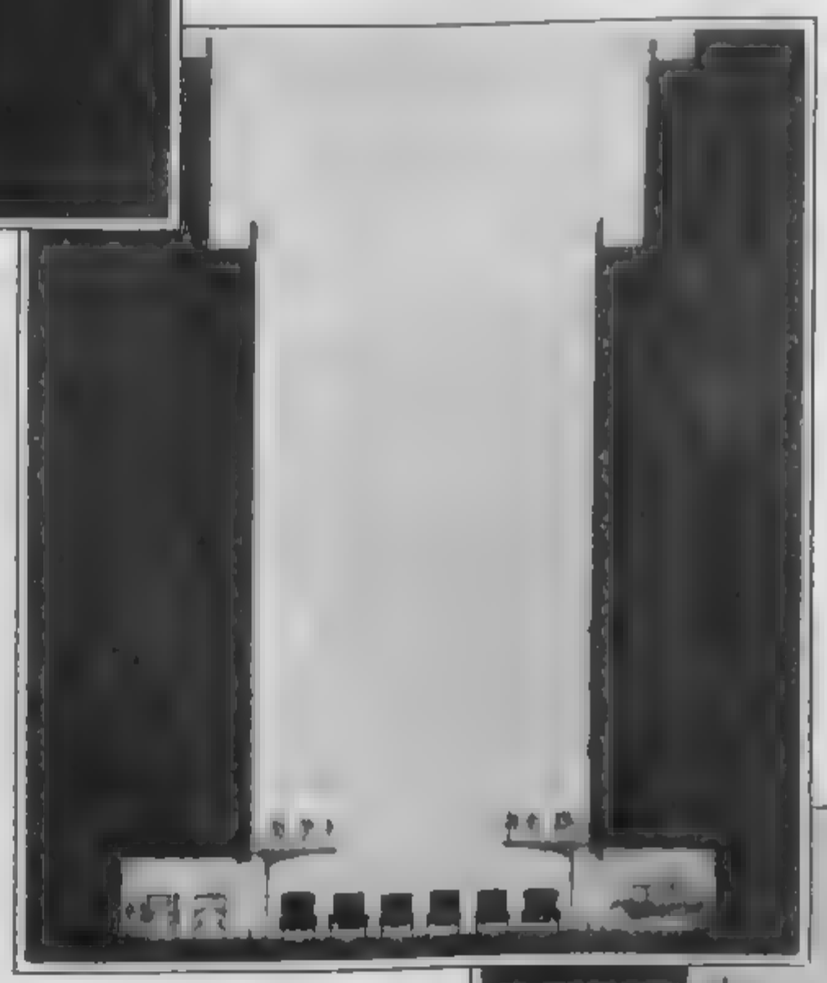
Estimates That Include Trouble

FEW people realize what the architect has to contend with. When his job is landed, his plans and models submitted and approved, his troubles have barely begun. With the best will in the world he makes his estimate—an outside estimate—to cover every possible contingency. Then the unexpected throws his most careful calculations on the scrap heap.

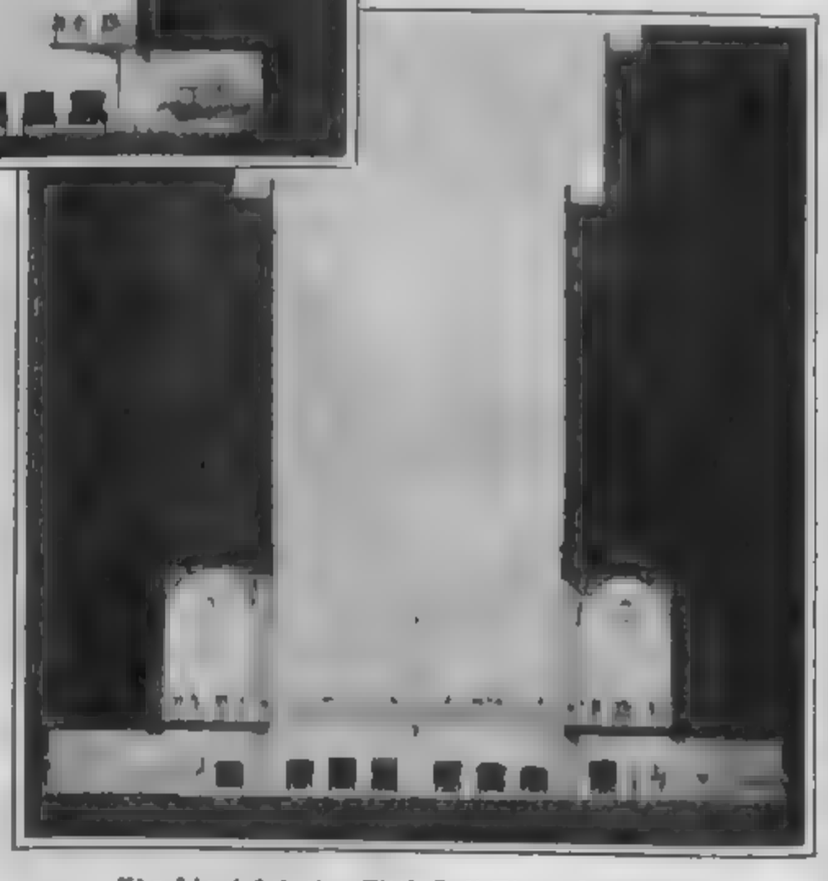
The chamber of commerce of one of our largest cities wanted radical alterations made on their building. My firm was highly recommended by the executive secretary of the chamber, for whom we had done a great deal of work, and we were asked to submit an estimate.

Briefly, the problem was this: The main room of the chamber was two stories high, surrounded by a mezzanine balcony, and lighted by means of a central-skylight well. This well was one story high, and was encircled by a library, which had been partially converted into a dining room. But the restaurant facilities had become entirely inadequate, and it was proposed to add another story to the building for the restaurant, thus relieving the library of dining tables. This, however, would have made the skylight well two stories deep, thereby cutting off most of the light in the main room.

We proposed to eliminate the well entirely, substituting



Parking Space Under Buildings. (Cross Section)



The Ideal Solution With Full Three Level Street

Existing Conditions. (Perspective View)

artificial light for the great chamber. This would provide additional space for the library, and an entirely new floor for the dining room, lighted with a real skylight.

Furthermore, the stairway leading from the mezzanine to the main room was only three feet wide, and presented a hazard in case of fire or panic. Above and below this—that is, from the library to the mezzanine and from the main room to the street—the stairway was wide enough, but so steep that you had to cling to the side rails for fear of toppling over backward. In other words, the stairs, taken from top to bottom, assumed the shape of an hour glass; wide at the top, narrow in the center and wide again at the bottom. We proposed, by turning the first flight halfway up and continuing the broad stairs all the way to the library, to give comfortable access to all floors with a minimum of crowding in emergencies.

After a thorough examination of the premises, we submitted our outside estimate. It was $150,000. The president, Mr. Smith, approved it, and we were told to go ahead. The wreckers arrived.

Then the unexpected began to happen. No sooner had the staircase been demolished than the city building department stepped in and gave the signal to cease firing. Show us your plans, they said. Only one staircase, eh? The law requires two. It was of no consequence that there had only been one in the past, and that we were providing exit facilities 1000 per cent better than before. New buildings must have two stairways, and the same law applies to alterations.

No sooner was this difficulty adjusted than we discovered that the lighting, heating and plumbing systems of the building would have to be radically changed. The catering company which was to manage the new restaurant demanded the very best in equipment, and the new kitchens were oriented quite differently from the pantries that had served before. It amounted to dragging the spinal column, with its complicated system of nerves, out of the building, and putting it in a different place.

Laughing It Off With the Jest of Honor

BY THIS time it was summer. Under ordinary conditions the work should have been done in two months. Mr. Smith and the majority of the board of directors were out of town. We were faced with the dilemma of waiting for a meeting of the board in the fall to approve the additional expenditures, involving still more costly delays, or going ahead on our own. We chose to do the latter.

Then one thing followed another. It was like the man who bought a new hall lamp and remodeled the entire house to fit the lamp. Each new phase of the work entailed two operations as intricate as the first, until it looked to the members as if the entire building were coming down.

The resident secretary was frantic. He began cabling madly to Mr. Robinson, the man who had recommended us so highly. Would Mr. Robinson have the courtesy to return to America as quickly as possible and shoot us dead, or quietly but firmly push us off the highest available roof? Fortunately for us, Mr. Robinson was making a flying tour of Central Europe, and these affectionate dispatches never caught up with him.

We pushed the work along as rapidly as possible, however, and by October there was not a trace of dust on the glistening new staircase, and the restaurant was ready to serve its first deep-dish apple pie.

When the season was in full swing again I was invited to attend a meeting of the board of directors. Just picture to yourself the board room as that meeting opened. Ranged on either side of the long table were men who could have bought half a dozen of the Balkan States any afternoon and hardly felt the inconvenience. At the head of the table sat Mr. Smith, himself the president of a huge banking corporation. At the foot sat—your humble servant, the jest of honor.

Elevated Sidewalks. (Perspective)

I must admit that I did not feel in the mood for a song and dance. I had somewhat the sensation that a criminal must experience just before the jury receives final instructions from the judge. Mr. Smith asked me to give the final figure for the entire building operations.

"Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars," I replied.

He turned to the treasurer.

"How much have we in the treasury?"

"Two hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, Mr. President."

Then Mr. Smith addressed me again.

"How does it happen, Mr. Corbett, that you left us that extra thousand dollars?"

"I didn't know you had it," I replied.

The whole thing passed off with a laugh. After all, it was a simple matter to levy a small additional tax upon the enormous membership of the chamber to meet this unexpected obligation. But the significant part of it is that, since then, this particular chamber of commerce never orders so much as a chair for their building without consulting us, for the simple reason that we gave them what they wanted—not quite when they wanted it, but as soon as was humanly possible.

This was when America had all the architects it really needed. During the reconstruction period after the Civil War, when economy forced standardization on the public and taste was as rare as cotton stockings are now at a country club, the few brave spirits who had taken up architecture were enough to cope with the demand for artistic public and private buildings. The demand was relatively small. It was the heyday of the brownstone front, when every house was poured into an identical mold, and almost any interior chosen at random contained precisely the same Empire clock, the same Rogers group, the same glass dome of wax bluebells on the marble mantel.

In those days only the great fortunes could afford architecture. The majority of the moderately well-to-do contented themselves with the standard brownstone in the city and the standard jig-saw mansard in the country, and raised a haughty eyebrow if one of their set had the temerity to patronize an architect. He was plainly a social climber who didn't know his place.

In a previous article I attempted to indicate how the architect of forty years ago and the architect of today lived and worked. If the capable modern designer is rushed from morning to night, it is simply because the demand for building exceeds the supply of architects. Notwithstanding the fact that architectural education in this country is now on a sound basis, centrally organized under the Beaux Arts Institute of Design, with hundreds of teachers and thousands of pupils, it cannot keep pace with the demand.

The Ingredients of a Good Architect

THE medical schools are crammed to the doors, the law is overstocked, engineers abound, but architects are only a drop in the educational bucket. The reason is not far to seek. An architect must first of all be an artist. If he does not possess a love of the beautiful to a paramount degree, if he hasn't the feeling for line and form and mass characteristic of the true artist, he may as well turn over his drawing board to the cook to mix dough on and take up the saxophone.

But modern architecture demands, in addition to these rare gifts, a severely practical knowledge of mathematics, keen business judgment, and above all, the ability to handle men. It is not enough for the architect to design buildings, he must be a strategist, a politician and a born diplomat.

I recall an instance where sheer diplomacy carried the day. Some years ago my former associate and I had won a competition for the municipal group at Springfield, Massachusetts. The group consisted of two legislative buildings in the form of Greek temples with a free-standing campanile between them. When construction was nearly completed, the question of doors arose for sharp debate. It was quite obvious from the type of design that bronze doors were essential to the proper effect, yet they would involve a large additional expense. It was up to the board of aldermen to authorize the outlay.

Two out of the five aldermen were unalterably opposed to bronze doors. Rank extravagance, they called it. Two were heartily in favor. The fifth—a Mr. Simpson—had been away until the matter was ready for final arbitration, and his opinion had not been sought.

Mr. Simpson was a plain, honest, God-fearing New Englander, eminently fair-minded and approachable. His ancestors had tilled the soil for generations and he had inherited some of their rugged simplicity. He was head of the

(Continued on Page 185)

Parking Space Under Buildings. (Perspective)

The Final Stage With Arcaded Sidewalks Inside Building Line

MERCY, MONSIEUR!

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY hit bottom with a dull and sickening thud. For three days rumor had flitted about the lot of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. The entire organization was going to Europe for the filming of a series of two-reel comedies. Two ponderous personages from New York had visited Birmingham and held lengthy and frequent conferences with President Orifice R. Latimer, Lawyer Evans Chew and Chief Director J. Cæsar Clump. These men had gruffly refused to divulge information, but all members of the organization had quivered with eager uncertainty in anticipation of the official announcement.

Now it had come. That morning Orifice R. Latimer in person had marched to the bulletin board near the door of the executive building and tacked thereon a flaming card which announced that the entire Midnight organization was to depart Birmingham for Europe in December. Further details were to be posted later, and meanwhile those who did not care to make the trip were instructed to file their refusals with the president.

Florian did not arrive on the lot until after the lunch hour. He strolled languidly to the bulletin board, a figure of pearl-gray sartorial elegance. And there his eye lighted on the announcement and he smiled broadly at the prospect of Europe. Quite casually he inspected the list. The name of Florian Slappey was grotesquely absent!

"He Talks Alt Right. But if You Knowed Anythin' 'bout French You'd Understan' That Most of What He Says Is Foolishment"

Florian frowned. Midnight invading Europe without him? His friends and intimates crossing the turbulent Atlantic *sans* Mr. Slappey? Then came the thought of his own ignominious position in Birmingham after the others had gone. They'd sneer at him and make life unbearable.

Yet Florian knew that the omission of his name was no mere accident. He staggered through the door and lurched into Orifice R. Latimer's private office. That pudgy and pompous dignitary looked up at his elegant visitor.

"Mawnin,' Florian. How is you today?"

"Terrible!" Mr. Slappey sank limply into a chair.

"How come?"

"Orifice, tell me. Is you-all really goin' to Europe?"

"We is. Arrangements has been completed with our distributors fo' a series of twelve two-reel comedies against European backgrounds, which they figgers is gwine be the mostest sensational an' successful comedies the world has ever known, bar none. They guarantees our espenses an' pays extra per pitcher for all what we make, an' ——"

"Yeh, I understan' all that, Orifice. But I craves to ask you one question: Why was my name left off the list of them which is goin'?"

"'Cause we ain't got no need fo' you, Florian. You woul'n't be no use to us over yonder, an' ——"

"No use!" Florian leaped to his feet and paced the room furiously. "Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. How come I woul'n't be as useful as Professor Aleck Champagne an' all them fellers which plays in his orchestra? What good is they anyhow?"

"They is gwine make money fo' us," explained Latimer gently. "Cullud jazz bands is awful populous in Europe an' we aims to let them give concerts. Besides, ev'y one of them fellers can act, an' they all agrees to do whatever we tell 'em in our pitchers—so we gits actors an' musicians together."

"Huh! You take horn tooters an' leave behime a man which has got a real brain."

"Sorry, Brother Slappey. But this is a terrible espensive undertakin'. They is allowing us to ca'y twenty pussons, an' a'ready we has filled up that ontire list. They ain't no room fo' ary one mo'."

"I can act."

"We got all the actors we need."

"I can he'p Forcep Swain write his stories."

"Forcep don't need no insistance."

"I—I can sort of be a manager."

"I is the munager, an' Lawyer Chew is goin' along to he'p. Sorry, Florian, but there ain't no use argufyin'. Of course if you is willin' to pay yo' own espenses we'd be terrible glad to have you come."

"Aw, Orifice! You-all got plenty money."

"Sholy we has, but we got to git somethin' when we spen's it, an' there ain't nothin' you can do which makes it wuth while fo' us to ca'y you along."

Florian's head roved about miserably on top of his neck. This was the most crushing and debasing blow of a long and varied career. Midnight was making its ultimate gesture of triumphant prosperity, and Mr. Slappey was denied a part in it.

Visions of the trip abroad flashed through his mind—Italy, France, Spain, Algiers, Germany, England —— He looked into the future and contemplated the return of the argonauts—blasé, cosmopolitan, overflowing with experiences of which he would know nothing. It meant that Florian would be forever out of the picture—a hopeless ruralite in a traveled and brilliant gathering.

He wabbled from the room and out into the sunlight which bathed the Midnight lot. His head was whirling, his eyes were wide and glassy. Desperately he made his way to Eighteenth Street, up a flight of narrow, rickety stairs and into the loan office of Semore Mashby, who did a flourishing business by making sixty per cent look like six.

Florian pleaded his cause passionately. Semore was morosely unsympathetic. He had the money, of course, but he embarrassed Florian by demanding good security. It was a ghastly moment.

"Man," wailed Brother Slappey, "security is the most thing I ain't got none of!"

"Then I an' you ain't gwine do no business."

"Ain't you got no heart, Semore?"

"Not no mo' than you has got cash."

Eighteenth Street saw Florian once more. He wallowed in the depths of abysmal woe. If Midnight was going to Europe and he was not, then there remained nothing for him except the cemetery and a bunch of lilies.

That night he found J. Cæsar Clump, chief director for Midnight, munching a barbecue sandwich in Bud Peaglar's place. Clump frowned at sight of his dapper friend's melancholy face.

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Florian! When did you happen to a homicide?"

"Today." Mr. Slappey seated himself beside his friend and ordered in a sepulchral voice.

"How come?"

"I seen on the bulletin board that they is leavin' me home fum Europe."

"Uh-huh. I certainly argyfied with Orifice Latimer about that, but he was plumb sot."

"Just what he tol' me." Florian's voice rose to a wail. "It cain't be true, Cæsar. It ain't fitten you-all should go an' leave me behime. I'd just die—enti'ely an' completely."

"Most likely it would make you soht of sickish."

Florian clasped his aching brow. "Julius Cæsar Clump," he announced, "when you-all depahts fo' Europe, Ise gwine be on that ship with you if I has to go aboard as a lump of coal. Ise gwine think of somethin' that makes me indispenseful, an' ——"

"Good luck to you, cullud boy! Havin' you along would be the fondest thing I'd be of. But you sholy got to do some heavy thinking."

And that night Florian indulged. He wandered dolefully southward to Highland Avenue, and thence to the crest of Red Mountain, where he seated himself disconsolately on a large rock and gazed down upon the twinkling, winking lights of Birmingham. It was a clear, chill night and it filled Florian with a vast depression. Somewhere in that seething community which radiated from the imposing height of the Penny Prudential Bank Building were twenty prominent colored persons making frantic preparations to embark upon the most stupendous undertaking ever attempted by Birmingham dusky citizens. Adventure awaited them—and on their return they were destined to assume a position in the social scheme of things far above anything to which Florian could hope to aspire.

He checked over the list selected by Latimer to make the trip. It was complete from president and attorney down to the lowliest filler-in of small rôles. Artistically, practically, mechanically, the organization was complete.

In all his life Florian had never yearned for anything with the same maddening desire as that he wanted to become a member of the party which was to travel for five months in Europe. Florian bethought himself of the one person in his acquaintance who was familiar with Europe, a magnificent personage—Mr. Ebenezer Sneed, of Knoxville, Tennessee.

Ebenezer occupied a position in Knoxville colored society which was unassailable. And Ebenezer had gone to France with the troops during the World War. But Ebenezer had not returned when the others did. He found a job there and had remained for two years. When he returned, it was in the full blaze of French glory. Mr. Sneed knew France as well as Florian knew Birmingham. And, most wonderful of all, he could speak the language with bewildering and mystifying ease.

"Just to heah that feller talk French," breathed Florian worshipfully. "Golla! There never was a cullud person could use language like that. Guess he could show these uppity folks somethin'—bet there ain't ary one of them which can talk even a word."

Florian ceased talking to himself. His eyes became fixed on a single street light which glowed up at him from Milner Crescent. His lips quivered and beads of cold perspiration stood out on his colorado-maduro forehead.

"Great wiggilin' tripe," he breathed, "I is just about to have an idea!"

Twenty persons going to Europe—twenty of Birmingham's colored best. And Florian knew that there wasn't one who knew a single word of French. Not one! Mr. Slappey leaped to his feet, gestured wildly and emitted a howl of triumph.

"Hot-dam!" he shouted. "Ise gwine git me a job as interpreter!"

Florian split the night, bound for the center of the city. His slender figure cut a wide path through the gloom. He pulled up at the telegraph office. Twenty minutes later he filed a wire to his friend in Knoxville.

Got to see you at once imediate. I is wiring twenty dollars cash money which you comes to Birmingham with today sure. This is awful important and meens business, so dont throw down your dear friend, answer.

FLORIAN SLAPPEY.

The telegram was duly delivered to Mr. Sneed, who happened to be temporarily jobless. He read and reread it with meticulous care. He remembered Florian Slappey well enough—a fine, well-dressed, young colored gentleman of unimpeachable social standing. And Mr. Sneed had always craved to move from Knoxville to Birmingham.

Still he was doubtful. He inquired timidly whether Florian had actually wired twenty dollars, and was almost prostrated with surprise to learn that the money was waiting for him.

The twenty dollars decided Ebenezer—just as Florian had expected it would. He packed his earthly belongings into a suitcase and stepped aboard the southbound A. G. S. train. He had no faintest idea why Florian Slappey should require his presence in Birmingham, but it was obvious that anything which carried with it an advance payment of twenty dollars cash was something well worth investigating.

Florian was at the Terminal Station when the train rolled in. He greeted Ebenezer effusively.

Ebenezer was a very imposing person. He was short and stocky and somewhat lighter in hue than Mr. Slappey; but while he was not so well groomed there was a certain superior poise that delighted Florian. French culture, of course. Ebenezer was purposeful and disdainful; Europe had done that for him.

Mr. Sneed expressed a craving to know what had prompted the summons. Florian was evasive and mysterious. He conducted Ebenezer to a room at Sis Callie Flukers' highly respectable boarding house for the colored, helped him unpack his suitcase and then conducted him to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, where they ate largely.

From Bud's they walked toward the forbidding bulk of Red Mountain, and for the first time Florian touched upon the reason for his emergency call.

"Ebenezer," he asked, "can you still talk French?"

"Talk French? Goshamighty, Florian! That's the one thing I don't do nothin' else but."

"Le's heah you."

Ebenezer started. French phrases and sentences rolled from his tongue with incongruous speed. He chattered and shrugged and gestured in his best Parisian manner. At length Florian halted him.

"Well fo' cryin' out loud!" applauded Mr. Slappey. "Just think of anybody bein' able to talk that foolish that fast!"

"Yeh, I speaks French fluidly. But whaffo' does you crave my sassiety in Bumminham?"

Florian grew confidential. He outlined to Ebenezer the situation in which he found himself. Midnight was going to Europe and preparing to leave Mr. Slappey very much behind. The reason was that there was no vacant job, and nothing which Florian could do which someone else, already selected as a member of the party, could not do equally well.

"An' Ise got to go, Ebenezer. Does they leave me in Bumminham, Ise plumb ruint."

"Yeh, I know. But if they won't take you, an' you ain't got no money to pay yo' own way ——"

"Ise gwine make 'em take me an' pay my espenses."

"As which?"

"Interpreter!"

"Huh?"

"Interpreter. They got to have somebody along to 'splain to them what the Frenchmens says an' visa versy."

"But man! You can't talk French."

"Ise gwine learn how." Florian nudged his companion. "Tha's whaffo' I brung you down heah. You is gwine teach me—an' git well paid fo' same."

Ebenezer frowned. "When does you-all depaht fum Bumminham?"

"'Bout seventeen days fum now."

"Hah!" Ebenezer's laugh was very short and very dry. "You can't learn no French in seventeen days."

"I got to. I an' you is gwine study together twenty-six hours ev'y day. Ise got to get so that I can speak the language as easy as you."

"Can't be done!"

"They ain't no sech of a word as can't in my lexington. What you got to do is to teach me a lot which I can speak fast. Awful fast." Florian lowered his voice. "You gits good pay fo' this, Brother Sneed. An' does you crave to remain pummanent in Bumminham, I gits you a good job hefo' I leave fo' Europe. Is you on?"

Ebenezer's hand came out. "I is on, Brother Slappey. But it ain't no use."

That afternoon Florian and his friend went on a shopping expedition. First they visited a phonograph store and bought several records which professed to teach the language. Then they purchased an instruction book on the cover of which was the modest statement that by a careful perusal of its contents the French language could be mastered in two weeks.

And that night the first lesson was attacked. Florian was exceedingly pleased with his progress. He learned a few words and the pronunciation thereof. But in the days

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For Ten Minutes a Verbal Battle Was Waged Amid Wild Gesticulation, Parisian Shrugs and Enormous Indifference to the Spellbound Audience

FISH FOR THE NATION

By Hal G. Evarts

WHEN one sails for Alaska it is with the fixed idea that he is headed for the Far North, which is true enough provided he travels sufficiently far in a northerly direction; but though part of Alaska is very far north indeed, its extent is such that southernmost Alaska is but little north of Seattle. Also, its east-by-west dimensions are approximately equal to the distance between Seattle and New York. The eastern boundary of Alaska is farther west than San Francisco; so Alaska, in addition to being our Far North is also our very Far West—as far west of San Francisco as that city is far west of New York.

The chain of the Aleutian Islands, in continuation of the Alaska Peninsula, extends westward to within a few miles of the Kamchatka Peninsula of Asia; the Seward Peninsula is separated from Siberia by Bering Strait, less than fifty miles across at the narrowest point, while Point Barrow thrusts itself far up into the Arctic Ocean.

Alaska, so to speak, sprawls all over the map. Including her islands and her tidal inlets to high-water mark, she has some 26,000 miles of coast line. Again including the islands and her coastal irregularities, it might be stated that Alaska is bounded on one side by Canada and on the other thirty-three sides by fish; for the fisheries of Alaska are tremendous.

An Alaskan Salmon Cannery

Where the King Salmon is King

THE summer visitor is afforded an opportunity to comprehend something of the magnitude of the Alaskan fisheries. The boat ties up at some cannery to load a few thousand cases of canned salmon, then proceeds to another lonely bay to duplicate the performance, or perhaps to dock at a clam cannery, a herring saltery or a cod-salting station, or to take on a few tons of frozen halibut. Shrimp or crab meat may form a part of the outbound cargo. The harbors are crowded with small fishing craft. The prominent points jutting forth from mainland or islands are adorned with fish traps that extend hundreds of feet out into the sea. Perhaps the traveler may pass one of these as a lifting crew visits it and spills hundreds or even thousands of writhing salmon into a waiting scow. Out in the open water, halibut boats may be seen spreading their gear or a cod-fishing schooner hovering on the horizon.

On my first trip through Southeastern Alaska the snow extended clear down to the water line as our ship nosed through the far-famed Inside Passage, the narrow tide-driven lanes of water between seeming almost black by contrast, a scenic effect of far greater magnificence than that which greets the eye of the later traveler; but the fisheries were not yet operating. Later, however, I returned to gas-boat through these waters for a month when the fishing was on in full swing. The fish traps were manned. Power boats and native canoes were busily engaged in trolling for king salmon.

These fish are the giants of the salmon tribe, ranging up to eighty pounds in weight. The canneries that buy their salmon from individual fishermen usually furnish the boats, gill nets and other gear, and pay from three to five cents a fish, and the salmon so purchased will average close to five pounds. In the case of the king salmon, however, the canneries of Southeastern Alaska purchase them by the pound from the trollers.

During my stay there the prices ranged from twelve to fourteen cents a pound. Thus a troller may realize more from the landing of a single king salmon of good size as his sole catch of the day than the sum reaped by a gill netter who makes a catch of half a hundred red salmon, or humpbacks. This apparent discrepancy, the difference between five cents a fish and a price per pound that may net the troller as high as five dollars for a single fish, is occasioned by the fact that some canneries slice thin cross sections from the king salmon, packing a single steak in a flat oval can. This product brings a very high price on the markets.

A certain amount of king salmon is kippered, a delicious food that retails in the outside market at prices that range up to a dollar a pound. A part of the king-salmon catch is shipped fresh or frozen. Trolling affords a lucrative occupation for the natives and for many white fishermen throughout Southeastern Alaska.

We entered many a bay and deep inlet, and at the head of each one, if a stream flowed into it, found it adorned with warnings erected by the Bureau of Fisheries, prohibiting fishing above a certain point. This is to protect the salmon that congregate in great numbers just off the mouth of these streams before ascending them to the spawning beds, not so particularly for the reason that the fish become an easy prey during the congregating period, but more largely because of a peculiarity in the habits of the various salmon of the North Pacific.

Delivering Fish at a Cannery in Alaska

Fish Pirates

THE Bureau of Fisheries, by an exhaustive series of experiments, has definitely determined the fact that the salmon, returning in great swarms from their span of years in the mysterious depths of the ocean, separate, each returning to spawn and die in the same fresh-water stream that gave it birth. Young salmon, marked before leaving fresh water for the salt seas, have never returned to spawn in water other than the one from which they departed in infancy. Therefore, though traps, seines, gill nets and other gear exact enormous toll from the returning hordes, that toll is a general one; while fishing at the mouth of one particular stream would result in a catch of the fish that were specifically destined to spawn along its course and thereby tend to exterminate the entire salmon run in its waters, leaving it salmonless for all time to come if such fishing continued for only the few years that constitute the life cycle of the salmon.

The young of some varieties of Pacific salmon remain for a varying period in fresh water, perhaps from one to three years, before taking to the sea, and show a similar irregularity in the date of their return. Others are a bit more regular, the bulk of the young leaving within certain limits and returning with the same regularity to spawn. Thus if the life cycle of one variety of salmon should be three years, and if the entire run of returning fish was taken at the mouth of a stream for any one season, it would mean that every third year thereafter there would be no run of that variety up that stream, except perhaps for the few stragglers that violated the habits of their kind. These and a host of other important matters have been worked out through exhaustive scientific experiment by the experts of the Bureau of Fisheries.

Fish piracy, though not practiced to any great extent, is still sufficiently prevalent in these waters to call for a watchman upon each trap. Ordinarily his mere presence is sufficient to prevent thieving; but the little frame shack, standing on the framework of the trap and far out in the water, constitutes a poor fortress when determined banditry is in progress.

A few years ago a group of fish pirates operated out of Juneau and their methods terrorized the watchmen on isolated traps. One company reported the loss of 60,000 fish from piracy in 1919. One outfit raided by night in a swift gas boat and adopted the tactics of firing through the flimsy watchmen's shacks as a warning to remain inside, then boldly mounted the traps

and spilled the catch into their boat. They thoroughly shelled guards on several occasions, including several brushes with Swan Swanson, on whose boat I wandered through those waters last summer.

Swan on one occasion had fired a dozen shots through their boat without shooting at the men themselves. They returned his fire briskly, but his shelter behind some rocks proved impregnable and he ordered them to leave or his next shots would be at the men themselves. They left the trap and took to their boat, still firing at the rocks that sheltered Swan as they departed.

After one such unsuccessful raid they returned to the vicinity in a spirit of retaliation, ran in close to the boat of a lifting crew that was tied up to a trap for the night, in which a dozen men were sleeping, and fired a number of shots through it, fortunately without hitting any of the slumberers. The Alaskan authorities in a short time stamped out the worst of this piracy, for Alaska is essentially a law-abiding country.

On my return to Seward, the red-salmon run was on in full force. Mr. Ellsworth, the Alaska Fish Commissioner, took me to one creek averaging less than a dozen feet in width. Its course was obstructed by a trap from which the salmon were dipped, counted and deposited on the upstream side to continue their travels to the spawning beds.

For 200 yards below the trap the salmon were banked up in thousands. The men had dipped 1300 that day, apparently without diminishing the numbers. There had been approximately 33,000 salmon dipped over the trap so far during the season.

The trout, following the salmon to prey upon eggs and fry, are removed from the trap and killed. It was estimated that more than ten tons of trout had been taken on this small creek in three years.

At Right—A Salmon Trap in Western Alaska

Below—Purse Seining in Southeast Alaska. The Canneries That Buy From Individual Fishermen Usually Furnish the Boats, Gill Nets and Other Gear

Last Relics of Asia in America

AT A LATER date, in company with Mrs. Evarts, my ten-year-old son and Mr. and Mrs. Hinde, of Seward, I traversed the twenty-eight miles of Kenai Lake by boat and footed the remaining seven miles to Russian River to fish for trout. The salmon, ascending these latter streams, came from the Cook's Inlet side of the Kenai Peninsula. They came in thousands from the milky glacial waters of the Kenai into the clear current of Russian River, including many of the great king salmon, traveling in pairs. The fish, both rainbow and salmon trout, took our salmon-egg bait voraciously. We caught no really large fish, one a trifle less than three pounds in weight that fell to son's lot being a bit the largest. I did no fishing myself, being occupied with carrying the pack so that the fishing enthusiasts should be unhampered. In perhaps three hours of intermittent fishing the four others took about seventy fish, all that we cared to pack back after stopping overnight in a deserted cabin.

Russian River was the site of an early Russian settlement, a penal colony. Convicts worked the streams for placer gold, many of them, when opportunity offered, deserting to the natives. All traces of the colony have been obliterated long since. This vicinity, in addition to placer gold, yielded two odd dishes or receptacles of china, each adorned with a small squatting image that appears to be of Oriental design, and a gold coin of Chinese origin of a dynasty existing 1600 years ago, indicating the presence of stray Asiatics in Alaska at a very early date.

At another time I watched humpback salmon coming in from the sea and darting up the mouth of a small creek, wriggling over bars and shallows, resting for a while in deeper stretches, then heading on upstream. This fish develops a pronounced hump on its back after entering fresh water to spawn.

It is a strange provision of Nature that drives the salmon to come in from the sea, seek unerringly its own birthplace, and ascend the stream, battering itself in passing over rocky bars and rapids and in leaping falls, to deposit its spawn and die. There is some argument to the effect that the king salmon and the silver salmon do not die after spawning but live to return once more to the sea. Some spawned-out fish may be carried back to salt water, but they die nevertheless. The Bureau of Fisheries has determined that the silvers and kings die after spawning as certainly as do the others.

Late in the fall I accompanied a party up the Kasilof River to Tustumena Lake. The river itself and all the streams that flowed into the lake were littered with dead salmon. Little groups of salmon, perhaps a few hundred, were still banked up at the mouth of these little creeks and in sloughs. They were an unhealthy-looking lot, some having turned to a deep red that gave them a boiled appearance, many with large black or greenish patches, their jaws elongated and hooked at the tips, lending a starved and wolfish air. Thousands were expiring round the shores of the lake, floundering in weak, aimless circles. The course of each tiny creek was befouled by tens of thousands of dead salmon. It has been determined recently that the young salmon feed largely upon the fragments of this refuse, thus finding life through the flesh of their progenitors. Working on this theory, the hatchery at Seward has fed millions of fry upon pulverized canned salmon with gratifying results during the past year.

Steering the Starr in Uncharted Seas

I SAILED from Seward for the westward when the fishing season was at its height. The only regular communication to the westward is by means of the steamer Starr, the mail boat that makes a monthly trip to the Kodiak-Afognak Islands, Alaskan Peninsula points, the Shumagins, the Aleutians and round into Bering Sea. The Starr is a small boat, the single wedge-shaped table in the dining room having seating capacity for but eleven people. The boat was packed, necessitating three relays at each meal, and even that would not have sufficed save for the number of passengers too indisposed to attend meals. For the size of the Starr is conducive to erratic pitching and rolling, and the waters through which she travels are dirty waters to navigate, subject to high tides and terrific tide rips, sudden swooping storms and dense fogs, rugged, irregular coast lines studded with hundreds of islands and thousands of jagged reefs and rocks, and all of it imperfectly charted. Captain Johansen, however, is a real navigator and has traversed these waters since the 80's.

Mark Twain relates that a lady tourist remarked to the pilot of a Mississippi River boat that she supposed he knew every snag in the river, to which he replied, "No, but I know where they a'n't."

Captain Johansen knows where the rocks are not, but also where they are, for in times of dense fog he navigates by

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Beach Seining for Salmon, at Karluk, Kodiak Island, Alaska

WITH THEIR EYES OPEN

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

X

THE atmosphere of the place constrained them both. The room was still so much his, so overfull of the valuable things he had loved and which by reason of their exuberant profusion had become vulgar. Too much gilt, too many hangings, too much of everything. Elena knew she ought to have weeded them out. She knew how Roger chafed under their reminder. The moment he came into the house he seemed to stiffen, to withdraw from her, the innate fineness in him, the almost boyish romanticism, shrinking distastefully from the dead man's shadow. But she had done nothing. She hadn't even gone away, as everybody recommended. She hadn't been strong enough; or perhaps it was true, as Roger said, with his tender mockery, that she was a coward. At any rate she had stayed on, listless yet curious, like someone waiting for a great event to happen. The great event, of course, would be their marriage. Then everything would be changed. Roger would see to that.

Her heart grew warm toward him. She held out her small white hand.

"Roger, you've been so perfect."

He kissed her hand and held it fast between his own.

"I've tried to behave decently, Elena."

"I know. It's been unforgettable."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What is it you want?"

"An answer—something definite. I've waited a year now. I am not thinking of those other years." His pressure on her hand tightened. "Don't abuse my patience, dear. I've never tried to rush you off your feet. Don't make me think it isn't wise to be scrupulous with a woman."

She flushed faintly. She wondered if he knew how the reproach hurt. Fremont had swept her off her feet, and she had yielded. This honorable man, who had never by word or deed tempted her from her course—she had tormented with her indecisions, her absurd weakness. And yet she loved him. She had loved him from the moment his passionate sympathy and understanding had torn the last shred of her illusion from her married life. She had loved him most that day of farewell, when in a few minutes of tormented silence between them everything had been admitted. It had been in this room.

She could see him now, standing by the window in his favorite attitude, his arms folded, his fine and manly bearing intensified by the relentlessness of his purpose. He had just told her that he was leaving Europe for some time—years, perhaps—and had spoken with a light, almost humorous gratitude of their friendship. But she had seen through him, and she had not answered. She hadn't had the courage to play up and make it easy for him. She had let the silence grow until it had become more eloquent, more disastrous than the wildest admission of their love. She had begun to cry quietly—it had been dusk, so he could ignore her tears—and he had taken her hand and kissed it with the significant tenderness of a man pledging himself for all his life. Then he had gone.

Elena could hear now the quiet closing of the door. It had sounded as final as the closing down of a coffin. Everything was over. She remembered the momentary revolt, the sudden devastating hatred that had flared up in her. Yes, for one second, as vivid as a flash of lightning, she had wished Fremont dead—had seen herself free and in the arms of the man who was going out of her life forever.

Oh, it had been less than a second! Honor and shame had overwhelmed her, and then a wave of tenderness and gratitude that wiped out Roger Owen and Fremont Levier alike as the sea wipes out a child's sand figures. They were both as nothing to her coming motherhood. She had dried her eyes. And for ten years the thought of the lover who had gone into exile for her sake stirred only a faint romantic interest. Even the gift of his picture to the nation—gallant and splendid gesture though it was—hadn't really reached anything deeper than her woman's vanity. But years later, in her loneliness, she had remembered it and held her starved hands to it for warmth.

And Suddenly She Fell Forward, Bruising Her Face on the Chill, Hard Pile of Precious Stones, and Weeping Bitterly

"Don't you love me, Elena?"

"Foolish Roger, you know I do!" She smiled tenderly at him. It wasn't really foolish. She knew she was behaving queerly, illogically. If on that day of tragic farewell anyone had told her that she would sit opposite him, free to give herself, yet reluctant and uncertain, she wouldn't have believed it. Circumstance and emotion had a cruel trick of not synchronizing.

She had been so ill. One day soon she would be strong again and it would all come back.

"Ten years, Roger!" she murmured. "Are you sure it hasn't grown stale? Are you sure the very thought of me hasn't become a habit?"

"I have asked you to marry me," he returned almost sternly. "Are you trying to tell me that you yourself have ceased to care? Elena, tell the truth. You and I have got to be honest with each other."

"You make me terribly proud, Roger," she said unsteadily. "I know, because I care so much myself, how other women must have cared for you—clever, beautiful women who would make me seem insignificant by comparison. And yet I can't be insignificant. There must be something wonderful about me that you should love me."

They smiled at each other.

"You are wonderful. I loved you before I had set eyes on you. When I saw the reproduction of the Vandyke I thought to myself, 'When that little girl grows up I shall marry her—or no one.'"

"But, Roger, the little girl grew up and died hundreds of years ago."

"So people think. I knew better. Some instinct stronger than reason sent me in search of her. And when I saw her I knew."

"I knew too."

"Knew that I loved you?"

"Knew that you were the man I'd been waiting for all my life. It broke my heart."

He nodded. "I think I know the very moment. You were as pale as death. I didn't understand. I thought it was because of the picture—because of something that Fremont had done. Then when you fainted I seemed to understand absolutely. Perhaps Fremont knew too. He tore you out of my arms. He was like a tiger."

"He knew that he couldn't deceive me any more. But for me it was more than that. It was as though everything I had ever dreamed of had come true."

He bent toward her, his fiery eyes half closed.

"Oughtn't you to tell me those dreams? You know, I've got to live up to them."

"You've reached beyond them already. And yet they were so fantastic, the dreams of a romantic child. Sir Galahad was not nearly wonderful enough."

The light died out of his face. He said coldly, "So you married Fremont Levier."

"That's cruel, Roger."

"I know. It's cruel to me that you should have ever belonged to him. It makes me cruel to you."

"You have the right. But you don't know what my life had been. If you did you would understand how easily the girl I was might be deceived."

"Tell me about her, Elena. You've never told me. I want to know, to understand."

The winter's twilight had crept about them as they talked, drawing a veil over Fremont Levier's possessions and over Fremont Levier himself. He seemed to have receded, to have let go his hold on their very memory. Even Roger had grown freer, more at ease. He built up the fire and sat forward with his strong, deeply lined face in the red glow, smiling a grave intentness. She looked at him, contentedly, gratefully. Now that he no longer held her hand, she felt happier. They were just friends. And she was so tired.

Her eyes wandered to the dimly shining clock on the mantelpiece. It was French and ornate. It didn't go with anything else in the room. But Fremont had bought it because he knew its value and the owner didn't. Poor dead Fremont, with his passion for values that didn't really matter and to whom nothing mattered any more!

"Six o'clock, Roger. In a few minutes you'll have to go. It's the children's time."

"Let them stay up an extra half hour. And even then can't I join the party? Haven't I a share in them now?"

"Of course. They love you. You're Dick's favorite hero."

"Well, then, you see, you can't get rid of me so easily."

He stretched out his hand. She knew that he wanted to draw her to him, that he wanted her to understand and appreciate his feeling for Fremont Levier's children—and not for the world would she have let him know her unreasonable, unjustifiable flash of resentment. It was as though Fremont Levier were in the room, helpless and silent, a poor denied ghost, insulted by their warm, living love for each other. Something chivalrous in her had risen to shield him. She withdrew her hand quickly. But he was very patient and understanding

"Dearest, don't tell me anything. You don't need to I had no right to taunt you like that. You were a child. You didn't know what you were doing. He cheated you."

"Hush!" she pleaded. "He is dead, Roger."

"A cheat's a cheat," he answered with his stern honesty, "dead or alive."

■

A CHEAT. No, she couldn't defend him against that, for it was the truth. And the strange, bewildering thing about it all was that she had always known, right from the beginning, that it was the truth. Her knowledge of his unscrupulousness dated from the moment when she had seen him bribe her uncle's servant—meanly, treacherously, like any petty, dishonest tradesman. She had witnessed and understood the incident quite clearly, and yet she had put it away from her, hidden it somewhere where she couldn't see it. It was like an unsinkable object held down at the bottom of her conscience by some powerful magnetic force that had gradually released its hold. And then quietly, inevitably, it had come floating to the surface.

She had been so in love with him. That was the real explanation. He had looked so handsome, so brilliantly alive, the only really living thing in that dead and decaying house. He was unlike all the other men she had ever met—her uncle's profligate friends who had treated her with ironic indifference, or the cold businesslike dealers who had bowed vaguely to her with vacant eyes. And far back in her father and mother's lifetime there had been no men at all. They had been too poor to mix with their own kind, too alien in spirit to mix with their economic equals.

"We were so poor," she said, gazing into the firelight. "You see, my uncle never forgave my mother for marrying my father, and my father didn't know how to make money. He didn't care. He was just a dreamer. I'm afraid dreaming is a family complaint, Roger."

"All women dream. It makes them hard to deal with, especially for men like myself, Elena. Their dreams blind them, knock ordinary judgment to pieces."

She nodded. "I hadn't any judgment I hadn't any standards. I just fell in love—headlong. He was the first man."

"You should have waited."

"For whom—for what?"

"For the man you should have married"—he smiled charmingly "for me."

"I thought you had come," she murmured. "I deceived myself."

That was it. She had deceived herself. With Fremont's face and bearing, his gallant and fiery temper, it had been easy. When other men had come to the house she had trembled secretly and hope had lifted a pale, eager face to whisper, "Is it he? Is it he?" But he had never come and hope had almost died. And then suddenly, in a moment, it had happened. A stranger had swung round on his heel, facing her, and hope had blazed up—not hope any more, but certainty, splendid and shining. His bribery of old Andrew was swept under. He was the deliverer, the hero, the perfect lover. He had to be

"Yes, people deceive themselves, Roger. They cheat themselves, you know."

"Perhaps," he admitted.

Their conversation had become broken, desultory. It was wonderful the way he listened with such quiet understanding. Even in the long pauses in which she plunged into her own thoughts, he gave no sign of impatience; and he was a man of action and direct thinking who might have been irked by her woman's deviousness.

She had dreaded giving her uncle's message, asking this stranger to stay the night. The thought of one more indifferent witness to her helplessness under Ravendale's satire had seemed more than she could bear. But as Levier stood there devouring her with his white-hot admiration the twenty-four hours had become too short for all they had to say to each other. Oh, if it were not long enough! If he had not understood!

Continued on Page 104

"Please Go," She Said Between Her Teeth. "I Can't Bear It. I Love You, and—and You Make Me Sick"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8, 1926

The Farm Problem of Great Britain

THE three pressing problems in Great Britain are the maintenance of export trade, the subsidy of the coal industry and the state of agriculture. Before the war, something like ten per cent of the cultivated areas of the United Kingdom was agriculturally occupied by their owners; at present not more than twenty-five per cent of the land is occupied and owned by farmers, in our sense of the term. The remainder of the land is under landlords. It has always been the function of British farm landlords to provide their tenants with capital and credit. Agriculture in England has never possessed, in the real sense, an agricultural bank, a farm-loan system or, indeed, any kind of comprehensive agricultural-credit system.

Before the war, the landlords of England, as a class, were possessed of generous means. They drew incomes from investments in manufactures, banking and shipping at home and abroad. Owning an estate was the occupation of a gentleman and yielded a type of living that was socially regarded as highly desirable; under these circumstances the estates were not expected to pay their way in an accounting sense. Since the war, these landlords have been deprived of incomes that previously accrued to them as a class; they have suffered heavy losses and they are living under very heavy taxes. Under these circumstances landlords have found it impossible to continue to maintain the credit requirements of agriculture, and British farming today is definitely suffering from undercapitalization. Not only have tenants been cramped in their operations through lack of capital and credit but landlords have felt themselves compelled to allow the economic pressure of the competitive-wage system to fall on the agricultural workers, which has provoked a widespread reaction. In a word, at present the landlord, the tenant and the laborer are all suffering from lack of capital, high taxes and reduction of income.

England imports between 300,000,000 and 350,000,000 pounds sterling of food a year that agriculturally could be grown in the United Kingdom. It has been grown abroad in the past and paid for with manufactured goods or with the invisible items in the balance of trade, because this type of international division of labor was remunerative to the country as a whole. With agriculture in distress, it is now urged that as large a portion of this volume of import as possible ought to be raised at home, and raised at home on a higher price level, this being urged in the interest of agriculture and also as an indirect alleviation of the distress in export trade. Even the students of affairs in the United Kingdom and in the Empire who regard the historic relations of agriculture and industry in the mother country as sound are yet inclined to favor such development of agriculture as will make this the expression of ownership of small farms, as against the semifeudal system represented in the estates of landlords. Something in the nature of state action in the direction of parcellation of land was attempted under the Small Holdings Act, passed a few years ago. This, however, has largely failed, and a far-fetched scheme of nationalization has now been launched under the leadership of Lloyd George.

The general theory is that landlords are to go and the state shall take over possession of the land, in effect, for the purpose of gradually transferring ownership to small cultivators. Just as our Government offered public land to individual farmers under the Homestead Act, so the Liberal land policy contemplates the taking over of large landlord holdings by the state, under compensation, these to be parceled out under a sort of modified Homestead Act.

The crux of the problem lies in the method of compensation and in the procedure by which the value of the land is to be determined. Apparently the landlords are perfectly willing to sell at their price. If this price were based upon farming returns according to a technical accounting, including no social value for the estate, the compensation would be regarded by landlords as so small as to be confiscatory. On the other hand, since the state is to resell the land to farmers who cannot be expected to pay more for it than it is worth as a capital investment, if terms are set approaching the value views of landlords a terrific budgetary loss will result. There is obviously a wide gap between the social valuation of land and the earnings or economic capacity of land in Great Britain. It is a common statement that good British land is paying only two per cent on what it is supposed to be worth. At a corresponding valuation of the principal sum, tenants cannot be expected to desire to become owners, nor does the state wish to cover the difference by subsidy. The country cannot expect to convert a wage-earning peasantry into a land-owning peasantry except with the prospect of making the latter more remunerative than the former, an achievement hardly to be anticipated if the social value of land is to be the basis of appraisal. Not only does the nation face the possibility of direct subsidy to nationalization of the land but the method of payment also involves state aid, since it is clear that the purchase of land could be carried through only on the basis of annuities extending over a number of years, entailing an extensive and specialized system of agricultural credits.

There are many points of similarity between the British problems of nationalization of coal mines and nationalization of the land. Both mining and farming are apparently relatively inefficient. The inefficiency of the coal mines is revealed in the world market in competition with mines that produce coal at lower costs. The inefficiency of agriculture is reflected on the home market in competition with food staples that are imported from countries where they are produced at lower costs. The types of ownership of coal lands and farm lands in Great Britain are both, in a sense, vestiges of feudalism. In each the capital losses of the war have brought about a situation that may be fairly described as a social impasse. Leaving the Labor Party and the Conservatives to wrangle over the coal problem, the resuscitation of the Liberal Party is being attempted through the medium of the solution of the land problem.

Sound vs. Socialistic Taxation

NOW that considerable time has passed since the frenzied figuring so closely associated with March fifteenth it is possible to estimate in calmness of spirit the progress in fiscal soundness which the Revenue Act of 1926 represents as compared with one or two earlier measures. As the war recedes in time and memory it is only natural that Federal taxes should decline. To ascribe the entire reduction to Mr. Coolidge's New England thrift or to the financial genius of Mr. Mellon is going rather far. Any Administration short of reckless would have paid off part of the war debt from the vast revenues scooped out of a prosperous and industrious people by measures that partook of military severity.

At the same time the country cannot be too thankful for the character of Treasury policy pursued. Other men in office might have taken a wholly different view and regarded the heights to which the income tax reached in the days of national crisis as a desirable punitive measure to apply permanently to business in general, or as a means of redistributing wealth or as a sop to a multitude supposed to be more ignorant than the results of its suffrages have proved. There are not lacking individuals, in and out of public life, and noisy organs of discontented opinion, who still hold that such measures are wise.

The truth is that substantial reductions in income taxes have gone hand in hand with substantial reductions in the war debt. Surely this is a policy that common sense as well as expert financial opinion must commend. To leave the debt untouched and let wealth go scot-free, or to produce inequity, disturbance and distress by retaining the rates of 1921, would be equally unwise. A middle course, avoiding either dangerous extreme, has been followed.

To say that Mr. Mellon or the Congress has favored the rich in the present law is simply untrue. Two million three hundred thousand persons who formerly paid taxes are exempted under the new statute. Persons with what might be called small incomes are freed entirely. At its convention last November the National Tax Association protested against the avowed intention of Congress to let out several millions of small income receivers, holding that every citizen should make a small direct contribution to the Federal Government. But Congress decreed otherwise, and the present law has practically no teeth at all until one's income passes at least the first ten thousand. But, says the objector, the poor man pays in other ways, by means of tariffs, excise taxes, and the like. Whatever be the merits or defects of these duties the average contribution made through them is insignificant. One of the most important of these levies, that upon automobiles, was in fact considerably reduced; and the total of indirect Federal taxes, except upon luxuries like tobacco, is small indeed, in comparison with the direct assessment upon ability to pay as represented by the income tax.

Two provisions of the former law—the publicity of the amount of income tax paid and the so-called gift tax—have been eliminated. Neither of these affected large numbers of people, but both were enacted without careful study. The gift tax was of doubtful constitutionality, and the publicity provision caused much annoyance without increasing the revenues or aiding the Treasury in their collection. Then, too, most citizens will approve the increase in the amount of earned income which the law permits as a basis for computing a credit to the advantage of the taxpayer.

These technical points, however, mean less than the spirit which attended the framing of the new law. In his testimony before the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Mellon said that the country requires not only revenue today but future sources of revenue. His view that the proper points at which rates should be set are those which produce revenue with a minimum of disturbance was accepted by a great majority of the members of both houses of Congress. Never has the framing of a revenue bill been attended with more dispatch or a more concerted desire to observe sound principles. The result shows that though it may take several years of educational effort to direct public opinion along the paths of constructive sanity it is worth the time.

The Federal tax system might well have developed in these after-war years into a doctrinaire scheme of ill-considered social experiment. Fortunately, the tendency has been toward a matter-of-fact, wholesome and business-like squaring of ways and means. If incomes in this country are excessively large because of unfair methods of accumulation, let us get at the problem directly and not bedevil the business structure by schemes of socialistic leveling disguised in the form of revenue measures.

THE PROSODY OF OLD AGE

By Corra Harris

TWICE only in the longest lifetime do we come under the head of poetry—when we are very young and after we have grown very old.

Childhood is the earliest form of poetry. Men begat it in living flesh before they knew the rhythm of mere words. Every child is the happy young formula of faith and simplicity, two qualities essential to poetry. They are more innocent of us than any other offspring is of its parents. They have no premonitions, as other young animals have, of the conditions under which they are to live. We, being filled with fears and anxieties, cannot impart to them even the instinct of fear. On the contrary, they have a sort of tyrannical confidence in life never justified by the facts. They are born somewhere beyond us, in another consciousness, with celestial habits of the mind. Their vision imparts an effulgence to whatever they behold. Their eyes are the mirrors of miracles. They are all poets, amazed by the power to see and believe, before they can think.

They must be shriven and shorn by experience in living with us, trained in those little sciences which we call wisdom, skilled in the use of facts and materials before they are reduced to the prose stage of reason, ambition, covetousness and energy. A very dull period, lasting from youth to old age, out of which come all history and achievements. But poetry is the virtue that has gone out of them. However a man compounds the strophes of great lines, he borrows it by inspiration. It is no longer in him. He is an ordinary mortal who does not rime with his stars. At best he becomes a poor old mascot of fame, not personally different from the rest of us. Children alone see God without knowing it or making a wordy fuss about it. They are with no effort the little figures of a great rhythm. But when the glory of childhood fades out it leaves us the worried, prosaic, grown people of time and chance, bearing the world upon our shoulders. It is a fearful experience, toward which we strive like fools, and out of which we come spent. Whether we have lived well or unworthily, the consequences are the same.

The only reward commensurate with the strife and weariness we pass through is neither the laurels nor the gains we win, but it is the gift of old age, that evening time of our years when we may withdraw at last, like a poor old secret prayer, and repeat ourselves in the closet of obscurity.

Here begins the prosody of old age, that latter part in the grammar of living which has to do with the rhythm of our minds after our weakness and simplicities have removed us from the dreadful monotony of work, from the rhetoric of our big deeds and the dingy prose of our bad ones. The weather clears. The winds and tides fall. The noise we made in living dies down. We are merely the faint old songs and hymns of the men and women we used to be. Nobody catches the tune. They are too busy raising the dust with their own affairs; but the light of immortal things is brightening about us; our stars come out; we behold quietness and peace because we no longer have a future to obscure our vision. Angels ascending and descending. We get our little cloud of witnesses, not by sight, but as Saint John did, who received his revelations of the seven golden candlesticks and the glories of Heaven after he was a blind old man on the Isle of Patmos. We no longer belong to the mainlands of mortal life, but we have drifted, very old and gray, into the hallowed rim of that first consciousness we had as children. The powers of childish faith return to us. We begin to believe again the things that sensible people never believe. It is easy to deceive us. Anybody can do it and everybody does it, because once again we walk as little children walk, in a trance of the glories of the Lord without knowing where they are. The difference is that we do know.

We cannot suffer, as we once did, the grief and sorrow of death and misfortune, because the power to suffer is gone, and there is no death. Misfortune is not permanent; only something incident to experience in this world, and we no longer belong to this world. The animus of piety which inspired hatred of sin and sinners has also passed away. These scuffling, scrouging grown people in their prime are all the same kind of schoolboys, missing their lessons at

(Continued on Page 149)

THE POPULAR PLANK

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

O Tempora!

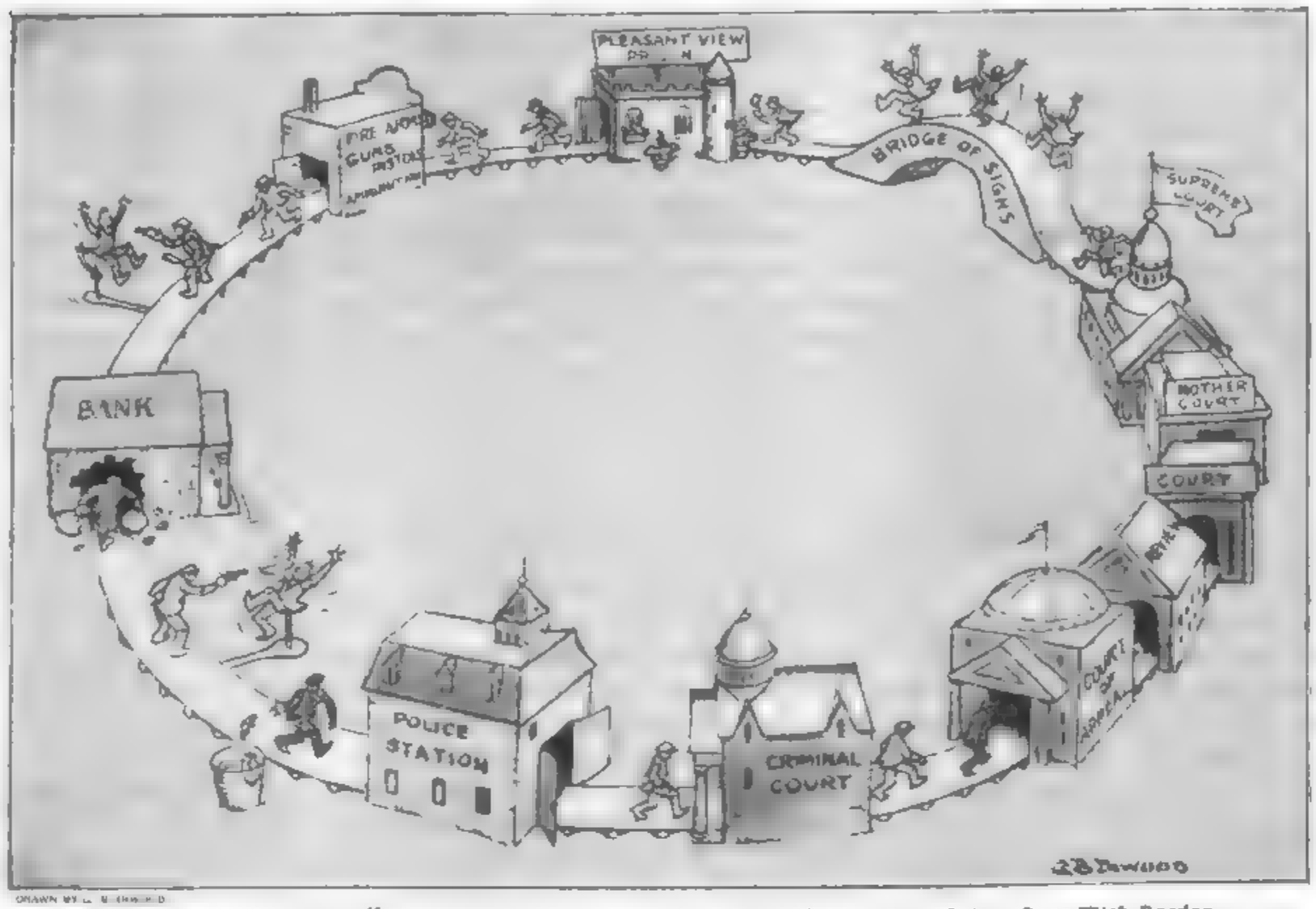
(The Eminent Dean X Says That the Crime Wave Is Temporary, and So Should Not Disturb Us)

MY DEARS, I think this wave of crime
Is pestilential, very,
But great men, so they tell me, scorn it, with voice and gestures airy;
They say our inconvenience is only momentary,
We should not be disturbed, because
The wave is temporary.

It was a frightful storm at sea, 'twas terrible and scary,
A giant wave washed overboard Fat Felix and Red Larry;
As they drifted off in the freezing foam, Red seemed to be right merry,
"The joke's on them, they do not know
This wave is temporary."

The battle raged, mid bursting shells stood our young Timmy Terry,
But was he kind of pale and scared? Oh, no! Quite the contrary!
He walked amidst the din and smiled, optimistic as Judge Gary,
"Shure, Mike, me lad, don't take it bad,
'Tis only temporary."

Jack worked in a powder mill, the dynamite he'd carry.
One April day, while filled with dreams, he forgot he should be wary.
"Oh, well!" says he. "Here's one young lad they will not have to bury,
But it might be worse, for I know this burst
Is merely temporary." —*F. F. Harbour.*



Directions for Operating "The Little Gem, In-Again-Out-Again." Open Rear Prison Door With Pardon, Commutation, Drivel, Sentiment, or Any Soft, Dull Instrument. The Figures Begin Moving Automatically

A Collector's Catechism

Q. How can one tell a good Windsor chair?
A. If it is in somebody else's home it is a good one.
Q What is a violin bottle?
A. One that is played to the tune of twenty dollars.
Q. What is a pontil mark?
A This is the same as a dollar mark, only dearer.
Q. What do you know about Duncan Phyfe?
A. Too much.
Q What is meant by "in the rough"?
A. A lovely wreck.
Q. What is the best way to get a corner cupboard home?
A. The cheapest way is to buy the dealer's place and move in.
Q. What does a woman collector mean when she says a piece is "Empire"?
A. It usually means that somebody else saw it first.
—*McCready Huston.*

Misogynic Note on the Rationale of Women's Dress

A Rimed Editorial

JUST why do women wear the clothes they wear?
Are lips shellacked,
Cheeks stuccoed and pa'ellas flaunted bare
Men to attract?

Or do they—as some cynic ones maintain—
Do it to vex
And pierce the hearts with envy's bitter pain
Of their own sex?

Or do they do it just because they're sheep?
Or for that fe-
Male reason—just because? It's all too deep
For ignorant me.

Not mine to solve a proposition, which
Since Time began
Has been a source of controversy rich
To curious Man.

My only aim's to state a truth to you
In halting song;
No matter why they look the way they do,
They're cockeyed wrong!
—*Baron Ireland.*

As it Was and Is

"DEAR me!" exclaimed a mother of nine. "I remember, when the children were small, I saw them through the measles, the whooping cough and the mumps and didn't miss a thing but a W. C. T. U. meeting. Now I've been held in two days since getting my face lifted, and I've lost out on a luncheon bridge, two matinées, a five o'clock tea, a dinner dance, a lecture on something or other, a treasure hunt, a charity bazaar and Aida'"
—MARY DORMAN PHELPS.

Final Instructions

WHEN over the Styx my ghost is ferried,
See that I am decently but elaborately buried,
Or rather, interred,
That being the term preferred.
Put me into a grand mausoleum
Patterned after designs in the Metropolitan Museum,
Inclosed in a weatherproof slime sarcophagus
With a Canopic jar containing my heart, indigestive organs and esophagus,
Along with a ton of junk of all descriptions,
After the jocular custom of the old Egyptians.

Yes, fit me out in the garments that eminent clubmen are wed in.
The kind I've always sworn I wouldn't be found dead in;
Tuck me away with all my best regalia
And assorted paraphernalia,
Not forgetting several jars of jam as alimentary provision
For my journey to distant fields, whether Avernian or Elysian.

And when, some three thousand years hence,
Regardless of trouble, danger and expense,
A scientific expedition from Timbuktu
Has digged me up with much to-do
And discussion of my authenticity
That will get me a lot of publicity,
I'll be hovering round
Enjoying their comments on what they've found.

They'll find, I trust, a well-preserved silk hat—
What in thunder will they make out of that?—

(Continued on Page 134)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Good Grief, Vi! What's All That Awful Racket I Hear? I've Been Trying to Nap for an Hour and Can't Get a Wink"

"I've a Great Surprise for You, Beans Dear. Our Oldest Daughter is Taking Jazz Yodeling Lessons from Professor Tomcat

"I've Engaged Him for a Full Term and She's Only Had Three Lessons

"Isn't She Wonderful?"

Enjoy the delicious flavor of 32 blended ingredients in this Vegetable Soup!

The vegetables are the pick of the finest fields and gardens in America.

The beef broth is made from the choice selected meat that yields the most invigoration and the richest flavor.

The cereals are the quality you are glad to serve on your table—the kind that nourish and strengthen.

Thirty-two different ingredients in Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Each "the best that money can buy"!

And all blended with the skill of famous French chefs into a soup that is delicious, hearty and filling!

Oh! how your appetite enjoys it!

12 cents a can

It's CONDENSED!
You get twice as much soup!

You add a can of water to each can of Campbell's. So you serve twice as much soup as you actually buy! Don't forget this about Campbell's when selecting your soup at the grocer's.

Campbells SOUPS

Campbells CONDENSED VEGETABLE SOUP CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XVI

SYRCHESTER was in its summer drowse. The only person in Josephine Harper's group mentioned in the paper Aloysia bought at the station was Mrs. Barmaster, who was "personally supervising extensive changes in the beautiful Barmaster country estate, Green Trees."

Aloysia had left the city in triumphal glory. It was ghastly to have no one welcome her home but Ada McCarthy.

Ada was full of things which had been said. It was the general opinion, she indicated, that it showed how Mrs. McCarthy had been kept under for years, the way she was throwing money around now she had it in her own hands. So silly, Ada thought; anyone who'd known poor Jim could tell how much he'd ever had to say about such things.

It was also thought that Aloysia didn't do so much for the church as she should. It was prophesied that she wouldn't have long to wait before she found how much the friendship of her fine new acquaintances meant. Why, Mrs. Thomas Slattery, who had been on a hospital committee with Mrs. Theodore Pell, had heard her refer to Aloysia as "that Mrs. McCarthy."

Of course Ada didn't know under what circumstances it had been said, but Mrs. Slattery just made a mouthful out of it.

The feeling of being hated which Ada McCarthy had evoked before crowded down on Aloysia, but she was fresh and rested.

"Don't repeat me any more speeches of that sort, please, Ada," she said. "I've heard enough of them to know that if the friendship of my new acquaintances, as you call them, isn't worth more than that of those who seem to have regarded themselves as my friends, it is of very little value indeed. As for my religion, I spent more than half my waking hours in France on my knees in her cathedrals. They were a rebirth to my soul. They gave me an insight into the beauty and sacredness of our faith which only makes me regret the more that there should be such black-hearted bitterness among some of her daughters."

Ada saw she had gone too far, and tried to recoup by emphasis on her own loyalty to Aloysia.

"You mustn't estrange yourself from your friends, Ada," Aloysia said. "After all, they're the people with whom you choose to associate."

"'Choose'?" Ada echoed. "Who else do I know?"

"It's one of the wonderful things in life," Aloysia returned, "that we can know whoever we want. Love is stronger than anything. You can sit in your chair, crippled and blind, and if you love strong enough you can have a queen on her throne for your friend."

It was unadulterated Alma T. Hall, and Aloysia found it enchanting on her own lips. Ada McCarthy left, more irritated and less sanctimonious than usual.

In spite of the power of love, however, there was not one telephone call or one note for Aloysia during two bleak days.

"I think I'll telephone Mrs. Barmaster," she said dubitatively to Fredericka. One could talk over things with Fredericka to a certain extent.

"I think she ought to telephone you first, or call." Fredericka remembered her St. Agnes training.

"How should she know I'm back?"

"It's been in the paper."

An expression of someone else's opinion is helpful because it so clarifies one's own point of view.

"Mrs. Barmaster is not one who paws over the papers," Aloysia informed her daughter. "And Fredericka, my darling, you mustn't be like that. You mustn't always be standing on ceremony. If you've got love in your heart give it out. Don't wait for your friend to speak first, because perhaps she's waiting for you."

"But I Do Like You, Buddy," Nora Said. "I Like You a Lot. I Wish You'd Come Around"

By the time she reached the telephone she had convinced herself that it was a debt of honor she owed her soul that she should make the overture.

"I read that you were back," were Evelyn Barmaster's first words. "Was Josephine Harper a devil to travel with?"

"It's that I wanted to speak to you about," Aloysia replied, with a sense of special grace granted her. "My dear, I don't think Miss Harper is at all well. When she's herself she's a saint, but when her fits of depression come on ——"

"My dear, I'm mad to hear about it. Can you come out to luncheon tomorrow? I've never been so bored in my life as I am staying here."

Aloysia went, bearing in her lap, wrapped in rose and mauve tissue paper and tied with silver ribbon, a tiny handkerchief with a wide border of Mechlin lace.

"It made me think of you when I saw it in a little shop in Paris," she said. "I couldn't resist bringing it. Will you forgive me?"

"It's adorable. I simply love it. And now tell me about Josephine."

"Oh, I shouldn't have spoken. I regretted my words to you the moment they were out of my mouth."

"Don't be silly."

"She's been such a friend to me. Sooner than say a word which would hurt her I'd tear out my tongue."

Evelyn Barmaster's brow knitted in a frown of real annoyance.

"Now you're being ridiculous," she declared. "You said too much over the phone to let it drop there."

It was clear that in exchange for her cheese soufflé and creamed sweetbreads Evelyn Barmaster had set her heart on a few raw slices of Josephine Harper. After all, Aloysia had her whole future to think of.

"I only spoke because my heart was so full," she said. "I had to share my worry with someone, and you love her so much too."

"Of course I do. I'm just the person to have come to. You say at times she's odd?"

"There are times," the sea-blue eyes were unutterably sad, "when she's like a person possessed."

"Do you think it can be drugs?" Evelyn Barmaster cried. "I've wondered myself before this."

"I don't believe so. But once I happened to open the door of her room when she didn't expect me. Oh, my dear!"

When Aloysia left, Mrs. Barmaster had promised to bring Mr. Barmaster to dine at Aloysia's the following evening, informally.

"It's the real people like Mrs. Barmaster to whom one can turn and be sure of understanding," Aloysia told the twins.

XVII

IT IS all very well to entertain informally, but if the informal entertainment turns out to be a family dinner one is quite as apt as not to be asked to family dinner in return. Aloysia needed other guests—the right other guests—and just as she was almost in despair at the problem it was solved by a call from Mrs. Thomas Slattery. Mr. Slattery was responsible for the call.

"And what pleasure do you think it would give her to have me go and see her?" Mrs. Slattery had asked. "I'm not high enough society for Mrs. James P. McCarthy these days."

"Whether it gives her pleasure or not, it behooves you to call," Mr. Slattery had answered.

"Oh, I hate to swallow her airs."

"You call and swallow anything. Estates like that don't grow on trees, I can tell you."

Mrs. Slattery alighted at the McCarthy door knowing that she'd get no credit for her martyrdom and not one cent more allowance.

"Antiques," she thought, waiting in the drawing-room. "Give me furniture you don't have to worry about when you sit down on it."

Aloysia kept her a few minutes before she strolled in, although she had nothing more vital to do in them than remember some of Mrs. Slattery's remarks as reported by Ada McCarthy.

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Slattery," she greeted her. "And what was it you wanted?"

At the question Mrs. Slattery swallowed some of her pride.

"I wanted to see you, and how you find yourself after your travels."

"Ah, it was a lovely little jaunt!" Aloysia replied. "I heard from poor Ada McCarthy that you were interested in it."

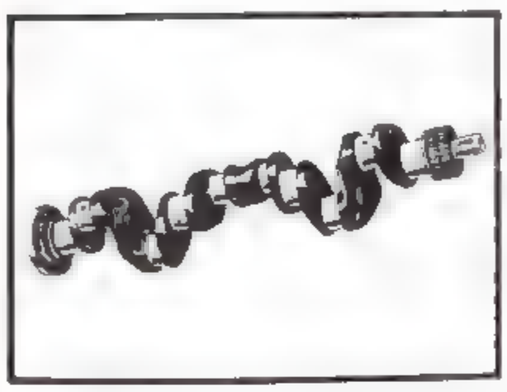
"Who wouldn't be?" Mrs. Slattery returned, swallowing some more pride.

Aloysia didn't make any effort to reply.

(Continued on Page 40)

Read Why Hupmobile Six Excels Cars Even Higher In Price

Hupmobile Six superiority is basic. It is conclusive. It does not exclude even cars above our price. Herewith are briefly detailed a few of the features—the easy steering, the rigid crankshaft, the clear-vision bodies, the filtered oil and gasoline, and the like—which contribute to that pre-eminence in performance and economy, and to beauty and safety as well.

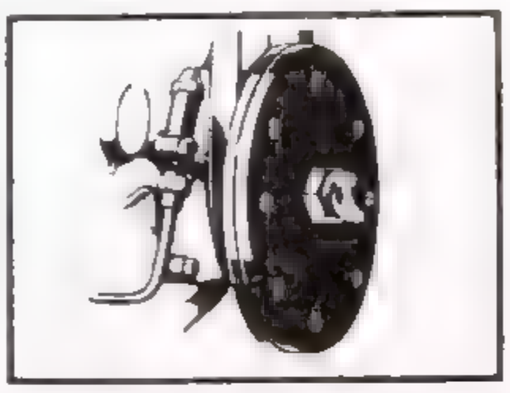


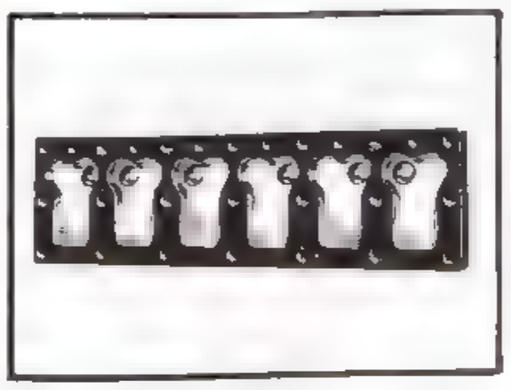
Rigid, No-whip Crankshaft—

Hupmobile Six has a heavy, rigid crankshaft—the kind too costly for common use. Vibration is eliminated in a six by a rigid crankshaft to overcome whipping and bending, and by a damper to counteract the torsional or twisting tendency of a revolving crankshaft.

Special Vibration Damper—

No vibration damper can do more than eliminate the torsional vibration already referred to. And without a heavy, rigid crankshaft such as this engine has, a damper itself means little. The Hupmobile Six damper is a special and improved design.



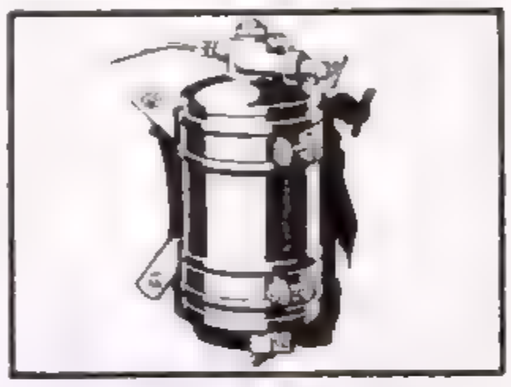


Machined Combustion Chambers—

Another high-priced practice. Its results are uniform compression and power impulses, for smooth operation; reduced carbon, and easier removal of carbon at more infrequent intervals. Hupmobile ingenuity devised a shape to be machined exactly to uniform size.

Clean Oil from the Oil Filter—

The Hupmobile Six disposes of dirty engine oil by a highly efficient oil filter. The oil automatically passes through the filter under pressure, and is fed to bearings and moving parts wholly freed from the dirt, bits of carbon and other contamination which do actual damage.

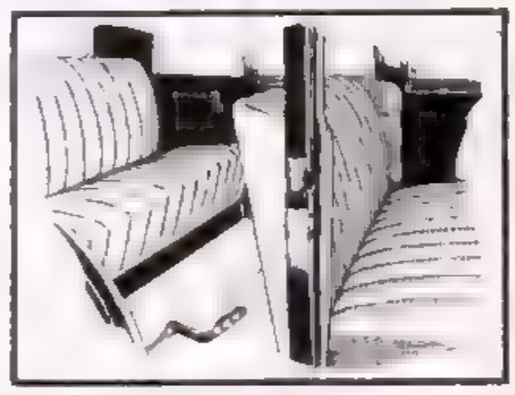


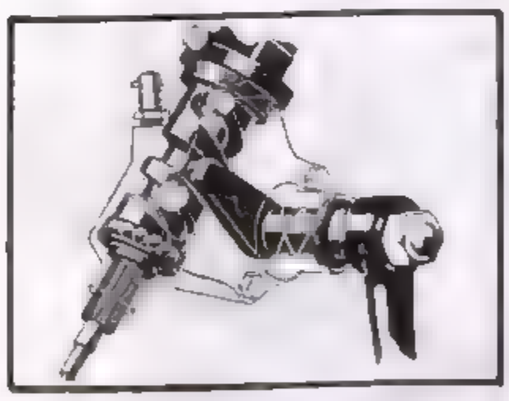
No Dirt or Water in the Gasoline—

Every drop of gasoline is filtered clear of all dirt, sediment and water. The gasoline going into the carburetor of this car is *clean*. Another highly valuable safeguard.

Newest Upholstery in Latest Mode—

Closed car upholstery is a new shade of blue-gray, best described as platinum, in a deep pile fabric. Cushions are soft and deep, built over springs which contribute greatly to comfort.



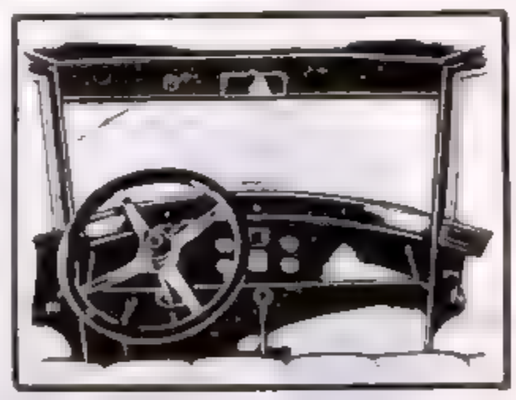


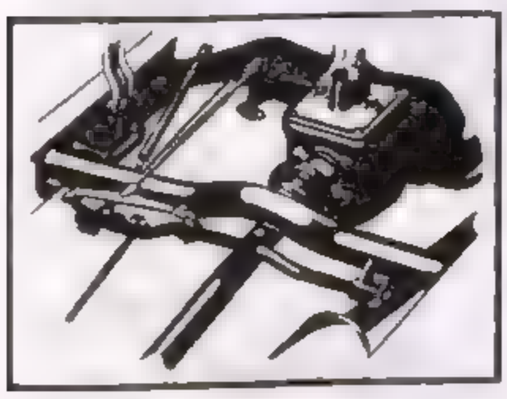
Remarkably Easy Steering—

Few cars steer as easily as this. It seems as though you only wish to turn and the turn is made. Hupmobile was first to use steering gear especially designed for easy control with balloon tires. The ball-bearing principle of the mechanism keeps steering as easy when the weather is cold as when it is warm.

Safety in the Clear-Vision Bodies—

Hupmobile bodies have narrow pillars for clear vision. At the pillars, the internal framing is of steel. Elsewhere the framing is of wood. This composite construction affords all advantages of both steel and wood, and eliminates the disadvantages of all-steel and all-wood.





Rigidly-Built Frame, Strong Non-weaving—

The chassis frame is especially strong and rigid. Four of the five cross members are tubular and of large diameter—obviously more costly and far more stable.

A Gasoline Gauge in Front of You—

You know from your seat the exact quantity of gasoline in the tank at the rear. The gasoline gauge is on the dash in front of you, one of the units in a beautifully neat grouping of the five instruments.

HUPMOBILE SIX

Touring, for five, $1325; Sedan, for five, four-door, $1385. 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, 4-wheel brakes, choice of two colors. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus reduced tax

(Continued from Page 38)

"And I wanted to ask when you and the girls could come over to dinner with Mr. Slattery and me," Mrs. Slattery said, almost choking with the pride it was necessary to swallow to get out the words.

"Oh, my dear, we're so occupied," Aloysia told her. "The town is quiet, I know, but we've our own friends and we see them constantly."

The capacity of Mrs. Slattery's throat had already been overtaxed.

"Indeed?" she inquired.

"I've been at Evelyn Barmaster's all day. She's doing the most delightful things to her place."

"And you can't come at all to my house?"

"At least I shouldn't like to make a promise, and then find I had to break it."

"I can remember," Mrs. Slattery enunciated, "when you didn't find any necessity to break engagements with me. You were very proud to get inside my door."

"So?" Aloysia said, in one abrupt upward breath, and there was nothing of the sea in the steely eyes that fixed Mrs. Slattery. "I think one outgrows acquaintanceships, don't you? It is my impression I may be allowed to drop mine when I choose."

Early the following morning Mrs. James P. McCarthy sent her card in to Mr. Theodore Pell. While she was waiting for the typist to return, she gave a smile of impersonal admiration at young Howard Pell, who was making a gesture of reading law for a few hours each day of vacation in the office of his unsuccessful second cousin.

The typist returned and Mrs. McCarthy was shown into the office which had been Theodore Pell's father's, where Theodore Pell sat surrounded by his father's law library—that library which had determined Theodore Pell's vocation, that library which in his younger days had seemed to him a great wall shutting him from the career he wanted.

Aloysia stood and looked around her, as though she were drinking in a certain mellowness which the place possessed.

"This is what I've dreamed of," she almost whispered, as though she couldn't keep the words from her lips. "It's like coming home to a weary traveler."

Poor Mr. Pell was frightfully afraid she was going to attempt to sell him something, or get him to contribute to something, and he couldn't; he simply couldn't as things stood.

"It is a nice old room, isn't it?" he said, because he couldn't help being courtly, and he gestured to the deep, worn, leather chair in which his father's clients had sat. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. McCarthy?"

"Can you guess what it is I want?" Aloysia asked.

"Whatever it is, to see you here is very pleasant," Mr. Pell replied bravely.

"Ah, you're kind," Aloysia cried. "I can tell it by your voice."

Then she sat and poured forth her identity and her desire. It was that Mr. Pell should undertake the management of her estate—or hardly the management; she couldn't ask for so much of his time as that, and the money had been wisely and safely invested by Mr. McCarthy; but his constant advice on technicalities, and so forth, just what Mr. Slattery had done for her up till then, and for which he'd sent her a bill for eight thousand dollars last year, though that wasn't why she'd left him. She'd left him because she couldn't bear the kind of relationship theirs was. He was as hard and impersonal as his brand-new office and his brand-new office furniture.

She needed someone to whom she could go as she would have gone to her father, had he lived—her brilliant, improvident father—killed coming home from the hunt when he was only twenty-seven, and her mother left with five to feed.

It was the first portrait of that particular father Aloysia had done, and perhaps the most brilliant; so impressionistic was it, and yet so vivid.

Theodore Pell sat thinking that Aloysia McCarthy's appearance couldn't be true, it was so incredibly lucky, just as Howard was taking over his own affairs, which, even though he hadn't charged Howard the regular commission during his minority, had been the mainstay of the office. Theodore Pell hadn't really known where he would turn next, he seemed to have no talent for getting business—none. It was a little hard for him not to seem too eager while he was listening to Aloysia's recital, but he accomplished it, just as he would have preserved the most perfect manners had he been starving for four or five days in the desert and suddenly happened on an oasis full of picnickers.

"I hope I will not be too incongruous as something approximating a father," he said.

"I was right when I said you were kind."

The sea-blue eyes blessed him.

"Things will arrange themselves pleasantly between us, I feel sure." He held out his hand.

Aloysia put hers in it, then she spoke, with a sudden inspiration:

"And to celebrate our association promise me you'll bring Mrs. Pell to my house to dinner tonight. Just informally. I'm having Mr. and Mrs. Barmaster. It would give me such pleasure."

It was one of those small moments packed with infinite psychological drama. Theodore Pell knew his wife prided herself on never making a social compromise; it had been one of his principles never to ask her to make one. He knew her attitude toward Mrs. McCarthy, but he couldn't give this up—he couldn't; and Mrs. McCarthy's remarks about the impersonality of Thomas Slattery suddenly assumed their full significance. In the last analysis he knew that he could rely utterly on Amy's love for him.

"We shall be charmed to come," he said.

Aloysia would have liked to add an invitation for his nephew, but that would have been obvious. Later.

Already arrangements had been made for the most perfect small dinner the markets of Syrchester could yield.

Mrs. McCarthy left Mr. Pell's office knowing that the flying square with which she was to forge her empire was complete.

XVIII

THERE were no lonely home-comings to Syrchester that autumn in the little group of which Aloysia had been given a glimpse before her departure with Miss Harper. Waiting for the chatelaine there was sure to be a basket of flowers so lovely that no one but an Irishwoman freshly come from France could have chosen and arranged them, and a note of welcome with an invitation, and very shortly a telephone call.

"Oh, don't speak of the poor little basket. Can I ever forget all your kindness to me last year? If I were to send you all the flowers of all the florists you'd never know half what I'm feeling toward you."

"Isn't it lovely to find someone so appreciative!" was said of Aloysia a hundred times. "And it's so rare!"

Meanwhile Aloysia was taking for granted neither Mrs. Barmaster nor Mrs. Pell. Evelyn Barmaster was troubled by a narrow corridor leading to a loggia in her house which she couldn't get right. A curious, marbleized Sèvres urn which Aloysia had bought in France for a similar place in her own home arrived. Aloysia sent it to Mrs. Barmaster without a second thought, letting her own corridor yawn.

Mrs. Barmaster protested, and finally said, "Well, I'll pay for it.

(Continued on Page 54

"You're Enjoying It, My Darlings?" Aloysia Asked. "Loving It"

More than a million people like you are driving BUICK automobiles making possible these values

Standard Six	2-pass. Roadster	$1125
	5-pass. Touring	1150
	2-pass. Coupe	1195
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Master Six	2-pass. Roadster	$1250
	5-pass. Touring	1295
	5-pass. 2-door Sedan	1395
	5-pass. 4-door Sedan	1495
	4-pass. Coupe	1795
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	3-pass. Sport Roadster	1495
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All prices f. o. b. Buick factories. Actual freight and Government tax to be added.

BUICK MOTOR CO., FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Better BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Twilight Zone of Prohibition

By
WALTON GREEN
Chief Prohibition Investigator

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A Tidy Little Ocean of High-Powered Beer Is Still Being Made

NOBODY was harder hit by prohibition than the brewers and wine merchants. Compared with the distillers, their claim to survival was at least sociologically arguable, even if somewhat specious. So it is that in speaking of beer and wine you've got sort of mentally to soft pedal in comparison with what you say and think about the hard-liquor situation. To be sure, it's just as much against the law to make and sell 4 per cent beer as to make and sell denatured whisky; but it's not nearly so much against the stomach. There is an extralegal moral turpitude attaching to the man who sells poisonous spirits; he commits an assault upon the person as well as a crime against the state.

But the plea in mitigation of the brewers extends to the quality of their product, not to their practices. For there is a tidy little inland ocean of high-powered beer still being made in this country, not furtively and unreachably in thousands of underground cutting plants and garages, like synthetic liquor, but in 100 or so breweries which can no more be camouflaged than can a cathedral, and which operate about as secretly as a healthy young boiler works. Beer means bulk, and bulk does not lend itself to secrecy.

Speaking of bulk, beer production of the old days ran into some impressive totals. America is fast learning to think in millions and, occasionally, to speak in billions. But it comes hard, even to a thirsty-minded citizen to visualize an annual output of 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer. That's what it was before prohibition—2,000,000,000 gallons of beer a year; 24,000,000,000 bottles; 48,000,000,000 glasses of suds—more than a drink a day for every human being in the country. The most bibulous imagination in the world, helped on by a hot summer day, would be hard put to it to visualize that quantity.

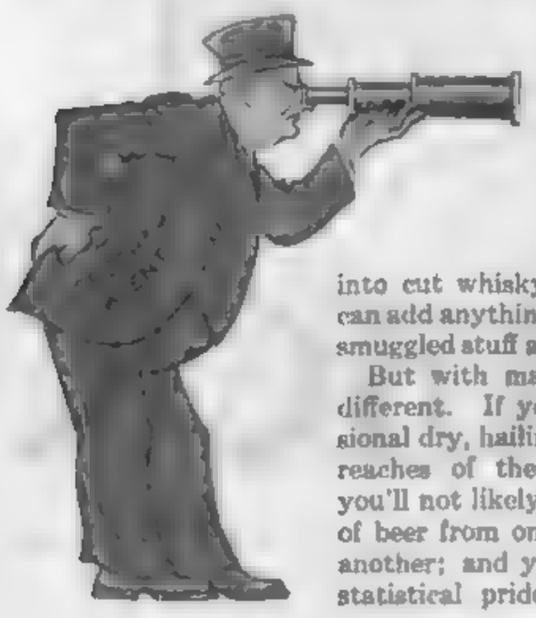
To turn out those 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer used to keep about 1300 breweries pretty busy. There are still some 400 breweries operating legitimately, but they are probably less busy; for they are making near beer under government license, competing both with the unlicensed high-powered breweries and with the crooked Nero Needlers of their own class.

The Stay-at-Home Habits of Beer

RIGHT here is the point to stress the chief difference between the brewery game and the hard-liquor game. The whisky we buy is not made in distilleries as it was before prohibition, or with the same ingredients; it is a synthetic concoction made by criminals in any old secret hole in the wall. Beer, on the contrary, is necessarily made in large plants at fixed and obvious sites. You can set up an alcohol-cooking plant overnight; not so with a brewery.

Furthermore, since prohibition made whisky unlawful, the big distilleries had to go out of business or turn to industrial alcohol. But prohibition did not make the brewing of alcoholic beer illegal; it merely made it incumbent upon the brewer to remove all but .5 per cent of alcohol from his finished product. Therefore the brewery has often survived while the distillery has gone to the wall.

Now, estimates of the volume of high-powered beer are much more tricky and unreliable than hard-liquor figures.



With hard liquor you at least have an irreducible minimum of the known 10,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol diverted into cut whisky, to which you can add anything you like for the smuggled stuff and moonshine.

But with malt liquors it is different. If you are a professional dry, hailing from the arid reaches of the Middle West, you'll not likely hear of a bottle of beer from one year's end to another; and you'll point with statistical pride to the steady decrease in domestic hop consumption—from a high point of 44,000,000 pounds in 1913 to a present annual consumption of only 3,250,000 pounds.

If, on the other hand, you are a professional wet, or, let us say, one of the straddling damps who are rooting for the twilight zone of beer and light wines—if you are one of these, and if you happen to live in a brewery region, you'll honestly believe that all the high-powered beer in the world may be had for the asking. And you won't be far wrong—for your region.

The answer is that the distribution of beer is spotty and uneven compared with that of spirits; for it is axiomatic that the higher the alcoholic content the further will any liquor travel in illicit safety. Beer usually finds its last resting place within a few hundred miles of its source, whereas Belgian alcohol may often turn up on a Kansas farm. What most drinkers want, most of the time, is an intoxicant, not an alcoholic beverage.

Since, therefore, the demand for malt brews is less insistent than the craving for alcohol, and since its transportation is far more difficult, it follows that there is a lot of beer in some places and no beer at all in a lot of other places.

Figures on brewery seizures—199 since prohibition—are little more than indicative at best, because the amount of 4 per cent that gets by outbulks the confiscated any number of hundred-fold you may care to name. Yes, it's sheer guesswork, even for the Government, to estimate the beer actually consumed. Statisticians can tabulate the seized liquor to a spoonful, and chemists can determine the character and effects of poisons in the various classes of drink, but no human agency can measure the actual volume of a commodity when both the production and the consumption of that commodity are secret.

Near-beer figures are easy, of course; but they don't amount to much except as a mournful badge of courage to that handful of fine old-time brewers who are observing the law and trying to popularize a cereal beverage in the face of illicit competition.

The annual reported production of near beer is 165,000,000 gallons; how much of this is actually marketed, and how much is needled before reaching the public, nobody knows. But of that, hereafter.

As for the breweries themselves, we still have with us 1016; this represents a shrinkage of only about 300 since the Volstead Act—a pretty robust survival after all. Some of them are active all the time, and all of them are active some of the time.

Three hundred and seventy-four out of the 1000 are licensed manufacturers of cereal beverages, ostensibly engaged in the decorous production of that celebrated .5 per cent which a thirsty nation so feverishly awaits. They make real beer, which they are allowed to do; they dealcoholize it, which they must do, and then they put it on the market; occasionally their product achieves new alcoholic life after it leaves their innocent hands.

The Near-Beer Gesture

BUT these decorous dealcoholizers represent only about one-third of the active brewers. The other two-thirds are the 642 breweries which have no permits, but which operate whenever they choose or whenever they dare.

Let us look at the beer map. Of the 1126 potential brewery sites—so called for some obscure historical reason—567, or 50 per cent, are located in the states of Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin and Ohio—and in that order.

But why, it is in order to ask, doesn't the Government close up the unlicensed breweries, when it must be obvious that if they are doing anything at all they are making illegal beer? Or why don't they make them take out permits and see to it that near beer is really made? And if the Government can't compel a brewer to take out a permit, why do any of them do it?

To all these questions the answers are quite simple and quite inadequate. The law, after wrestling with the hard-liquor problem, turned, in naïve weariness, to the relatively innocuous brewers and ordained that anyone who wanted to make near beer by making high-powered and dealcoholizing it, must take out a permit and submit to government inspection. But the law did not provide that each and every former brewery must take out a permit; for it was blandly assumed—and still is—that many of the old breweries would be converted into malted-milk or yeast factories, cold-storage warehouses or ice-cream plants, and that as such they would not come under the Volstead Act at all. And that splendid fiction still obtains, sometimes in the face of a beer smell that saturates a whole neighborhood. For new-process near beer smells about the same as 5 per cent. Aroma alone isn't evidence, and a beer-laden breeze won't sustain a search warrant when a wet judge has fixed ideas on the inalienable right of the free-born American citizen to break his own laws in his own way.

The result is that the near-beer plants, which need the least inspection, get the most, and the real-beer and arrested-fermentation plants, which need a lot of inspection, get none at all. If the brewer claims arrested fermentation he is not a dealcoholizer of a cereal beverage and he need not take out a license or submit to inspection. So he locks his gates, and, secure behind his high fences and barbed wire, the brewer makes a little near beer and a lot of real beer, which last he sneaks out whenever the sneaking is good; though everyone in the county, from politician to policeman to prohibition agent and back again, knows exactly what is going on and precisely why it can't be proved. It seems incredible that such great industries, employing hundreds of men, should be able to produce and market carload lots of unlawful beer without detection. But it is

(Continued on Page 45)

S W I F T

Lemon Meringue Tarts

Mix 1½ cups flour with ⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, ½ teaspoon salt and cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll thin; cover the bottom of muffin tins or individual pie tins and bake. Fill with lemon filling, cover with meringue and brown in a quick oven

Light, tender pastry—*with just the goodness you long for*

YOU find it only in the pastry you enjoy most of all—that special appetizing flavor, that trace of delicate richness which depends on the shortening. Sometimes this flavor is missing altogether. Sometimes it is too pronounced.

Women who are proud of their pastry take pains always to get this particular flavor at its very best. This is one of the reasons that so many of them have for years used Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it brings to all baked foods just that extra goodness which you long for.

And because of its smooth creaminess—just the right consistency to mix with other ingredients—it gives you crusts of unusual lightness and tenderness.

See what remarkably tempting dishes you can serve when you bake or fry with "Silverleaf." Your dealer has it in special 1 lb measuring cartons and in 2, 4 and 8 lb. pails.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

No bother with packing measuring cups, or leveling off spoons; no delay, no waste, no inaccuracy with this exclusive "Silverleaf" measuring carton. Just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the exact amount you need

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Velvety milk chocolate *with a crunch*

Post's Bran Chocolate is the new health confection you hear everybody talking about: velvety milk chocolate with a safety crunch!

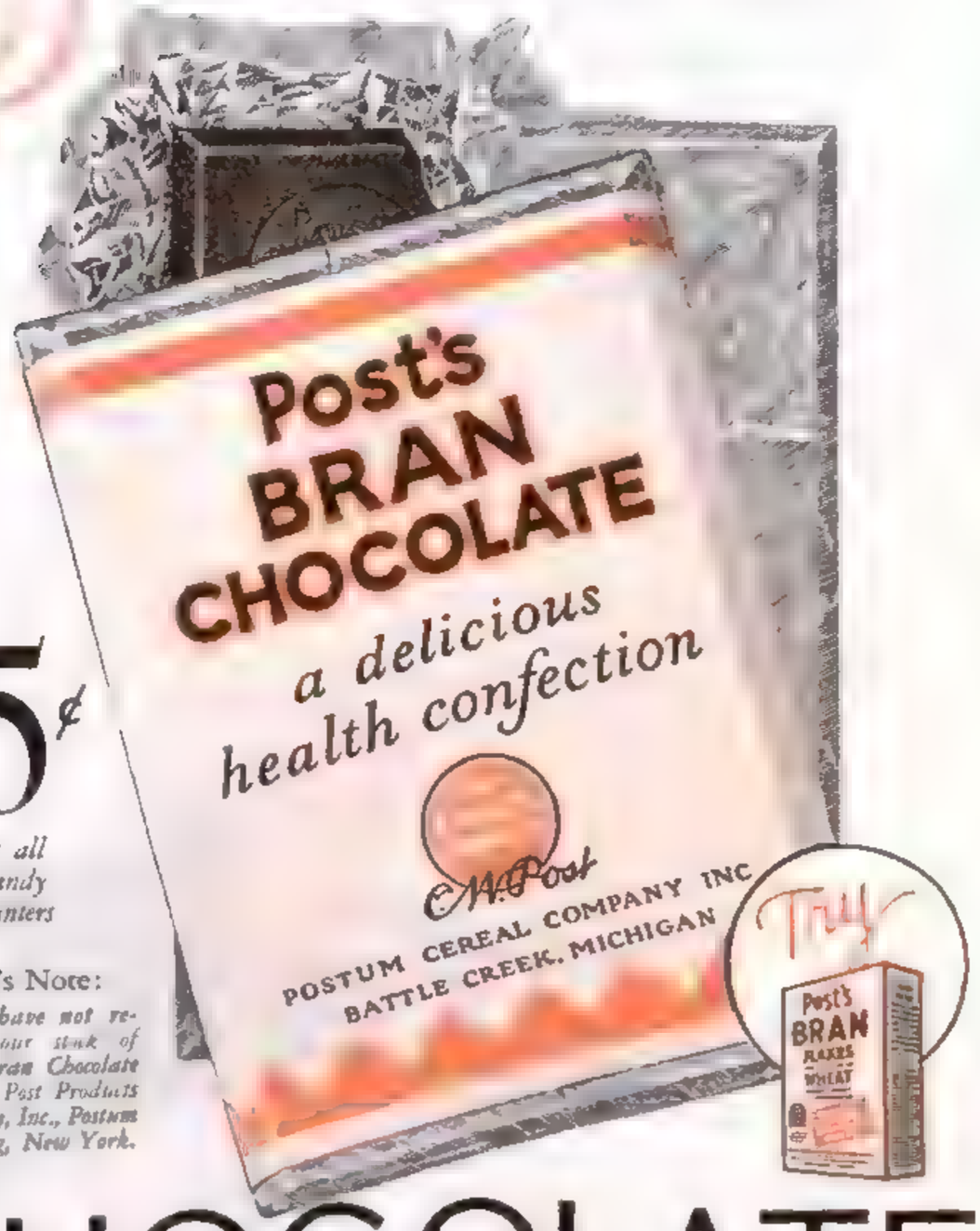
Just the thing for little folks when they beg for candy; healthful milk chocolate to satisfy the sweet tooth and Post's Bran Flakes for prevention.

In its bright red and cream colored jacket, Post's Bran Chocolate is the favorite of the candy counter. Ask daddy to bring home a pocketful tonight or better still order a whole carton for the household.

Grownups are just as fond of it as children. Important, too, it contains less fats and sugar.

Everywhere, 5 cents.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post's Bran Chocolate. CANADIAN ADDRESS. *Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.*



Only 5¢ at all candy counters

Dealer's Note: *If you have not received your stock of Post's Bran Chocolate write to Post Products Company, Inc., Postum Building, New York.*

everybody every day *eat*

Post's BRAN CHOCOLATE

a delicious health confection

© P. C. Co., 1926

(Continued from Page 42

being done every day by breweries the country over. Occasionally, indeed, they are caught and fined, or enjoined, or padlocked; and less occasionally the owners are sent to prison. But still the beer flows merrily on and out and over the thirsty countryside.

The bootleg breweries have two things against them, as we have seen—the bulk of their product and the necessity of more or less open manufacture. But they have many things in their favor. First, they have a more tepid public opinion, augmented by the tacit support of the beer and wine damps. Second, they have an enforcement law which is more hole than doughnut. Third, they do not have to cope with the Customs and the Coast Guard which capture part of their ingredients—if you had to smuggle hops there would be far less beer; and lastly, they have an espionage and corruption system which compares favorably with the organizations of the great international liquor rings themselves.

The high-powered brewers have large property rights in huge and obvious buildings—wherein they differ radically from their bootlegger brethren. To operate these great properties clandestinely requires both organization and protection. It is possible to conceive of bootleg liquor made and distributed without the knowledge of any of the authorities, but—to state the thing restrainedly—the continued operation of an unlawful brewery necessarily presupposes bribery and corruption somewhere along the line.

So much in general. Now for the operating detail of a crooked brewery. We'll assume an average amount of political and police connivance, an average percentage of dishonest cops, prohibition agents and railroad men and an average dampish apathy on the part of the judicial and prosecuting machinery.

We get the gang together, slip a fat bunch of grands to some leader of the bootleg bar, and let him incorporate us as the Pure Ice Water and Bottling Corporation. Then we bid in a defunct-brewery site, hire a brew master, join the protective trust, and we are ready to go. All we need now is a few spools of barbed wire and a bunch of trustworthy guerrillas to guard the plant itself—the protective association takes care of all the outside espionage and tipping-off. Since we are going to operate wildcat, which is to say without any permit at all, we've already made our shipping arrangements.

Storming the Beer Baron's Castle

THEN back to the brewery to open up, but working only on the days that have been allotted to us. First of all we turn out a few barrels of near beer to be left ostentatiously in the racking room, which is the place where the barrels are filled. After this courteous concession to Volsteadian proprieties, we open up in earnest with high-powered. As soon as the beer is barreled, it is rushed from the racking rooms to the trucks, the guerrilla screen is thrown out to clear the neighborhood and the trucks themselves are dispatched, usually on a carefully disarranged schedule.

But we can escape even the commonplace risk of letting our trucks be seen leaving the building; that is, if we are rich enough and ingenious enough. Like a certain concern, we can load the trucks in our own subcellar, drive them through a tunnel in the hills, and have them emerge from a garage set against the side of a small mountain at a most convincing distance away from any brewery at all.

What Most Drinkers Want, Most of the Time, is an Intoxicant, Not an Alcoholic Beverage

But this tunnel business, which was due to the accident of genius and geography, is not open to most of us. For ourselves, being an average brewery, we use only average precautions. If we have a tower, which seems to be as inevitable on a brewery as a steeple on a church, we probably install a red flash light to warn our incoming empties against the presence of suspicious characters. In this case the motorcycle patrol of the protective association will have telephoned in to us from miles away, or they will have flashed the signal from push buttons set into telegraph poles by the roadside.

Even should the Federal officers make a dash by automobile, they are unlikely to get very close without our knowing it. For if they get by the outlying pickets and mounted patrols, if they penetrate all the defenses, if they arrive at the very gates of the brewery armed with search warrants, those gates will be closed, and the high, unscalable, barbed-wire-topped fences will stand them off—stand them off for a time at least, while our gangster gunmen argue and bully and fight them, if need be.

But if we are operating pure wildcat, with any considerable amount of H. P. in our vats and with no dealcoholizing license, things are going to go badly with us unless our money man is on hand with a very real roll of very real money—in which case he may offer a young fortune for a few hours' delay—in one case it was $300,000—to switch the captured samples from real beer to near beer. The agent's salary was $1860 a year. He turned down the $300,000 and brought in the brewery. Yes, things are going to go badly with us if an honest agent once gets inside, if we are wildcatting and if we have our vats full. We can delay things long enough to dump a few barrels of beer, but it takes many hours to empty the great vats.

Therefore, although we may be pretty well intrenched politically and although we are physically impregnable to anything short of search warrants plus machine guns, nevertheless we like to operate as unobtrusively as possible. Our men come and go to work through passages to other buildings, sometimes even through tunnels under the street. The windows are barred and shaded, and we try to avoid having smoke issue from the chimneys except at night. The whole place looks deserted and dead, though it may be running full blast. The wildcat brewery is a feudal castle at bay. But when they do get caught, they are more likely to stay caught than their trickier brethren, the cereal-beverage makers.

The cereal-beverage cheaters rely less on strong-arm methods and more on headwork. They operate under government license as dealcoholizers. This means that they are allowed to make real beer, but they must boil the alcohol out of it before it leaves the brewery. Now there are certain temperaments, not wholly confined to criminal circles perhaps, to whom it is something of a sacrilege to treat beer in this way. Whatever the reason, there seem to be brew masters who become absent-minded when the dealcoholizing time comes around, with the result that the racking arms and hose swing from the high-powered tanks direct to the barrels.

Too Near Beer

IF A GOVERNMENT inspector happens in during one of these amnesia periods, there is a lot of explaining to do. That is why they always leave a few barrels of unmistakable .5 per cent lying around. The near-beer maker doesn't expect an unexpected inspector any more than does the wildcatter—he, too, expects to be tipped off. But he's got to let the inspector in. He can't put up a guerrilla fight or make a long delay. If he's been filling barrels from his real-beer vats, he's got to dump those barrels pronto, run the H. P. out of the hoses and switch them over to his dealcoholized vats—and all before the inquisitive inspector has time to get to the racking room and grab a sample. Many an agent has walked into a racking room with the floor wet with real beer, but not a drop of anything in filling hose or racking machine or barrel except the devitalized .5 per cent.

The point is that a licensed dealcoholizer has a perfect right to make real beer; in fact he has to make real beer before he can make near beer. But he has no right to put real beer in shipping barrels, or to have it in any part of the barrel-filling apparatus.

(Continued on Page 129)

The Commercial Wineries Have Decreased, While the Consumption of Grapes Has Actually Increased

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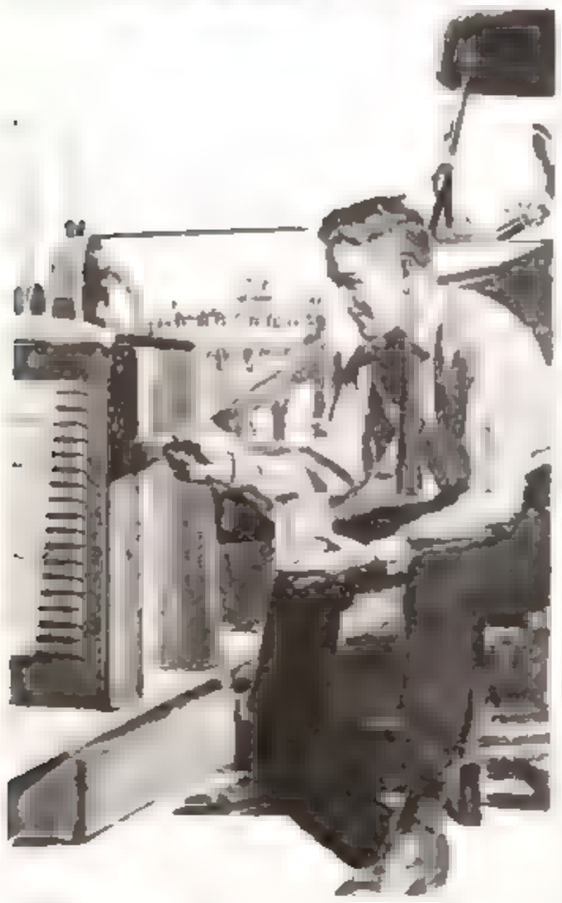

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MERCY, MONSIEUR!

(Continued from Page 29)

that followed, Mr. Slappey commenced to see that the task he had undertaken was of greater proportions than he thought. One week after the first lesson Florian raised a harried countenance to his perspiring instructor.

"This French language," he announced, "ain't got no sense."

"How come not?"

"'Tain't reasomble. Where at they git the sense of ev'ything bein' mens and wimmins? You says my hand is a lady. Now you know dawg-gone good an' well my hand is a gentleman."

"Not in France it ain't."

"My hand ain't gwine change just 'cause I goes to France, is it? If it's a man hand heah it's a man hand there. An' besides, 'tain't neither he nor she. It's it. An' I says that we ought to make up a word fo' it."

Ebenezer pondered the problem. "Tain't such a bad idea, Florian. Then us don't have to bother so much 'bout what sex words is. 'Course it ain't good French."

"'Tain't how good my French is, Brother Sneed—it's how much I learns."

"Well, le's us git busy. 'Cause if we don't you ain't gwine learn nothin'—an' you'll mos' likely forgit that."

The adoption of a neuter pronoun helped Florian considerably, but even yet he encountered terrific obstacles. When ten days had passed he threw down his book in disgust.

"It just ain't no use, Ebenezer. French never was meant fo' no cullud folks."

"Shuh! Florian—look at me."

"Lookin' at you don't git me nowhere. Besides, you lived in France most th'ee years."

"You is learnin' pretty good."

"Yah! An' what does I learn?" Florian paced the room furiously. "I can ast 'Has he met his niece in the street?' An' I can say 'The hawss of the officer is at the door of the church.' Where at does it git me? They ain't one single niece goin' with us an' the only officer we takes is Orifice Latimer, an' was I ever to tell him that his hawss was at the door he'd die of bein' scared.

"Also, a heap of good it does me to learn 'What is the price of this inkstand?' and 'I have not seen that lady's handwritin'.' Why don't you learn me sensible things? This ain't gittin' me nowhere."

Ebenezer was somewhat peeved. "You got to start at the bottom."

"Yeh! But you don't have to dig a hole so's the bottom is way farther down."

"Ain't I tol' you, you coul'n't learn French in two weeks?"

Florian shook his head. "There ain't but one thing fo' me to do then."

"Give up the job?"

"Give up nothin'. Reckon you ain't feemiliar with Mistuh Florian Slappey. I got to learn lots of French in the next couple days. Now, wait a minute! I know just what you is gwine say. You is fixin' to 'splain that it ain't possible. An' you would be right, 'ceptin' that you has been makin' a mistake."

Florian leaned his hands on the other's shoulders and gazed deep into his eyes.

"Ebenezer, I 'preciate ev'ything what you has been doin' fo' me, an' I ain't sayin' that you ain't got plenty sense. But you has been wastin' time. Instead of teachin' me French, you has been learnin' me what French means."

"But Florian, you got to know ——"

"I ain't got to know nothin' but how to speak it."

"But does I just teach you words, you won't know what you is sayin'."

"An' neither will anybody else on the Midnight lot, will they? It'll sound good, won't it? When you utters a whole lot of them language, do I know what you says? I sholy does not. Does I know is you right or wrong? No, suh! But you says lots of words an' you says 'em fast an' I gits the idea that you is right. Does you foller me?"

The ghost of a smile decorated Mr. Sneed's lips.

"You mean all I should do is teach you sentences in French which you don't care what they mean?"

"Uh-huh. But I got to say 'em fast."

"An' you figgers that Orifice Latimer an' the others ain't gwine know that you don't know nothin'?"

"Ezackly! Is you willin'?"

"Man, tha's easy! I reckon I can put words in yo' haid as easy as they can be put on a phonygraph record."

And thereupon study started in earnest. Subject matter ceased to be of importance; masculine and feminine nouns lost their terrors. Florian labored for style and speed and he acquired both with amazing rapidity. By the following night he could rattle French phrases as well as his instructor.

"Tha's it, Florian! You is goin' good. But git it faster. An' move them shoulders. Now lemme heah you!"

"*N'êtes vous pas malade non mais je suis fatigué avez vous je n'ai pas un verre d'eau oui mamsell comprenez vous s'il vous plaît* ——"

"Gimme action, Florian! You is slowin' up. Us got to have speed."

Mr. Slappey accelerated. "*Donnez moi l'écriture les hommes sont grands je suis tu es il est nous sommes vous êtes elles sont* ——"

"Faster! An' louder!"

"*Je ne suis pas ils ne sont pas sommes nous oui madame merci voulez vous s'il vous plaît sont-elles une tasse de café* ——"

"Move them shoulders!"

"*Le facteur apporte une lettre voulez vous s'il vous plaît messieu' gare du Nord je n'ai pas pourquoi avez vous parlé n'ont-ils pas trouvés nous hommes nesspah avez de la bière?*"

"Bravo!" Ebenezer applauded loudly. "Florian, you gits better an' better. Almost you sounds like you is makin' sense. But yet you ain't got enough speed. Tha's what impresses 'em. Let them words come out like you was crazy to git rid of 'em. Now, start over."

Florian tensed his muscles. He puckered his brow and started again:

"*N'êtes vous pas non mais je suis* ——"

Two days later Messrs. Florian Slappey and Ebenezer Sneed visited the lot of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Those of the employes not working were consulting steamship folders and tour catalogues. There was an air of impatient expectancy and of sheer good humor.

Near the stage, where Eddie Fizz was shooting a few retakes on the latest Glorious Watts picture, stood President Orifice R. Latimer and Director J. Cæsar Clump. They were engaged in deep and earnest conversation, and toward their vicinity Florian steered his friend.

They stopped within earshot of the two officials, and at a signal from Florian, Mr. Sneed fired a volley of French questions concerning the motion-picture industry. The staccato phrases fell upon the ears of Orifice Latimer, and that gentleman turned quickly to see what manner of colored man this was to exude foreign words so freely.

But before Orifice had recovered from his amazement he received the surprise of his life. Without looking at his president, without the turn of a hair, but with many expressive shrugs and shivers, Mr. Florian Slappey, of Birmingham, Alabama, responded in French which was casual, easy, rapid, impressive and senseless. Ebenezer listened attentively, then bobbed his head in affirmation. He spoke again in French and Florian interrupted to tell him that the horses of the officers were at the door of the church, *s'il vous plaît*. Mr. Sneed took his cue, and for ten minutes a verbal battle was waged amid wild gesticulation, Parisian shrugs and enormous indifference to the spellbound audience.

Eventually Florian and Ebenezer ceased their wild argument in French. Florian had splattered forth a mass of French phrases and sentences utterly disconnected and meaningless, but they had sounded as wonderful as Ebenezer's speedy and idiomatic speech.

President Orifice R. Latimer moved forward dazedly. He was pop-eyed.

"Florian," he hazarded, "what kind of foolishment was you-all speechifyin'?"

"French," returned Mr. Slappey languidly. "My friend heah prefers that language." He performed the honors. "Mistuh Sneed, meet President Latimer. President Latimer, this is Ebenezer Sneed fum Knoxville an' Paris."

Orifice shook hands limply. "Golla, how you-all does spill them words! What do they mean?"

"Florian was 'splainin' to me somethin' 'bout the movin'-pitcher business. An' I an' he got into an argument."

"Man! You sounded like you was gwine fight."

"Ain't it the truth? French does kind of sound thataway when you ain't a real expert like Mistuh Slappey heah."

"Florian," accused Latimer, "you never tol' me you could talk French."

"Shuh, Orifice—I don't go 'round all the time boastin' 'bout what I can do. An' I don't talk French usual. It's only when somebody who can *parlez vous* comes along that I turns loose. Now Mistuh Sneed, he lived in France two yeahs after the war an' he 'preciates how Frenchmens ought to talk."

"I know. But cullud folks don't sound nachel talkin' thataway."

Florian shrugged. "You is gwine heah all kinds of folks talkin' such when you git to Europe."

He bowed and walked off with his friend. Orifice and J. Cæsar stared after them.

"Well, I'll be everlastin'ly blowed up! Think of Florian knowin' French! Seems like that feller knows ev'ything."

Orifice was worried. "Does ev'ybody over where we is goin' talk thataway?"

"Uh-huh. Some of them talks wuss. But they say that if you understan's French, you gits along pretty good anywhere."

"Dawg-gone! That kind of makes me think."

Meanwhile Mr. Slappey and his friend were convulsed with mirth.

"Hot ziggity dam! Ebenezer, it suttinly worked."

"Ain't you tootin'? That man thinks you is the best French talker in the world."

"Well, I ain't so bad." Then he frowned. "What was I sayin'?"

"Nothin'—an' lots of it. But you was sayin' it fast an' tha's all what counts."

That night Florian took another lesson. He learned to drip more meaningless words and sentences. And the following morning he visited the lot again with his friend.

Orifice was watching for their arrival. Mr. Latimer had put in a long session of thought during the preceding night. This language business was something which had not previously occurred to him. There was vast need for an interpreter with the company. Orifice knew that they would indeed be strangers in a strange land. There would be multitudinous business arrangements to be made, rates to be arranged, transportation from point to point to be purchased. He was thinking precisely along the lines that Florian had intended.

The pair sauntered by the executive building. Florian waved an insouciant hand.

"*Bon joor, Monsieur Latimer*," he greeted.

"'Lo, Florian. Howdy, Mistuh Sneed."

"*Merci, Monsieur Presidente*."

"Uh-huh." Orifice joined them and they strolled toward the set where Cæsar Clump was busy directing Welford Potts.

News of Florian's latest display had been bruited about the lot and instantly a small crowd ganged about Mr. Slappey and the

(Continued on Page 48)

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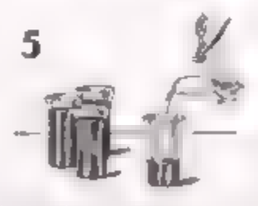

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(Continued from Page 46

stranger. For several minutes they conversed idly in English, and then quite suddenly, unexpectedly and impressively, Ebenezer fired a question at Florian in French.

Florian smiled and shrugged.

"*Quel est cet homme,*" he responded.

"*Ah-h-h, monsieur,*" protested Mr. Sneed, and proceeded to lay down a terrific barrage.

Florian listened indifferently. Once he interrupted to remark that he had not received a parcel by the post, but he had received two letters from Paris *s'il vous plait*, and when Ebenezer appeared to resent this Florian whirled on President Latimer.

"Ain't I right, Orifice?" he asked harshly.

"'Bout what, Florian?"

"What I was tellin' him 'bout the correck way of makin' pitchers?"

"I don't know, Brother Slappey. What you was sayin' sounded like French to me."

"Oh!" The monosyllable was withering. "I disremembered that you don't understan' French."

It was a crushing, impressive blow. Orifice was too dazed to be other than humble.

"There's so many words," he confided, "an' they say so little."

All afternoon Florian and Ebenezer circulated about the lot. Once Orifice cornered Mr. Sneed alone.

"Does Florian honest speak French good?"

"Man! He's one of the goodest speakers I ever has heard."

"An' you knows enough to know is he right?"

"Shuh! President Latimer, I lived in France th'ee yeahs."

"An' you'd know was Florian misspeakin'?"

"Sholy I would. They ain't nothin' 'bout France an' French I don't know."

"I see." Orifice walked off thoughtfully and Ebenezer gleefully sought out Florian to report the interview. Mr. Slappey was exultant.

"It's workin'," he raved. "Man alive! I guess I does somethin' mo' with my brains than just have headaches. Ise gwine git me that job—an' I ain't gwine ask fo' it neither. Orifice is gwine come to me. Ebenezer, you has done noble—an' you gits a bonus the minute I signs up with these folks. Ise tellin' you."

The following day Florian and his friend were very Frenchily in evidence. A frenzy pervaded the lot. The last negatives had been completed. Midnight was in the throes of shutting down in preparation for a five months' absence. But wherever Florian went he was followed by a gaping and admiring crowd. Mastery of the French language was a considerable accomplishment at the moment, and those who were preparing to depart for Europe made it quite plain that they considered Florian a most remarkable person.

At four o'clock that afternoon President Orifice R. Latimer came to the door of his office and beckoned to Florian and his friend. They sauntered toward the presidential sanctum, jabbering furiously. Florian was vastly excited; instinct told him that the great moment of his triumph had arrived.

"Just keep a-talkin', Ebenezer. An' listen at me like I was really sayin' somethin'. Ise gwine have this fat ol' buzzard eatin' out of my hand."

J. Cæsar Clump was in the office and also Lawyer Evans Chew. Their faces were set and stern and determined. They glanced at Florian and Ebenezer and then at Orifice Latimer. That gentleman cleared his throat, fiddled with a cigar—and spoke.

"Mistuh Sneed," he questioned, gazing straight into the eyes of the gentleman from Knoxville and Paris, "you know, of course, that us is preparin' to exodust fo' Europe. Is it yo' honest opinion that we need to carry with us an interpreter?"

Ebenezer smiled and nodded.

"*Oui!*" he answered.

Florian frowned and kicked his friend.

"Where at you git that 'we' stuff?"

"That means 'yes,'" whispered Ebenezer. He returned Orifice's stare. "An interpreter is the most val'able thing you-all should have. In fack, you coul'n't git along nohow without one."

"I see." Latimer was thoughtful. "We has been doin' a heap of cogitatin' 'bout this proposition, Mistuh Sneed, an' we agrees with you. Therefore, I rises to ask whether you will accept the position of interpreter an' sail fo' Europe with us?"

The heavens cracked and dropped on the head of Mr. Florian Slappey. He stood rigidly, eyes popping, jaw sagging. Then the room whirled before his eyes and he clutched a chair for support.

He couldn't believe that his ears had not betrayed him. Was it possible that the interpreter's job was being offered to Ebenezer Sneed? As from a great distance he heard the startled question of the Knoxville gentleman.

"You mean me?" queried Ebenezer.

"Uh-huh. You."

"B-b-b-but ——"

"You has lived in France an' you speaks French elegant. Us needs an expert an' ——"

Mr. Ebenezer Sneed was beginning to get his bearings. After all, he had done his part more than adequately. He had taught well and acted superbly. And he very much craved to see France again.

Here was unparalleled luck; a gift which benign gods were tossing into his lap, and though he felt excruciatingly sorry for Mr. Slappey, he was of no mind to spurn this glittering opportunity.

"Does you accept, or don't you?" inquired the president.

"I accepts!"

"Oh, Lawsy!" Florian sank weakly into the chair. His thoughts were chaotic. His head wabbled; his eyes were glassy. "Orifice, is you gwine take this man all the way to Europe with you?"

"Yeh."

Florian clasped his forehead and lurched from the room. He seated himself in the sunlight and stared at nothing.

Here indeed was disaster beside which every other catastrophe in the history of the world was as nothing. He had spent much money and invested quantities of effort—for this. Ebenezer Sneed was going—and with him, Florian's last chance.

How long Florian sat there he never knew. But eventually the door opened and Ebenezer emerged.

It was not the same Mr. Sneed who had entered as the friend of Mr. Slappey. It was a prideful and strutty person, exuding prominence. Florian laid a hand on his arm.

"Ebenezer," he groaned, "you ain't really gwine to accept, is you?"

"Why, suttinly," retorted Mr. Sneed bleakly. "I kinder craves a job like this."

"But you is doin' me dirt!"

"I ain't doin' nobody dirt." Ebenezer was very positive. "I come to Bumminham an' done ev'ything you ast me. An' I has played fair. I could of tol' President Latimer that you don't know no French."

"You coul'n't."

"How come not?"

"'Cause you tol' him I knew it. An' was you to tell him now that you was untrue, he woul'n't know could you speak French yo'se'f."

"Tha's right." Ebenezer nodded slowly. "I ain't gwine give you away, Florian. An' Ise sorry you ain't gwine with us."

Florian was angry. The man before him had been metamorphosed. He was insulting and overbearing. His manner was that of a well-fed chicken toward a lowly worm. He spoke as from a superior height.

"You is kind of enthusiastic about yo'se'f, ain't you, Ebenezer?"

"Oh, I has knowed wuss fellers than me." Mr. Sneed toyed with the buttons on his vest. "There ain't many pursons could of come in fum Knoxville a couple of weeks ago an' stepped right into a job of goin' to Europe. I figure Ise gwine be ve'y val'able to this company in mo' ways than speakin' the language. I can he'p 'em make pitchers an' ——"

"Ow!" Florian danced up and down. "You is just like ev'ybody else. Git you a li'l' luck an' you right away bite the hand that scratches you."

"Monsieur Slappey! Kin'ly restrain yo'se'f. I don't crave to stan' heah an' listen to traducements fum such as you. As a member of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., I invites you to keep yo' mouf shut."

Florian ceased. His eyes turned green and he stared into the eyes of his erstwhile friend. His gaze was level and intransigently hostile.

"Ise movin' away fum heah, Mistuh Sneed, an' Ise doin' it quick, 'cause if I remains in yo' vicinity just one minute longer you is gwine happen to a terrible accident, an' I don't crave to go to jail fo' killin' nothin'."

Florian whirled and moved majestically away. He was bitter against Ebenezer—not for accepting the position, but for assuming lordly and superior airs. Mr. Sneed was strutting around like he owned the place. And he had dared to become supercilious toward Florian. Mr. Slappey found himself lying in the very middle of the slough of despond.

"No matter how terrible is the things which happens to me," he mourned, "they always gits worse."

Just now it appeared that the ultimate depths had been plumbed. It was bad enough to have been left behind in the first place, but then to have engineered a magnificent coup and to have had it work with reverse English was almost more than Florian could bear.

And Ebenezer was patronizing him! Sneering at him!

Perhaps it was that Mr. Sneed felt he had taken undue advantage of the situation, perhaps his conscience was troublesome. The fact remained that he did not relish Florian's society and therefore made himself decidedly unpleasant toward the prostrated Mr. Slappey.

Florian was desperate and game. He refused to abandon hope, even at this late date when everyone was in a fury of packing. He gloomed about the streets of Birmingham, a figure of solitary melancholy.

But the day before the departure of the company for New York, Mr. Slappey swung onto the lot. He was faultlessly garbed in pale gray and he jauntily flirted a light malacca cane. His hat was set at a rakish angle and he wore a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. J. Cæsar Clump smiled a greeting. Cæsar was fond of Florian and hated to see him left in Birmingham.

"Lookin' good this mawnin', Florian."

"Ise feelin' good too."

"Got any money?"

"Nope. But I overflows with ambition."

Florian walked into the private office of President Orifice R. Latimer. Mr. Latimer tensed himself for an unpleasant scene, but there was no unpleasantness forthcoming. Florian chatted lightly of current topics, presented Orifice with a fragrant panetela and stated frankly that he envied him the trip to Europe.

"Ise sorry I can't take you along, Florian; awful sorry, but ——"

"Tha's all right, Orifice. If you can't you can't, an' they ain't no use turnin' the tables on spilt milk."

"You sholy is a good spoht."

"I tries to be. An' I ain't got nothin' but the best feelin's fo' ev'ybody. Even Ebenezer Sneed."

Latimer felt guilty. It would have been better had Florian been resentful.

"We had to take Mistuh Sneed."

"Sholy you did. I just hopes he makes out all right."

"What you mean, 'makes out'?"

"With his French."

Orifice frowned. "I don't git what at you is drivin', Florian."

"I ain't drivin' at nothin'. I was just sayin' that I hopes Ebenezer gits his words right when he gits to Europe."

(Continued on Page 51)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 48)

"Florian Slappey, what does you mean? Don't Ebenezer talk French good?"

"Shuah. He does fine—most of the time. Of course he gits twisted, but I don't reckon tha's gwine cost you much trouble." Mr. Slappey grinned genially. "It would be funny, though, if he was to buy somethin' fo' you in France an' when it was delivered it turned out to be somethin' else."

"How could that be?"

"'Tain't likely to happen. Mistuh Sneed is a good sort an' he means well. Most likely he's aimin' to do some studyin' on the language. But he suttinly does git his words mixed up."

Orifice was perturbed. "Golla! I ain't aimin' to take no interpreter along which don't even know the words. I never would of thought ——"

"He talks all right. But if you knowed anythin' 'bout French you'd understan' that most of what he says is foolishment. F'rinstance"—Florian enumerated on his fingers—"he calls a hat a *chapeau*. I has heard him a dozen times. Now you know without my 'splainin' that a *chapeau* is the house of a French nobleman. An' always he speaks of a hawss as a *cheval* when you know good an' well it's a looking-glass."

"Tha's right. I has heard of cheval mirrors."

"An' a church!" Florian laughed good-naturedly. "What you reckon he calls a church?"

"What?"

"*Église!*"

"No!"

"Uh-huh. Posolutely. Of course you know that a *église* is what an Eskimo lives in. An' you has heard of *porte*, ain't you?"

"Yeh. It's a kind of wine."

"Sholy—an' Ebenezer says it's a door. Them's the kind of mistakes he always makes. Of course, me bein' such a good languager, I git what at he is drivin', but the chances are them Frenchmens won't."

President Latimer paced the room. "If I believed you was right, Florian ——"

"What?"

"I'd take you with us instead of Mistuh Sneed."

"Tha's easy found out—an' you don't have to mention my name."

"How?"

"I'll write out a list of words an' I'll write just what Ebenezer will call each one of them. Like for instance I'll put—'church—*église*.' That means when you asts him what is a church, he'll say *église*. An' that'll prove to you that what I says is true."

"Do it!" Orifice was all for immediate action. "You write out that list an' I gits Ebenezer."

Twenty minutes later Florian completed his task. It had been a tortuous job and had required every particle of Florian's limited vocabulary. Then Mr. Slappey vanished.

Orifice arranged the list on his desk so that he could refer to it without his visitor suspecting what was happening. Ebenezer answered the summons jauntily. Latimer bade him be seated.

"I wishes to know how good you understan's French words, Brother Sneed, befo' us signs the formal contrack. So I asks you a few words in English an' see can you give me the correck French word for same."

"Fine! I can convince you positive that I knows 'em all."

"Good. What is the French word fo' church?"

"*Église*," came the prompt answer

"Hawss?"

"*Cheval*."

Latimer was annoyed. The man seemed utterly ignorant of the French language and blandly unconscious of his ignorance.

"Hat?"

"*Chapeau*."

"Door?"

"*Porte*."

Orifice's annoyance was turning into anger. Why, he had been within an ace of employing this impostor as interpreter, and leaving behind the cultured Mr. Slappey. He glanced again at Florian's labored list.

"House?"

"*Maison*."

"Books?"

"*Livres*."

The president of Midnight was almost overcome with anger. His voice snapped harshly across the room.

"I asks you just one mo', Mistuh Sneed. Just one. What is the French word fo' father?"

"*Père*," came the instant response.

Its effect on Latimer was electric. "Pair?" he shouted in a frenzy. "'Zif I don't know what a pair is. Git out of heah! Git out! Ise finished an' done with you. You is an impostor an' a fake!"

"B-b-b-but, President Latimer, all them answers was right."

"Yah! Tha's what you says, but you don't know nothin'. Ise s'prised at yo' nerve. Git out befo' I lights on you an' messes you all over this clean office. Git!"

Orifice's massive figure started forward in a frenzy of belligerence, and Ebenezer beat a hasty and discreet retreat.

Florian witnessed the rout. He strolled idly by and Ebenezer clutched his arm.

"Brother Slappey," he begged, "come on along with me an' tell this man somethin' ——"

Mr. Slappey brushed him aside. "I ain't good enough fo' you to 'sociate with," he remarked coldly, "an' if Orifice is sore at you I sholy advise that you separates yo'se'f fum this vicinity in a hurry. He's pizen when he starts."

At that moment Latimer appeared in the dooway. At sight of Mr. Sneed he bellowed and started forward.

Ebenezer took one look at the advancing figure, picked up his feet and departed. Orifice pulled up panting alongside of Florian.

"Gosh!" he breathed. "That man don't know nothin'. An' when I think how close us came to takin' him along. Florian, how 'bout you signin' up as interpreter fo' us? I pays you the salary you gits now an' five dollars a week extra plus all espenses."

"Well," Florian was somewhat doubtful, "we'll kind of talk it over."

A half hour later the contract was signed and the name of Mr. Florian Slappey had been formally and officially appended to the list of those comprising the Midnight European party. Latimer exuded relief and good cheer.

"Us goes downtown an' gits us a swell feed, Florian—just to celebrate."

"Ise willin'."

They visited the best colored restaurant in Birmingham and settled themselves comfortably.

The waiter recognized them and hovered obsequiously over the table.

Orifice was very well pleased with himself. He rubbed the palms of his hands together and beamed upon Florian. And then, from the dim recesses of his brain, he conscripted the only French phrase with which he was familiar. He did not know what it meant, but he wished to show Mr. Slappey that he was not entirely unintelligent.

"An' now," he boomed, "*cherchez la femme!*"

Florian experienced a moment of paralyzing fear. A French phrase—and from Orifice. Florian had no idea what had been said and he was terrified lest Orifice discover his deception.

Mr. Florian Slappey did some high-speed thinking.

Then he smiled and turned to the hovering waiter.

"Boy," he ordered confidently, "make it two!"

TWO ELEGANT MULES

(Continued from Page 23)

day for two months, and most of us didn't even have enough money to buy the cheap stuff.

When we first got there, even Dan seemed to be broke. As nobody had any money, there was no crap games going on, and his main source of income was cut off.

But about seven o'clock in the evening of our fourth day in town, Dan came into the billet where me and Henry and a bird called Charlie Hiner lived.

"I got money," he said. "Let's go down and have a little party."

So we all tracked down to the *Gasthaus*, and Dan bought two big bottles of the finest wine they had. It was swell stuff. And when he paid for it, he showed us a roll of five hundred marks. In them days a mark was worth almost as much as a franc, and a franc was about fifteen cents.

"Holy Moses," said Henry, "you got a regular young fortune. Where did it come from?"

But Dan didn't seem to want to tell. He talked about everything else, but never a word about where he got his cash. So we sat around and drank the wine and ate some little cakes they brought us, and had the first pleasant evening we had spent in a long, long time.

The next day there was great excitement and enough rumors and gossip to keep everybody talking all through breakfast. It seems that the two big mules that had pulled the kitchen was gone. Sometime during the night they had just disappeared, vanished and melted away. Apparently Dan had put them in their stable on one of the little side streets at five in the evening, and the stable sergeant had seen them at six, when he made his rounds. But in the morning their stalls was empty and nobody seemed to have any idea what had become of them.

After breakfast we seen the guard march down into the little side street and round up the old German that owned the stable, and all the Germans that lived near by. Later we heard that the captain—who spoke German—had hollered at them and threatened them all morning. But he couldn't get anything out of them, so about noon he let them go and reported to the colonel. A general alarm was sent out, but for almost a week nothing was heard of the lost mules.

Finally, one day when I was on telephone duty at the captain's P. C., there came a message from the commanding officer of a battery in a place called Kliding about ten kilometers away. He reported that two mules answering our description had been found in his town. Right away the captain sent for the stable sergeant and three or four men and drove away with them in a reconnaissance car. In an hour the captain came back alone with the chauffeur, and told Lieutenant Baird, who was the officer of the day, to arrest Private Daniel Miller and bring him up at once. Two of the guards went out and returned with Dan. And at about the same time, I happened to look out the window and seen the stable sergeant and his men arriving with the two lost mules and a very scared-looking German civilian.

The German was brought in, and he and Dan were stood up at one side of the room with guards all around them. The German was a nice-looking old bozo, but he acted awful nervous. Dan stood there perfectly cool and collected, and looked at the captain and Lieutenant Baird as innocent as an angel.

I was sitting at the far end of the room in front of the telephone switchboard, but I could see and hear everything that went on. The captain asked the old man a few questions in German, and the old German pointed to Dan, nodded his head and said "*Ja, Ja.*" The captain then asked him a

Watch This Column

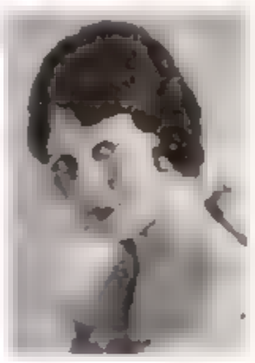
YOUTH *and* BEAUTY

Universal is always on the lookout for new talent, new faces and new beauty for its pictures, and among the recent discoveries is a quartette of young people who are rich in promise and who will be given every possible chance to develop.

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, piquant and charming, who won her first laurels in *"His People"*, will soon be seen in the leading role of *"The Runaway Express"*, a spectacular railway drama based on the story by Frank Spearman.

JUNE MARLOWE will attract much attention not alone by her pure type of American beauty, but also by her acting in *"The Old Soak"*, from the famous play by Don Marquis.



JUNE MARLOWE

RAYMOND KEANE, who won golden comments as the young lieutenant in Universal's great spectacle of the Russian Imperial Court, *"The Midnight Sun"*, will appear in Richard Barry's big naval drama, *"The Big Gun."*

RAYMOND KEANE

GEORGE LEWIS, who jumped into prominence in a day in *"His People"*, will play one of the leading roles in *"The Old Soak"*. I confidently predict brilliant futures for these young people and am glad to be the one to give them their first big opportunity. Keep your eye on them.

"The Flaming Frontier" is a "hit—a palpable hit" and is playing to great crowds at the Colony Theatre on Broadway, New York. It is American in every sense and brings back to mind and eye that gallant hero, Gen. George Custer, and his courageous men.

GEORGE LEWIS

Be sure to see REGINALD DENNY in his comedy hits, *"Skinner's Dress Suit"* and *"What Happened to Jones."* Watch for HOUSE PETERS in *"Combat"*, a spectacular drama of the North woods. And write me your opinion of all of these, please.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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lot more questions and he replied. He seemed to be very excited and scared, but I ain't no German scholar, so I couldn't understand what they said.

Then the captain looked at Dan and said, "Miller, do you understand German?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Did you understand what this man has just said?"

"Not exactly, sir."

"Well," said the captain, "this man is Karl Plotz, and he was discovered today in possession of the two mules which disappeared last week. We have accused him of stealing them, and he says that he bought them in perfect good faith for five hundred marks, and he claims that you are the man that sold them to him. Have you anything to say about it?"

Dan seemed mildly surprised. "Did he say he bought them mules off me?" he asked.

"That's what he said."

"Well, sir," said Dan pleasantly, "I guess he's telling the truth. Come to think of it, I did sell him those mules. And the price, if I remember right, was exactly five hundred marks."

The captain put on one of them ferocious looks that officers always use when bawling out privates.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that it is a very serious offense for a soldier to sell government property?"

"But, captain," said Dan, looking very much hurt, "them mules wasn't government property."

"What do you mean?"

"Them two mules was my own personal property. I got them down near Commercy and I was just lending them to the Army during the long hike. But now that we are all settled down for the winter and don't need them as much as we did, I decided I would like to find a good home for them. They are such lovely, beautiful mules, and I was so fond of them that I couldn't bear to see them kept in such a dark, damp stable and handled by stable police that has no sympathy for them. So I sold them to this nice German gentleman, who understands mules perfectly and will give them a fine home, and ——"

"That will do, Miller," said the captain, very severe. "It's a most ingenious story, but it won't get you anywhere."

"It's true, sir," said Dan. "Those mules was my own personal property. You can ask Lieutenant Baird."

"Do you know anything about this, Baird?" asked the captain.

"Yes," said Baird. "While we were still at Commercy, I was down at the picket line one day, and Private Miller appeared with these two mules, which he said he had found wandering loose on the road. As we couldn't find out what outfit they belonged to and as we were short of animals, we used them to pull the kitchen."

"That doesn't alter the fact that this man is guilty of selling government property," said the captain. "These mules originally belonged to some American outfit; and they were lost and came into our possession. The fact that Private Miller found them on the road and brought them in has nothing to do with the ownership of them. They were government property then and they are government property now."

"Pardon me, sir," said Dan to the captain respectfully, "but them mules never was government property. Them mules is French mules."

"Nonsense," said the captain. "The French don't have mules like that."

"I know they don't usually, sir. I was born and brought up with mules myself in Missouri, and it certainly is true that these animals look like real, good, old-fashioned Missouri mules. Possibly they was born in Missouri and brought over to France in their early youth. I don't know about that, but I do know that when I got them they belonged to a Frenchman."

"How do you know?"

"Well, sir, I bought them off of the Frenchman myself."

"Listen, Miller," said the captain, "I don't want to be any harder on you than I have to, but I must warn you that all these lies you are telling will only make it worse for you. I'm afraid I will have to prefer charges against you and hold you for trial by the summary court."

"But, captain," said Dan with as frank and innocent an expression as I ever seen, "everything I have told you is absolutely true. Honest, it is."

"First," said the captain, "you said you found these mules wandering loose in the road, and now you say you bought them from a Frenchman. Which of these stories is true?"

"Both of them."

"Explain," said the captain.

"It is really perfectly simple. Everything I have told you is gospel truth. I found them beautiful mules wandering around on the road near Commercy. They both had halter ropes on them, so I caught them and started leading them along the road, looking for their owner. And then, pretty soon I seen approaching from the direction of Commercy a little old French cart. It had only two wheels and I remember that one of them squeaked a little like it needed grease. When the cart got abreast of me a little Frenchman with black whiskers got out and said that the mules belonged to him. It seems that he was a dealer in horses and other animals. These mules had got away from his stable in Commercy, and as they was very healthy and frisky they had run way out of town before he could catch up with them."

"It's a likely story," said the captain, very sarcastic. "But go on."

"That's what I thought myself, captain. I wasn't sure whether he was telling the truth or not, so I went back with him to Commercy, and we called on the chief of the gendarmes at the hôtel de ville. The chief also had whiskers, and he sent one of the gendarmes along with us, and we went down to this Frenchman's stable, where we checked up everything and found out that these mules belonged to the guy with the whiskers sure enough—I mean to the first guy with whiskers, that drove the little cart."

"And then you say you bought these animals from the Frenchman?"

"Yes, sir. By that time I had seen what wonderful mules they was, and I knew how much the battery needed them. So I just bought them, and they certainly done a swell job of pulling the kitchen all the way up here to Germany. They are marvelous fine animals."

"How much do you claim you paid for them?"

"Five hundred francs," said Dan. "So you see I lost money when I sold them up here. But I was glad to take the loss for the sake of getting them into such a good home with Mr. Plotz here."

"Where did you get the five hundred francs?"

"I've always saved my pay as much as I could, sir. I'm very careful that way."

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF CANADIAN [illegible]

The Unnamed Peaks, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

"What was the name of the Frenchman who sold you the mules?"

"I forget."

"A very interesting tale," said the captain, "but a little late. Why didn't you say anything about this when you first turned these animals over to the battery?"

"Well, sir," said Dan, suddenly looking at the floor kind of shy and timid, "I guess it must have been just my natural modesty. I wanted to help the battery all I could, but I didn't want to set up to be no big philanthropist. I was afraid the other men might kid me about it."

"It's no use, Miller," said the captain. "You can't expect us to believe any such fairy tale as this. Unless you can find some definite proof to back up your story I can't consider it seriously."

"Suppose I was to let you write to this Frenchman and he was to send you a bill of sale on these mules, would that be sufficient proof?"

"It would," said the captain. "But I can't write to him if you don't know his name."

"By the way," said Dan, his face lighting up like he had just been hit by an idea, "I believe that guy did give me a bill of sale." He started fishing around in all his pockets, and finally brought out an old dirty piece of paper, which he handed to the captain. The captain looked it over and handed it to Lieutenant Baird.

"Here, you know French; you read it for us," he said.

"It has a printed heading," said Baird, "that says, 'Georges Bonnel, Dealer in Horses, Commercy, France.' Further down there is a canceled revenue stamp and the words, 'Received of Monsieur Daniel Miller five hundred francs, in full payment for one pair of mules—signed Georges Bonnel.'"

"Does it look as if a Frenchman wrote it?" asked the captain.

"Yes, it's typical French script."

Dan smiled like he was very much pleased with himself. "Well, captain," he said, "I guess that lets me out."

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said the captain. "Lieutenant Baird, you will keep Private Miller and this German in confinement until I can make further investigation."

Dan's smile faded a bit, but he didn't say nothing. They all filed out except the captain, who remained at his desk and wrote out a telegram, which he had me take down to the battery clerk. But he sealed it up before he gave it to me, so I couldn't tell what was in it.

For several days Dan and Herr Plotz was cooped up in the old German building that was used as a guardhouse, but, finally, one night just after supper, when me and Henry was walking past the little *Gasthaus*, somebody called to us. We went in and found old Dan himself sitting at a table.

"We'll have a party," he said. "I still got plenty of money." And he ordered a couple of bottles of the best *Rheinwein*.

"How did you get loose?" asked Henry. "Did you bust out or did the captain let you out?"

"That captain," said Dan, "is a suspicious old cuss. You wouldn't believe it, but he actually had the gall to telegraph down to the M. P.'s at Commercy and ask them to check up my story with that French horse dealer. It was a low-down trick."

"It sure was," said Henry.

"I don't care so much about myself," said Dan, "but when I think about how the captain wanted to jerk them darling mules out of their new German home and take them away from that Mr. Plotz that loved them and understood them so well—when I think of that it pretty near makes me cry."

"Well, just what happened?" asked Henry. "Has the captain got a reply from Commercy?"

"He has," said Dan. "I guess the old horse dealer didn't want to run the risk of having to explain why he signed his name to a lie on that paper. Anyway, he backed me up in everything. So the captain had to let me off. And what is more, them lovely mules goes back to their nice new home with old man Plotz."

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THAT LAST INFIRMITY

(Continued from Page 40)

I insist on that." And the thing rested there, a tremendous obligation.

Mrs. Pell had for years been used to hearing her husband taken for granted as a charming failure. She had loathed it. Suddenly every day brought some new person saying how wonderful Mrs. McCarthy had found him, how efficient. Mr. Denin, through Aloysia's maneuvers, had him appointed to an office with a salary. Aloysia proclaimed that some day Theodore Pell would be governor of the state.

Amy Pell never liked Aloysia, but Amy was a lady and Aloysia could rely on her as she could on the supporting earth.

Invitations began seeping into the McCarthy house—just the right invitations. The wardrobe Aloysia had brought back gave her a definite hold on the women who counted. Her taste had about it, perhaps because of the long, starved years, a peculiar freshness of perception; and yet she had bought, with her audience in mind, conservative clothes into which the great couturiers had stitched their special sort of magic. Every honest guest at the functions she attended would groan over the creations she wore, and Aloysia would tell where she'd bought them and how much she'd paid, and offer to send to the saleswoman who had waited on her for something similar.

Intoxicating gayeties, those luncheons and card parties! Riding home from them Aloysia would sometimes lift the veil of Celtic mist which had fallen over the former Mrs. James P. McCarthy and taste a kind of guilty happiness.

But distracting as is present triumph, Aloysia never lost sight of her more important goal—the debut party of the twins. It was to be the most successful and correct debut party Syrchester had ever known. Aloysia had chosen the Friday after Thanksgiving for its date. Several girls would emerge earlier. Aloysia was glad. There were several points she wanted to be sure about.

Nora had drooped for a time after her return from Lenox, but she was better now. The drooping had lasted while Aloysia insisted that she have complete isolation and quiet; an order which Aloysia enforced by a series of interviews with the young people who had previously been Nora's associates.

Then Mrs. Pell, who felt that she must do everything she possibly could, had asked the twins to a tennis luncheon with Howard Pell and Osgood Garrison. From the moment Nora had stepped from her mother's limousine the ancient friendship of those two well-connected young men had turned into deadly rivalry.

Fredericka's account of the party had made her mother very happy. Her inspection of Howard Pell in his cousin's office had not been altogether satisfactory to Aloysia. He was one of those young men who by a certain limpness just miss being good-looking, and who are farther from good looks than any others. Then, too, his pluperfect reputation for always doing the wise and correct thing wasn't the sort of thing that would have attracted Aloysia at Nora's age; but he had money and he was a scion of one of the oldest families. After all, she thought beatifically, Nora liked him and that was what really mattered.

Howard and Osgood brought Rufe Hill and John Loyd to the McCarthys', boys of an age and set Nora hadn't met before in Syrchester. Soon Nora was being rushed to the very limit of what Aloysia now considered suitable, which was more conservative than the standard of any other mother in the city.

That Nora was happy there could be no doubt. She thought momma was a little silly to insist that Mattie, the second maid, accompany her and Fredericka wherever they went, but it didn't really disturb her, and she liked having so many awfully nice boys that momma approved of paying her strenuous attentions.

And one day when Nora had been out shopping alone she stopped in Nelson's drug store, and Buddy Nelson, who mixed her frosted chocolate, seized the opportunity of a dull hour in the shop to say, "I know you don't care anything about me any more, Nora, with all the swells in town hanging around you, but I just want to say you're the only girl I ever have loved or will love. And I can love you better than any of them can. I hope to eat that drawerful of arsenic if that's not true."

"But I do like you, Buddy," Nora said. "I like you a lot. I wish you'd come around."

"Yes, and have your mother show me which way out in about half a minute."

"She is awfully particular," Nora said, with the terrible frankness of youth.

"I've got a little bus now. I don't suppose there'd be a chance of your coming for a ride with me sometime."

"I'd have to see," Nora answered.

She left that soda counter, feeling a kind of happiness she'd missed lately.

The year's debut parties began. Ann Garrison's was first. The twins received with Ann. Any dubiety Mrs. Garrison had felt about asking them to do so had been resolved by their debut present, a completely fitted week-end bag.

Aloysia, appearing briefly at the preliminary reception, got the atmosphere as a producer might have absorbed the local color of a place where a play he had bought was laid.

Betty Hall was the next debutante. The Halls were not quite —— Betty had received lovely flowers from the twins, but no gift. The twins were not in the receiving line. The party was a little scrawny. It troubled Aloysia.

There were indications that Nora was in love. At least she sat in her bedroom window hours at a time polishing her nails, which had always been a sign with Aloysia's daughters. Probabilities pointed to Howard Pell, though it might conceivably be Osgood Garrison. Either was all right; though Aloysia, watching Nora's popularity, couldn't quite forget her more brilliant dreams.

Mary Twombly came out, the twins receiving. Each of them had given Mary a nightgown from Worth. The party was very like Ann Garrison's, only, as Mrs. Twombly was able to whisper to Aloysia, Mary's stag line was perhaps a little longer than Ann's had been. There didn't seem to be much scope for originality in these affairs, except in the lists of guests. It was a question of hiring the best orchestra obtainable—Aloysia's was coming from New York—and having about the same buffet supper.

Aloysia stayed at the party her customary few minutes, leaving Mattie to bring the twins home. Lying in bed she revised her list a little. It must be very choice indeed; but the fact that the smallness was invitational and not catastrophic, like the Halls' party, must be perfectly apparent.

At three o'clock, long after Aloysia had gone to sleep, a weeping Mattie knocked on her door.

"Mrs. McCarthy, the party's over, and Miss Nora didn't come back."

"Come back from where?"

"She went out about one o'clock," Fredericka explained. "In some boy's car, I suppose."

"Whose car?"

"I don't know."

"But weren't any of the boys gone?"

"Half of them, but most of them came back."

"But it's not like Mr. Pell or Mr. Garrison."

"Oh, she's not with them. They were both there and they were wild."

Aloysia dressed, feeling as though her heart were packed in ice. If she called up the police it meant an open scandal, and yet what else was there to do? The house was cold, and Fredericka was sniveling almost as hard as Mattie.

Just as Aloysia's foot was on the top step of the stairs the doorbell rang. Mattie precipitated herself to answer it.

"There's been an accident," Aloysia heard an official voice saying. By holding to the banister she got downstairs without falling. A policeman stood in the hall with a burden in his arms.

"I'm not a bit hurt, momma," Nora said.

"Fainted a coupla times just the same," the policeman remarked, and one could see that he didn't resent his task. "I was afraid she'd be kinda wabbly."

"What happened?"

"The car she was in hit somebody."

"Whose car?" Aloysia addressed her daughter.

"Buddy Nelson's," Nora said.

"We got him down to the lockup," the policeman announced.

Aloysia wasn't listening.

"Stop crying," she told her daughter. "Is that the boy from the drug store?"

"Yes, momma."

"Was he at the party."

"No, momma."

"How came you to be with him?"

"He just took me for a ride."

"Anything I can do, ma'am?" the policeman tried to turn aside unpleasant inquisition from Nora.

"No, but wait a minute. Get five dollars from my purse, Fredericka. It will be in the papers?"

"I suppose so. They was a bunch of reporters around. You never can tell where they spring from."

"They got my daughter's name?"

"Oh, yes. She give it when she was trying to get them to let her go young Nelson's bail."

"Thank you, Fredericka," Aloysia said, and transferred the bill to the policeman's hand.

"Nothin' else I can do?" he asked.

"No."

"But, momma," Nora wailed, "you've got to get Buddy out. You've got to help him."

"There's nothing else." Aloysia closed the door on the man herself. She had never been so angry at a child of hers. The debut party in ruins!

"You're sure you're not hurt?" she turned to ask.

"Not a bit. But, momma, Buddy's down there ——"

"And what do I care? All I hope is that at least you've had a fright and a lesson. I'm ashamed of you from the very bottom of my heart. Mattie, help Miss Nora up to her bed. Fredericka, I should think you could have had the sense to keep her from such trouble."

The girls were glad for the refuge of their room, but there was no sleep for Aloysia. Her nerves were trembling like bell ropes after a tocsin.

"They'll say it's the common streak coming out in Nora."

She thought more about what they'd say. Half an hour later she called up police headquarters.

"It's Mrs. James P. McCarthy speaking. I want to inquire about young Mr. Nelson who was brought in on account of a motor accident. His father came for him? It's all right then. I wanted to offer bail, or whatever it is, for the dear boy if there was any difficulty."

The occurrence had the full benefit of an otherwise newsless morning press.

Flowers and telephone calls began arriving by nine o'clock, and all day Aloysia sat at the telephone, saying very much the same thing.

"I'm a proud woman today of my dear big-hearted Nora. The boy whose car she was in had always loved her since he was a little lad, and last night at the great ball when she saw him looking in, not asked, like a little starved child looking at a bun through the bakeshop window, it almost broke my Nora's heart. She was there with the friends she loved, but she left them and went out to his poor little car and said, 'I don't care what the others say, I'm proud to ride with you.' Oh, my Nora! She's like no one else on earth."

In accordance with Nora's new rôle the plans for the debut party were materially changed. The original list was retained only for the invitations to dinner—a startlingly beautiful Italian dinner eaten by the light of candles and to the drowning music of violins. To the dance practically every young person in Syrchester was invited.

"It's going to be very different," Aloysia said of the dance to the hand-picked adults who ate with her at a small table. "Very different from what Fredericka or I would have wanted. Nora isn't like another girl. She's a kind of public character. Everybody loves her and she loves everybody. And it's so beautiful, that love! I don't want it confined within any limits. After all, it's a democracy we live in, and I don't want there to be any young people feeling hurt they aren't asked. Hurt feelings come soon enough when we're grown up."

It was rather an epoch-making party for Syrchester. It lasted until six in the morning, without one break in its lovely hilarity, and all the time Nora danced and danced, watching always with her kind eyes for girls who were being neglected, and sending partners to them, organizing sweet little farces of popularity for notorious wallflowers.

"Of course it's the most extraordinarily clever thing you could have done," Evelyn Barmaster said to Aloysia. "If you can only rely on Nora not to take the democracy too seriously. Marriageable girls mustn't, you know."

That was exactly what Aloysia could not do. Buddy Nelson had had the grace not to come, after a little interview in which Aloysia had offered to buy him dinner clothes "so he wouldn't feel out of place with people of a different class"; but he was still in town, and any Pell or Garrison illusions Aloysia had had were shattered. Moreover, Jerry Denin, Mae's—or rather Mary's—brother-in-law, had been at the party, and if Aloysia knew anything about Nora, it was Jerry Nora favored most on that crowded night. Nothing could have threatened a more difficult complication. Jerry was the roughest of the three Denin boys, and even his brothers called him the Wild Irishman.

The day after Nora's dance he sent her a bathtubful of American beauties, an Irish sheep dog like an ambulatory collection of carpet sweepings and several million calories of caramels. He was at the house at nine o'clock in the morning, and left at eleven at night, and Mae—or rather Mary—was already crooning over the telephone.

Aloysia knew those Irish courtships. Next afternoon she called Fredericka to her room and told her a secret. They were going abroad. She'd telegraphed for passages on the Vercingetorix. It was to be a surprise for Nora; they wouldn't tell her until two days before they started. Fredericka was beside herself with pleasure. Why, just that morning she'd seen a whole column about the Vercingetorix in the paper and wished she were going to be on it.

"It may have been your thought that came to me," Aloysia told her. "Oh, I'm that way. I'm psychic. Sometimes I can't tell if it's a blessing or a curse."

Later Fredericka, in her enthusiasm, went to the cleaning closet and got out the morning's paper. There was a minor headline saying that among others sailing on the Vercingetorix was Mr. Sutphen Grolier.

XIX

THE Vercingetorix was not a tremendous ship. The prospect was ideal. Aloysia committed no mistakes of panic on this

(Continued on Page 59

Goodbye, buggy wheels!

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Quick wash-up, square eats—Come on, folks, let's go, it's a Paramount Picture, yes, of course the best show in town!

More than one reigning sovereign, slave of several million bosses, will read this page that you are reading and envy you your luxurious freedom and opportunity.

Go to it—it's yours! The price wouldn't buy a King a smoke, and your "palace for a night" puts many a King's palace on a back street! And these are but a *few* of the pictures!

Richard Dix in

"LET'S GET MARRIED"

With Lois Wilson. Adapted by Luther Reed from "The Man From Mexico." Directed by Gregory La Cava.

Zane Grey's

"DESERT GOLD"

A George B. Seitz Production. With Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, William Powell and Robert Frazer.

A Victor Fleming Production

"THE BLIND GODDESS"

With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser. From the story by Arthur Train.

It's

'THE OLD ARMY GAME'

An Edward Sutherland Production

With Louise Brooks. From J. P. McEvoy's "The Comic Supplement." Adapted by Luther Reed. "Never give a sucker an even break" is the plot of this picture, and W. C. Fields, brilliant comedian of stage and screen, shows you how it works.

Douglas MacLean in

"THAT'S MY BABY"

Directed by William Beaudine.

A Clarence Badger Production

"THE RAINMAKER"

With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr. and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent," by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Pola Negri in

"THE CROWN OF LIES"

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IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!

(Continued from Page 54)

embarkation. She went aboard in ample time, reserved a table for three, and then wandered slowly about the deck, watching the first comers secure their chairs.

Fredericka, who had of her own accord formed a Nora-Sutphen Grolier project, procured a passenger list to be sure that the young gentleman was on board.

"He is, mother," she reported, "and there's a lord too. Oh, dear!"

Already Fredericka felt the agonies of an embarrassment of choice for her sister.

Nora was in a mood of gentle melancholy. It had been hard to be wrenched away from Jerry Denin's attentions. She was so distrait they could talk before her with almost perfect freedom.

"Go look at the seating list and see where the lord will eat," Aloysia directed Fredericka, and she took the passenger roll. Lord Henry Wyckliffe! In spite of Josephine Harper's authoritative remarks, Aloysia couldn't resist playing with the idea, "My daughter, Lady Wyckliffe."

"He's at the captain's table," Fredericka announced, "and I can't find Mr. Grolier's name down for any seat. Aren't there suites with private dining rooms."

Of course there were. For an instant Aloysia's heart sank at the thought of the nonappearing Cadby Taylors; then she looked at Nora standing against the fog in her wine-colored, heavily furred coat with her small wine-colored felt hat. If Sutphen Grolier were shut in the very bowels of the ship he would hear of Nora and come forth; there could be no escape.

Aloysia knew by that time what Nora's beauty could accomplish. When Nora paused at the rear of the deck, the steerage passengers would cry "There she is!" like a signal, and crowd to gaze. Her fame would be bruited to the stokers in their pits, and they would come up, sweating and smoky, to the icy air for one perilous glance. If there were stowaways they would lift the tarpaulins from their lifeboats and brave irons and deportation to peer down at Nora. One free and impressionable young man miss her! It wasn't thinkable.

"Isn't there some way we could get to the captain's table?" Fredericka was asking.

"We won't push," her mother replied. "We're better by ourselves."

Just then she saw an elderly woman talking to the deck steward. She was not in the least a fashionable figure, nor one whose costume gave any evidence of wealth; but Aloysia had developed an instinct for the authenticities, and there was something in the lady's gruff, much-traveled manner which awakened her attention. It struck Aloysia as the manner of a woman who, while she was bored with the business, had, in the past, been more bored by having intrusted it to others.

The steward wrote the lady's name on a tag and fastened it on a chair. As soon as the lady trudged off, Aloysia went over and read it. "Miss Cora Van Santvoord."

Aloysia felt a justifiable pride in her perceptions. Even before she had taken up the intensive study of the society items, Aloysia would have found the name familiar. One couldn't be an American and more nearly approximate being a grand duchess than Cora Van Santvoord.

"Find the steward," Aloysia told Fredericka.

There were vacant chairs on each side of Miss Van Santvoord's, a long row in one direction, in the other just three, then one already occupied. Aloysia studied its occupant as she waited. He was a man in his forties, lean, with a suggestion of delicacy in his thin hands, and the knees, which showed bony, drawn up to support a writing desk. He was dressed in tweed clothes and he was biting a brown pipe. There was no question between him and the possible occupant of the other—fourth—chair. He would do excellently.

"We'll take these three," Aloysia told the steward.

Nora's beauty began to work its magic at dinner. A junior officer came, bowing, to ask Mrs. McCarthy and her daughters to sit at the captain's table. Through some oversight their names had been omitted from the list. The captain was most regretful.

Aloysia looked at the officer. He was quite handsome. There was no use running any needless risks.

"Will you give the captain my compliments," she said, in her richest vein, brogue quite distinct, "and tell him that I crave his indulgence to refuse? My girls have just been through too much gayety as it is. I've brought them to rest and be away from people."

The young officer retired, staring at Nora's reflection in a mirror so hard that he stepped on his own instep and caused himself hideous embarrassment.

"With a lord there, mother!" Fredericka groaned.

Her disapproval stirred Aloysia's own misgivings.

"Which is the lord, do you think?"

"At the captain's right. I can just see the back of his head."

Aloysia craned for an instant and knew she was justified of her wisdom. A lumpy back head covered with thin soft hair.

After dinner, in the salon, the captain himself came to express his regret at Mrs. McCarthy's decision. With him were Lord Henry Wyckliffe and the same junior officer. In front Lord Henry had a retreating chin and a really distressing pale mustache. Before the captain's regrets were fairly spoken, the McCarthys were the center of a group, and the center of an enlarging group they remained until half after ten, when Aloysia gave the command to retire.

"No more late hours."

Sutphen Grolier had not been one of the group. Aloysia had been alert and Fredericka confirmed his absence.

xx

"IT'S an icy day," Aloysia remarked to Miss Van Santvoord next morning as the steward tucked the rug about her feet.

Miss Van Santvoord was reading a book called The Limehouse Mystery, with the picture of a leveled revolver on its jacket. She looked up.

"Cold," she grunted, that was all.

The other neighbor had his cap pulled down and his collar turned up and only a triangle of him was visible, which triangle appeared to be asleep.

The twins had been dragged from the breakfast table to a game of deck tennis by a group of which Lord Henry was reassuringly one. It seemed probable that Sutphen Grolier, if he were about, would join the party.

When his meeting with Nora did take place Aloysia didn't want him to think Nora a girl without background, and as a friendship between Nora's mother and Miss Van Santvoord was the best background Aloysia could think of on board the Vercingetorix, Aloysia had come out with the purpose of establishing such a relationship.

"Will you have some of my fruit?" Aloysia asked, dangling hothouse grapes.

"Thanks," Miss Van Santvoord grunted, meaning "no," and there was a definite trace of annoyance on her brow.

Aloysia realized that a friendship with her would have to be a gradual growth, so she sat very quietly. Presently her hands began to tingle, so she took them from her muff and beat them together.

"The pain is much less," the gentleman beyond Fredericka's chair remarked, "when one is completely frozen."

"They say it's a wonderful death," Aloysia laughed. "I find it hard to credit."

"It is though," the triangle insisted. "I'm at the blissful stage. If I were a hero, a St. Bernard would begin licking my face at any moment."

"You must have been out a long time."

"I have an inside cabin; and though I believe the advantages of fresh air are grossly exaggerated, I find that to be totally deprived of it is also unpleasant."

Aloysia liked him. He had nice eyes; the sad eyes of a person who makes one laugh.

"And what is your name?" she asked.

"Paul Wingate."

"Oh, I've heard of you."

"No," he contradicted her. "It is one of those names which sound famous, but you couldn't possibly have heard of me. I am one of the three entirely inconspicuous people in America. It is my specialty."

"But Paul Wingate has such a familiar sound. What is your work?"

"I am a failure by profession. I think there are far too few of them, and my friends find me very useful to point out to their children."

"A failure in what?" Aloysia doubted his assertion, with charming, incredulous blue eyes.

"Most successfully in letters; though for a time I went in for painting and it seemed probable I would be a signal failure at that."

"And what stopped you?"

"An unsuccessful illness which sent me to Saranac for a time. I believe I just missed being a record cure."

"Of course I know you're only laughing at me. What are your books?"

"No," he averred. "It's quite true. My books are unpublished. So far I've always seen how stupid they were in time to quash them. I have just the equipment to be an excellent copy reader or architect's draftsman and just the pittance a year to make either slavery unnecessary. Just the income, in fact, to hold me tight in the failure class."

"You mean you want to do something finer than you've accomplished yet. Perhaps you will this very winter."

"Cato learned Greek at eighty," Mr. Wingate quoted a little acidly. "No, I shall not write at all. Except letters. I write good letters; that form of expression in which all failures excel. If I were a perfect failure, of course I should keep a diary, but it seems to me more artistic to even fall short in that."

"You speak of eighty! A young man like you!"

"A mere boy of forty-five."

"Ah, but don't call that old!" Aloysia begged.

"I'm rather more authority on how old it is than you."

As it was exactly her age, no speech could have given Aloysia greater pleasure.

"And do you spend your life in travel?" she changed the subject.

"No, I'm a schoolmaster. I give some history courses in the Berkshires. If I had any character I should be doing so now, but a chance came to wander. It's very pleasant having no character."

Mr. Wingate seemed to be musing on the advantages of that lack when Nora and Fredericka came up.

Nora's drooping look had vanished, and even Fredericka was blooming so far as she had the physique to bloom.

"You're enjoying it, my darlings?" Aloysia asked.

"Loving it."

"She should be," Fredericka said. "Lord Henry is perfectly insane about her. He follows her like a ——"

"A raveling," Nora suggested. "He's terrible."

"Well, anyway," Fredericka sighed, "I just adore the way he talks."

Already in Fredericka's accent there was a faint hint of Lord Henry's Oxonian lift.

"Is there anyone else of interest?" Aloysia asked her ally.

"No," Fredericka said, "and I've been everywhere."

Fredericka did lack subtlety.

"I want you to meet our neighbor." Aloysia stopped her, and she presented them as though they had been little girls. "Mr. Wingate, this is my daughter, Fredericka, and this is my daughter, Nora."

She thought as she did so that after all if they had been her first-born she needn't have been forty.

Mr. Wingate seemed a little dazed.

"Really!" he said. "You really sit next to me, all three of you! I suppose fate is doing this to make up for the lady with the set of solid-gold teeth with whom I eat, but it's all out of proportion."

"I've seen her," Nora cried with a laugh.

"Her Louis Quatorze smile is rather a trial to face at breakfast, if one happens not to have exactly the taste of the Grand Monarque."

It occurred to Aloysia that Mr. Wingate would provide as good a background, in a way, as Miss Van Santvoord would have made had she lent herself to such uses. A poor, scholarly gentleman. What a charming companion for two girls!

"Why couldn't you be moved to our table?" she asked. "We're in sad need of a man."

Mr. Wingate was delighted with the idea; luncheon with him installed was a great success. After it Aloysia would have liked to remain in the warm salon, but Miss Van Santvoord wasn't there and she hadn't entirely relinquished the Miss Van Santvoord idea. She bundled herself up and went to the chair next to Miss Van Santvoord, who was apparently just finishing her shocker.

"Is it going to storm?" she asked, more of space than of Miss Van Santvoord.

Miss Van Santvoord uttered a sound, but she never even lifted her eyes from her book. The sound, though indistinguishable, and possibly a reply to Aloysia's question, might equally well have been an injunction not to interrupt.

Aloysia sat quietly for a time, feeling a little strange, for there was a galloping sea. To distract her mind from it, when the deck steward sauntered past she summoned him to her.

"I haven't seen Mr. Grolier yet. Where is he?"

"Keeping to his cabin, I fancy."

"Oh, poor fellow. Is he ill, do you think?"

The deck steward grinned and said nothing except with his shoulders.

Miss Van Santvoord had heard, Aloysia knew. She had hoped the question would tend to show that they were on a common plane, but when it was spoken she felt curiously uncomfortable. Perhaps the real trouble was the motion of the boat. Aloysia closed her eyes and tried to forget it. When she opened them the rail was dipping and rising above watery mountains and valleys. Aloysia felt as though an egg beater were going around in her stomach. She tried to get up from her chair, but couldn't, and fell back with a groan.

Miss Van Santvoord actually looked up.

"Sick?"

Aloysia groaned again.

"Better get to your cabin."

Miss Van Santvoord edged her chair slightly away and went on reading.

Aloysia couldn't get up, and at that moment she saw Mr. Wingate coming down the deck.

"Could you ——" she begged him.

He hurried to her.

"I'm sorry."

He hoisted her up, and supported her to some place where a stewardess replaced him.

"Tell—the—girls," Aloysia directed him in a dying voice.

She was under the impression that those would be among her last words.

xxi

FOR three days the Atlantic Ocean conquered Aloysia McCarthy. She lay moaning in her berth, and tried to make some impression on her daughters with lugubrious accounts of her symptoms, and exhortations for their guidance if she should die. They would only laugh.

"Why, you're just seasick."

"As though seasickness could account for the death pangs I'm feeling, and not a woman on board to look out for you."

"We don't need anyone."

"If only I knew Miss Van Santvoord Has she spoken to you girls?"

"She did once," Fredericka recounted. "She said 'How's your mother?' and then

(Continued on Page 61)

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CREO-DIPT

Stained Shingles

(Continued from Page 59)

she gave a regular ha-ha laugh like a mule in the funny papers."

When Mr. Wingate heard the twins' report, he sent a note with a bottle of champagne:

"*Dear Mrs. McCarthy:* Don't worry about your little ones. I am being something of a mother to them.

"I have it from unreliable sources that this beverage is good for your malady. Please accept it with the sympathy of your inadequate substitute,

"PAUL WINGATE."

The stewardess was really Aloysia's only comfort. Forster knew that jam wasn't added to her bread by taking *mal de mer* lightly. She was efficient and she appeared decently worried. Once when her qualms were going through a period of abatement Aloysia tried pumping Forster.

"I thought young Mr. Grolier was to cross on this voyage."

"Oh, he's aboard. He's got a suite. You know him, madame?"

"Who doesn't?"

"He's not been out once, I've heard," Forster said.

"Why would that be?"

"Oh, these young men! I had one come aboard to see a friend off. Fell asleep in the smoking room, and we were three days out before he knew where he was."

"It's drink with young Mr. Grolier?"

"He's not on my corridor." Forster was discreet.

That gave Aloysia something to think about. A drunkard! She'd wasted all that time and energy in pursuit of a drunkard! But surely Miss Harper would never have spoken of Sutphen Grolier as she did if that were so. Nevertheless, the disagreeable idea alternated with one connected with the good-looking junior officer in Aloysia's mind as she lay there.

Forster kept urging her to try to go out, but Aloysia felt too ill to lift her head until the third day.

"Why, there's not a ripple," Forster said that afternoon. "Why, I hear even your friend Mr. Grolier is on deck."

Somehow, with Forster's assistance, Aloysia made the distance to her chair. The girls, who were there with a great crowd about them, began presentations, but she gestured them off.

"Would you want me to keep repeating 'How do you do?' in my dying moments? Leave me in peace."

They did. The air was not so cold as it had been, but gloriously refreshing.

After about half an hour Miss Van Santvoord looked up from her book; this one bore on its cover the representation of a decapitated lady emerging gorily from a trunk.

"Better?" Miss Van Santvoord asked.

"Thank you," Aloysia replied.

Miss Van Santvoord gave another of what Fredericka called her ha-ha laughs, and resumed her reading.

Shortly after, Mr. Wingate came to his chair.

"I am here or not as suits you," he said as he climbed into it. "My presence lies entirely between you and your stomach."

"I understand you've been so good to my girls."

"It's a sort of benevolence I should be glad to furnish inexhaustibly."

"That young officer, he hasn't ——"

"The pink one?"

"Yes."

All Nora's worst had been pink, Aloysia thought sadly.

"I've tried to point out that he was rather a dullard. As I seem to have been successful, I judge that there never was much attraction."

"You're an angel," Aloysia told him, meaning that he was a Machiavelli.

Then they started rather guiltily, for Nora had come to find how her mother was feeling.

"Life's coming back to me," Aloysia told her, and her curiosity couldn't resist a question. "Have any new young people joined your games?"

"Any new ones?" Nora puzzled. "Oh, do you mean that tall one who tried to pick me up on the stairs?"

"Nora darling!" Aloysia cried, but her heart warned her.

"Don't worry," Nora said. "He won't try again."

"What did he do?"

"Took it for granted he could speak to anyone he wanted to. I just looked at him."

It was the first time Aloysia had ever known her daughter to take so high a moral attitude, and of course it must be Mr. Grolier.

"Why aren't you playing shuffleboard?" Nora was asking Mr. Wingate.

"I'm trying to have some respect for my gray hairs. They appreciate a little now and then."

"Aren't you glad they're hair?" Nora asked. "And not just down, like Lord Henry's?"

Aloysia didn't hear Mr. Wingate's reply, for someone had stopped by Miss Van Santvoord's chair, and a New York voice—the kind of New York voice that had an English governess when it was learning to speak—said, "Didn't know you were on board, Cousin Cora."

"'Lo, Sutphen," Miss Van Santvoord returned. "Where have you been?"

Aloysia didn't look just then, but she listened like somebody by James Fenimore Cooper.

"We've been playing some cards," the voice answered, and there was something so airily untroubled by the question, so gay and yet so masterful about the voice that, incredibly enough, the specter Forster had evoked was exorcised that very instant.

"For three days?" Miss Van Santvoord was not so easily convinced.

"Oh, we stopped last night about eleven. Couldn't before then. Gibby Stokes kept losing. He was down thirty thousand at one time. Hasn't got a cent, you know. Doubt if he's paid for the neat business suit on his back. Couldn't stop with him in the hole, naturally, and he was damned long pulling out. Awful relief when he did, for all. He's gone to bed with a case of whisky by the bunk. No more Gibby this trip."

"Humph," said Miss Van Santvoord. "Sponge."

"Not a bit of it. Little porous perhaps, but mostly unfortunate."

Mr. Grolier was about to move on. Aloysia shifted her eyes, she hoped unnoticeably, so that she could see him. He was tall and reckless looking, with red-brown hair and red-brown eyes and freckles, and clothes put on carelessly, yet with amazing style.

And just as Aloysia saw him, he poised, turned back to Miss Van Santvoord, bent down and whispered something.

He'd seen Nora. Aloysia knew from his expression—his gay, eager expression.

"I don't know," Miss Van Santvoord said, disdaining to lower her voice.

Aloysia remembered her own conference with the steward Miss Van Santvoord had overheard. Why hadn't something warned her before instead of just afterward? Sutphen Grolier whispered again.

"Nope," said Miss Van Santvoord.

Aloysia knew she was refusing to manage an introduction. The pig! The pig!

"Damn you anyway, Cora," Mr. Grolier said, and moved on.

Only three days and a half left and this delay. It would have required all the apparatus of the Inquisition to satisfy Aloysia's wishes at that moment. Every vestige of illness had left her. She felt, indeed, the extraordinary energy and sense of well-being which follow seasickness; and there wasn't a thing she could do.

Sutphen Grolier passed again, glancing down at Nora. Evidently he was doing his mile about the deck.

Nora and Mr. Wingate were still in conversation.

"What are you thinking about, momma?" Nora interrupted to ask, evidently feeling her mother's eyes on her.

"I'm too ill to think. You'd better leave me again."

"Mr. Wingate doesn't want to play shuffleboard."

"Oh, take her, Mr. Wingate," Aloysia begged. "She's so healthy."

They left. Sutphen Grolier passed again.

Aloysia waited until he must have traversed the other side and be rounding the stern, then got to her feet and began a shaky progress toward the bow. She heard steps close behind her, and staggered, caught at the rail. A firm hand clutched her arm.

"Steady there, sailor," the right voice said.

"You're so good," Aloysia breathed.

"Thought you'd pitch right over the rail. Never hesitate to save a life when it's no trouble to me."

Aloysia didn't attempt to prolong the conversation.

"Just to the door," she said, and when they reached it she slipped inside with a "Thank you so much."

The incident gave Aloysia her reason for smiling at Mr. Grolier when he entered the dining salon that evening to take dinner with his cousin. He looked at her blankly for a moment, then his eyes fell on Nora, and he crossed to their table.

"Feeling better?"

"Almost myself. I don't know your name or I'd present you to my daughters after you rescued me so gallantly and all."

"Grolier."

Because he was self-conscious about what it meant, he gulped it out in a deprecatory way, as though just speaking it were boastful and made him ashamed.

"Nora and Fredericka McCarthy, this is Mr. Gruer, who caught me as I was about to fall overboard."

The "Mr. Gruer" was sheer inspiration. It lent a note of incognito romance with which Aloysia wouldn't have dispensed for anything.

Fredericka's eyes got large and she opened her mouth to say something which Aloysia feared was going to ruin it, so Aloysia planted a cruel heel on Fredericka's satin toe.

It wouldn't have mattered, however, if Fredericka had said Grolier at the top of her lungs, or burst into the Lord's Prayer backward, or some devil's incantation. Sutphen Grolier wouldn't have heard. He was leaning over Nora.

"Which one are you?"

"I'm Nora."

"And I've played poker for three days."

It didn't make sense, but Nora was used to that sort of thing.

"Have you?" she asked calmly.

When he had gone she gave one of her rare frowns.

"He was the one on the stairs, momma."

"I can't believe it, Nora. He was so sweet to me. Oh, well, let bygones be bygones. We're only here on the boat for a few days more."

"He's stunning," Fredericka groaned.

"Mr. Gruer?" Aloysia defied her to clarify the matter.

Fredericka, who'd had to slip off her pump and was even then nursing her toes with one hand, had learned her lesson.

"Yes," she answered. "I think he's stunning, don't you, Nora?"

Fredericka was off on one of her curious passions. Soon she would be wanting Nora to visit Mr. Grolier with every humiliation a lover can endure.

"I do like tall men," Nora said in her irritating, vague way.

XXII

A RÔLE stimulated Aloysia. If she had been presented to Mr. Grolier she would have been quite formal, in deference to his greatness, but with her pretense of unconsciousness as to his identity she could treat him just as she did the other nice boys on the ship.

"How's my rescuer?" she asked when he bore down on her, late and debonair next morning.

"All right. Where's the heavenly twin?"

(Continued on Page 63)

Wire Hairs

There was a time when men boasted of their wiry beards. They showed the same mournful pride as a woman discussing a major operation.

That's one vanity that Mennen Shaving Cream has punctured.

Mind you, I'm not saying that your bristles wouldn't win the blue ribbon in a national contest for unmitigated meanness, but that meanness becomes a memory on the day you start using Mennen's.

Prove it any way you like. Use Mennen's a week. Then use the next best for a week. Lather the east side of your face with Mennen's and the west half with the other kind. Any way you try it, the superiority of Mennen's will be as convincing as the difference between you and Bobby Jones.

For several years, I offered to refund purchase price to any man who wasn't satisfied. In that time, two shavers called me. Later one of them apologized, returned the money and pledged his patronage for life.

But the offer holds good.

If you are one of the three million men who know the superlative worth of Mennen Shaving Cream, take my word for this: you will like Mennen Skin Balm just as much. A wonderful after-shaving treat. A little squeeze on your finger-tips rotated gently around the shaved area—a little tingly *bite*—then a zippy, fresh, fragrant coolness spreading all over your face. Comes in a 50c tube.

Then top off with Mennen Talcum for Men. A velvety, soothing, protecting film the color of the skin. Doesn't show on the face.

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KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 61)

"Off at some game or other; you'll find her if you look."

"You shouldn't let her mingle with the populace so much," he remarked in laughing arrogance, and before he turned to go he asked a final question, "You getting off at Southampton or Cherbourg?"

"Cherbourg."

"The deuce," Mr. Grolier commented, making a displeased gesture with his nose.

Aloysia could have bitten off her tongue.

"Southampton's your destination?"

"Yep. Going to Cadby Taylor's. Know him? He's got Rockingham Priory."

"I was called away from France last time just before a house party where he was to be with Mrs. Taylor."

"Not such a bad old egg," Mr. Grolier remarked and passed on.

He left Aloysia troubled. There was a casual note in his conversation she wasn't accustomed to in young men interested in Nora. He'd seen so many beauties of course. And yet he was taken; there was no doubt about that. Still, it wasn't going to be easy.

In a few minutes Aloysia walked aft and looked down at the game of deck tennis in progress between Nora and Mr. Wingate and Fredericka and Lord Henry. Sutphen Grolier was leaning against the rail, commenting on their play. Certainly, he was interested.

Fredericka came up shortly.

"He took my place," she panted, and this time the "he" was unmistakable because of the almost blasphemous capitalization of her tone.

"How is Nora acting?"

It was a real pleasure to talk to Fredericka at such moments, to know one's language was understood, and that one needn't be always crossing preferably uncrossed *t*'s and dotting *i*'s better left blind.

"I never saw her so clever about anyone," Fredericka answered. "She's actually playing Mr. Wingate off against him."

Aloysia frowned.

"I should think she could use Lord Henry."

"Lord Henry shows so plainly that he knows he hasn't a chance. He almost cries when he talks to me about Nora."

"But do you think she really likes him? I never saw her play at indifference before."

"Oh, mother, if you'd read any psychology you'd know that's just a defense. I think it's the first time she's ever been really interested in her life."

Fredericka's intense pleasure in the situation was apparent from her bright eyes. After another set Nora came up with the three men. Mr. Grolier picked up a steamer rug to tuck about her.

"That's my rug," Mr. Wingate said. "This is Nora's."

It was Mr. Wingate who tucked Nora in, while Sutphen Grolier looked on with one eyebrow cocked in displeasure.

Aloysia would have liked to have things progress a little further before Mr. Grolier was subjected to little annoyances of this sort. The incognito had served its purpose; she sacrificed it to distract him.

"I'd no idea you were the great Mr. Grolier. Fredericka has just been telling me."

After twenty-three years of inspiring awe as a great Grolier, a lightly given reminder of the sort was still not unpleasant to Sutphen.

"Must have been a blow," he grinned, and looking at Mr. Wingate he put a question. "Who's the possessive party?"

"Mr. Wingate? Oh, he's always been like a great brother to my girls."

"Always" could conceivably have meant since embarkation, but on Aloysia's plausible lips it certainly gave an impression of a most romance-destroying stretch of time.

"Dine with me tonight?"

"We'd be enchanted."

Aloysia told the twins of the invitation when they were in their stateroom preparing for luncheon.

"It seems awfully mean to leave Mr. Wingate," Nora commented.

"We made no contract to supply Mr. Wingate with companionship every meal," her mother reminded her.

Sutphen Grolier had no regular table in the salon, but as the legendary Gibby was still unpleasantly hors de combat in the suite, a special one was given him; one of the best. Special food went with it.

Nora sat at Sutphen's left, Lord Henry on her other side. Fredericka was next Lord Henry, and Aloysia between her host and Ed Herman, a professional funny man who had his own revue on Forty-second Street and was professionally funny all through dinner.

It was the important table of the room. Aloysia tingled all over with the intoxication of success.

Sutphen Grolier was an excellent host. It was the obligation in life he took most seriously. All during dinner his reckless, irregular, handsome face was directed one way and then another to make sure that everything was going properly; but Aloysia could see that the moments he allowed himself with Nora were the ones he enjoyed.

And Nora was perfect. Her conduct was a masterpiece of casual cordiality, with just the hint of promise which was inevitable in her relationship with any man.

It was not until salad that she made a mistake.

"Still going to France?" Sutphen was questioning Aloysia.

"Oh, yes."

Aloysia had consulted the purser as to whether it would be possible to change her arrangements, but she was hoping it would be Mr. Grolier who changed. That would be so much more graceful.

"Wish you'd make it England," Sutphen said.

There was apparently, as yet, no such thought in his mind.

Then Nora had to make her mistake.

"I do, too," she sighed.

"Why do you say that," Aloysia inquired, "when you'd set your heart on Paris?"

"I just do."

"Some other time."

It meant that the whole little drama of reluctance must fall on Aloysia's shoulders.

She brought up the matter later in their stateroom.

"You shouldn't have said that about wanting us to go to England, too, Nora."

"Why not?"

The old difficulty of having to talk so baldly when it was Nora.

"It doesn't look nice to be too eager."

"Eager for what?"

"You know just as well as I do."

"But I don't, momma."

"That bleating sound," Aloysia said, and she could have slapped her.

Nora, for all her pretext of failure to comprehend, had taken the hint, however. Next morning while Sutphen was exchanging a few monosyllables with Miss Van Santvoord, she got Mr. Wingate to take her for a walk and they went some place where Sutphen Grolier couldn't find them.

He sat and talked to Aloysia and Fredericka in a jerky, distrait way.

"But why don't you stop in England?"

"Oh, Mr. Grolier, an Irishwoman is always more at home in France. All our friends are there."

"I'd ask you to Cadby Taylor's for Christmas, only his wife is such an awful stickler, always worrying for fear she'll get someone not quite in the fold. Sometimes you'd think she hadn't been born there herself. Was though."

"But you'll be running over to France, won't you?"

"No, I won't. I'm only over for a couple of weeks. Probably never see you again. You don't if you don't right away. . . . Well, I guess she's not coming back."

With that he rose and stalked off.

"If I were Nora I'd make him writhe," Fredericka said, which showed that in spite of the way he ignored her, her passion for him continued.

Aloysia had been alarmed by his words; she hurried down to the purser. When she returned it was apparent that Nora had let Sutphen find her, for Mr. Wingate was back in his seat with a great pile of books beside him.

"I've ransacked the library," he informed Aloysia, "for arguments to get you off at Southampton."

"Is it everyone's destination?"

"It has to be mine. Some research work, which is my only excuse for the trip. And it should be everyone's anyway. Why, Mrs. McCarthy, Christmas is coming on. Do you mean to tell me you can spend Christmas in a land where they fill the shoe, instead of the stocking, and pipe a shrill *joyeux Noël*, instead of booming a rich old English Merrie Christmas?"

Aloysia could never resist a chance for reluctance.

"But our plans are made," she said.

"Plans are made to be remade. Let me refresh your memory with some of these, Mrs. McCarthy."

He extracted Pickwick Papers from the pile and began reading bits of it aloud. He followed them with excerpts from the Christmas party in Silas Marner.

They were brand-new to Aloysia and the cozy, holly-glowing passages really did warm her heart.

"Of course I can't vouch for all these things taking place in a London hostelry," Mr. Wingate said. "But they would at least be happening all around you there. The very fogs will smell of plum pudding and eggnog rather than of inebriety and infidelity, those twin odors any good American nostrils can always detect on the winds of the bad French capital."

He took up the Sketch Book and began on the merrymakings at Bracebridge Hall.

It was really a stroke of genius on the part of Nora to have invoked his rather professional offices. When she came up with Sutphen Grolier and listened to the end of a paragraph, Aloysia caught her hand and squeezed it.

"Oh, there's no resisting this man. He's a sorcerer."

"And we're going to England?"

"Where else, after what I've been hearing?"

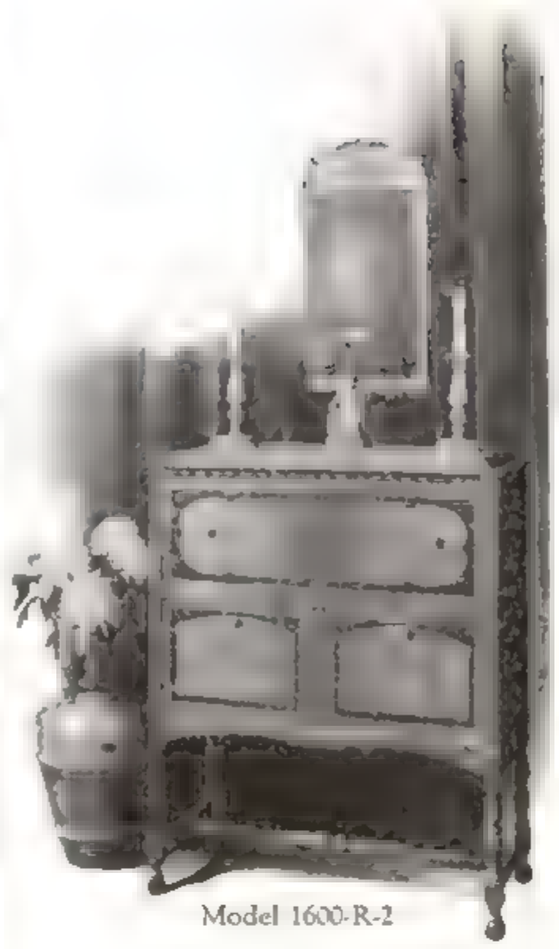
Nora kissed her ecstatically.

"Take you right down to the purser's," Sutphen Grolier volunteered.

"Oh, I'll give myself until luncheon time to consider it."

On that point Aloysia was firm, quite naturally. The luggage tags had already been changed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Are you letting yourself be handicapped by periods of slowed-down energy—by feeling the day when you simply "lack the pep" to see things through as you should?

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How this natural way overcomes "let-downs"

Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

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This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds.

20,000 doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "Pick-up" beverage, but also for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

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Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

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(One package to a [illegible])

Send for 3-day test

HE GRIEVED

(Continued from Page 11)

a pretty Latin name which I've forgotten, but which meant that the nerves adjacent to the sole of the foot were annoyed and were expressing themselves belligerently in blisters of an engaging tint not unlike the bark of a silver birch. Everybody admired and enjoyed my foot. It entertained surgeons; the men of the headquarters troop and the headquarters detachment brought friends from all over the camp to look at it. It gave me a morbid eminence and pleased people who suggested remedies, the most sensible being that of Hubert Patin, who ran the mimeograph at headquarters and was willing to assist anybody in amputating my foot.

But that day my foot was a hot agony. Nerves seemed to be dancing in the ankle. I shut my eyes and sat listening to the clatter of tin dishes, fifty yards away in the mess hall of the headquarters troop. I was hungry, after continuously shouting into the telephone since eight o'clock, but nothing would make me limp those fifty yards for food.

In this torpid condition, a voice above my ear said heavily, "Don't you know enough to get up when an officer speaks to you, sergeant?" And I opened my eyes on the vision of First Lieut. Claude G. Parmenter, F. A., rising in the air for some six feet and inches. It was he—or him. My mind had produced him, in admirable clothes, completely the officer as Corporal Claude G. Smell was completely the enlisted dandy. I simply blinked at this perfection and said no word.

"Well?"

That made me angry. I said slowly, "Sir, my orders are not to rise except when a general officer enters the office, or an officer above the rank of major addresses me. What can I do for the lieutenant?"

Until the etiquette of the American Army changes, enlisted men will always enjoy this impersonal form of speech, which, stranger, allows them to be viciously rude to officers on occasion. Lieutenant Parmenter was already at my mercy. I was a mere sergeant, true enough, but I was on duty in the headquarters of a division and he was a lieutenant of field artillery, subject to orders of his regimental commander, of the commander of his brigade and finally of the hay-fevered major general whose sneezes rang from two offices away. Parmenter now put himself totally in my power.

"I wanted to see the division adjutant."

I said wearily, "The lieutenant has permission from his regimental adjutant to report to the division adjutant?"

The tall lieutenant grew red under a highly polished coat of tan.

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes, sir."

Parmenter stared at me, switching a riding crop against a boot. I stared at him, and very suddenly thought of Corporal Claude G. Smell, formerly of Alabama, in some rural district, now of this division. I had the oddest illusion that Corporal Smell was looking down at me with puzzled black eyes set in a wide and quite plain face with too much mouth and not enough nose.

"The division adjutant assigned me to a regiment last evening when I reported here. I assume that he could transfer me to the other regiment of that brigade?"

"It's within his discretion to do so, sir."

"Then if I make an application to be transferred to this other regiment—I mean ——"

"The lieutenant has already been transferred," I said.

I shouldn't have said this, but he bored me, and I wanted my lunch. Raeburn foraged for me, and having an affinity with food, usually fed me well. I was hungry and this conversation had no point—or, exactly, it suddenly found a point. Claude Parmenter's vanity was touched. He slightly smiled, assuming that he, Claude Parmenter, had been recognized. So he had, but not quite in the way that he assumed. I naturally remembered him, while he, as naturally, had forgotten me. His vanity wasn't extraordinary, considering everything, but it was a stupid illusion bred of his athletic celebrity and the steam of his fat mother's social campaigns. I had seen his mother once or twice, a prodigious dark woman in many jewels who had the look of being tended by a battalion of maids. She was one of the people who are always being photographed at tennis matches. I believe that her private nickname was the Seven-Ton Truck among the irreverent and unimpressed. Anyhow, this impatient answer of mine pleased Claude Parmenter, gave him an assurance of his glory in this region. He hadn't given me his name, but I'd recognized him. He smiled, nodded and left me alone just as Raeburn came in through the chief clerk's office.

"That's Claude Parmenter getting on the horse there, if you want to look at him."

Raeburn did. He gazed through the screen at the young giant's departure, and for some reason began to chuckle. His sides shook, really, and his heavy neck turned pink.

"Come on here, friend Claude, an' look at your fiery dragon."

"Is he gone?" Corporal Smell asked, peeping from the next office; "'cause I'm certainly scairt from my shoes up of him, sergeant!"

"A person," said Raeburn, unrolling a cold roast chicken from a napkin, "of your size oughtn't to be scared of his kin. Why, many a nice fam'ly has low-down Yankee relations, but they don't feel timid about 'em."

Corporal Smell edged into the office and then went to scowl into the sunny roadway after Lieutenant Parmenter. He had a certain sense of justice, though, and gloomily admitted: "That snake can ride him a hoss. . . . Don't you gentlemen have a mess up here?"

"Son, the headquarters troop has a beauteous mess hall, an' even a cook. But what a cook! Oh," Raeburn murmured, "what a cook! No, I and the adjutant's factotum here send out for our meals. We've subjugated a nigger waiter in the officers' mess and he brings us stuff out of Little Rock, or somewhere. He's a worthy, hard-workin' nigger and we ask no questions so long as we're fed."

Claude Smell accepted a leg of the chicken and perched on a corner of the nearest desk. There were two obvious changes in him since our conversation in the veranda. He was much happier, mentally, and he'd been crying. The last fact didn't surprise me. I saw more men cry from exasperation, nervousness and small annoyances that became mountainous in the focus of military law than I have ever seen in tears before that war, or since. The young corporal had been shedding tears on the division inspector and on Raeburn, the inspector's clerk. His reasons were not insupportable either.

Retiring to the year 1885 and to the very small town of Lucianville, Alabama, we must notice that Henrietta, daughter of Claude G. Smell, the local carpenter, has just eloped with one Parmenter, a traveling salesman. The Smells loomed a good deal in Lucianville, being the richest inhabitants and the tallest. Their name, by the way, is a decadent French name, Samelle, and their ancestors trickled over from Louisiana eighty or ninety years before Miss Smell eloped. The first son in any generation of the tribe is name Claude, traditionally, and Mrs. Parmenter named her first child Claude on the principle. Nothing was heard of her, or from her, after the elopement.

"Daddy told me," said Claude Smell, "that she was always kind of high an' proud in her mind. She wore corsets, too, and had gran'daddy buy her a piano from

(Continued on Page 66)

FISHER BODIES

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If you drove a car in Topsy-Turvy Land, you would expect to see the strangely distorted buildings shown at the left in the picture above. Note the reeling roof—the bulging and misshapen walls. Now, look to the right! What do you see? Buildings restored to normalcy.

At the left you are looking through a sheet glass window in the door. At the right, through the Plate Glass windshield of the car. That reeling roof—those bulging and misshapen walls are caused by the waves and irregularities in sheet glass.

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(Continued from Page 64)

Mobile. But she never wrote home. This guy she married had some brains or somethin', but anyways he got rich, makin' patent med'cine. Pretty nice, too, if you mix it wiv ice water an' don't drink too much. Anyways, gran'daddy died back in 1910 and mamma moved us out to San Francisco, 'cause she'd always wanted to see the Golden Gate. She's strong-minded an' likes big cities, 'cause she was born in Raleigh, Norf Ca'lina. And daddy can practice his profession anywheres. It's the good thing about bein' a carpenter. I used to help him on Saturdays."

Upon a Saturday, then, in the year 1912, when Claude Smell, Jr., was a large pink lad of fifteen, he went out to help his father panel a room in Burlingame, a suburb of San Francisco inhabited by many gentlefolk and people of great wealth, who live surrounded by foliage, watered lawns, and the envy of radicals. Some servant in this house was talkative, and while the Smells worked gave them the news of the day. The next house, beyond a barrier of shrubs and eucalyptus trees, had just been leased to a millionaire from New York, Mr. Claude Parmenter, whose sister had but lately married an English lord. Translated downward to simple fact, Sarita Parmenter did marry the son of a baronet at Newport in the summer of 1911. But why should an Irish butler in California leave a fact simple? Young Claude Smell gaped across some hundred yards of turf at the temporary home of his fabulous kinsman. Noon came, and he naturally wriggled through the shrubbery to have a closer view of Cousin Claude's establishment. There are several houses of genuine beauty in Burlingame and this was one of them; and, as it happened, beyond the shrubbery lay a new white glittering and seductive swimming pool, guarded by tall shrubs, hemmed with a line of sheltering columns. Claude gazed upon this treasure and succumbed.

C. G. Parmenter came cantering on a pony up his hired driveway ten minutes later, thinking I don't know what. His retirement to Burlingame was a kind of forced retreat, I assume. His name had been proposed some months before at a dignified and, for New York, very old club. The club, somehow, had done the wrong thing to Claude G. Parmenter's name, and for a while he chose to be out of New York. Burlingame, then, was his exile; but there, too, shadows lowered upon him. As his pony cantered on the driveway he heard splashings from the pool in which nobody save himself had the least right to be swimming. Claude G. Parmenter dismounted, and his white breeches, his scarlet English jersey, his pipe-clayed white helmet and his tanned sulky face appeared tremendously between two columns in the sight of C. G. Smell, who was bobbing down to examine a tiled crest in the bottom of the pool, then bobbing up to let the celebrated sunlight of California warm his complete nakedness.

"Come out of that," said C. G. Parmenter.

"An'," Corporal Smell told me, swinging his legs from my desk, "he was just damn unfriendly. I tried to 'xplain I'm his mamma's nephew out of Lucianville, named Smell, and all he said was 'My God!' and worse. I don't never swear much and he used some awful words on me. Bad's anything I ever heard nowhere! I kep' tryin' to 'xplain. An' was I hurtin' his ol' pool, anyways? But he acted mean!"

The sun of noon in fact looked on C. G. Parmenter wrathfully chasing his cousin down the lawn, while C. G. Smell, clutching his trousers and one shoe to a moist breast, leaped onward and landed outside the gates of the villa in full sight of several ladies on horses. He found covert in a clump of brushwood and thence was rescued by a kindly Chinese gardener.

"I don't suppose," he said, "you gentlemen have ever been bare nekkid wiv one shoe an' just your pants in the middle of a road. . . . I felt awful funny. But this Chink went an' got daddy for me, and daddy went in an' saw Cousin Claude an' Aunt Henrietta. He never did tell me what they said or he said."

Raeburn rolled a cigarette and asked the boy lazily, "And so this morning you beheld your Cousin Claude and he recognized you?"

"He did. I was givin' these recruits you have here a lot of foot drill and he came ridin' by. I stopped the men and he looked 'em over and then he got kind of red, lookin' at me, and said, kind of down in his throat, 'What's your name, co'p'ral?' An' I said my name, and he rode on, an' I dismissed the men an' came and asked the captain could I come up here—an' came. And if I don't get out of that battery I'm just gone! He's a mean big devil, Cousin Claude is, and he could wipe the head offa me wiv one swat!"

"Brother," said Raeburn, "you know he daren't hit you. You can simply walk off if he does an' tell the closest officer, an' Cousin Claude loses his commission right then."

"Yes: but good gracious," Claude G Smell said, opening his big eyes, "I couldn't tell on a man for hittin' me, sergeant! Daddy'd die of shame if I ever did such a thing as that! It wouldn't be gentlemanly!"

"Friend," Raeburn drawled, "we'll have to protect you. This here, with the sore foot, controls the policies of the division adjutant, and I have the division inspector under my thumb. He lies down an' rolls over when I tell him to. Go in peace. We'll 'tend to your affairs."

The next morning Lieut. Claude G. Parmenter reported for duty with the other artillery regiment, and the next afternoon Corporal Claude G. Smell began his devoted service to Raeburn and me. I fear that he was a rather guileless soldier, but his gratitude was monumental. Hadn't we powerfully moved on his behalf, lifting the terrible lieutenant out of that battery clear into the next regiment? His motorcycle was his own; Mr. Smell, in San Francisco, was a generous parent and Mrs. Smell was an admirable cook. She seemed to send her military offspring food or candies by every mail, and Claude dutifully appeared at odd hours on the veranda of division headquarters bearing offerings done up in newspapers. He brought us squares of a chocolate cake that was almost black within and intensely coated with a white saccharine loam on its upper crust. He shed pounds of fudge, canned cherries, candied orange peel, ripe olives, snakes of licorice and bars of *nougat*, Mexican panocha and, once, three jars of *pâté de foie gras*.

"It's embarrassing," Raeburn mused, "and if he wasn't a nice kid I'd be downright humiliated. . . . Had you ever thought, by the by, what a mean kind of snob Lieutenant Parmenter's mother must be?"

"My dear Raeburn, if it were known in New York that her maiden name was Smell she'd be at the mercy of the society papers up to the day of her death! She can't afford to have relatives named Smell! She'd have to be young, lovely and sinuous to live that down. As it is, she's fat, fifty and dull. . . . Pass me those olives. . . . You might tell Claude that another chocolate cake would be acceptable."

Claude, on the first of October, came to display his sergeant's chevrons and on the next bright morning was publicly grand in a parade of the artillery brigade past division headquarters. The parade cheered me. Our brigadier general of artillery was a martinet and the brigade showed that. The long fair men from Tennessee and Mississippi and the dark heavy-shouldered farmers from Louisiana, who know horses so well, had learned how to carry their clothes. The French officers and sergeants stared from the chilly veranda as the batteries lumbered with their curious watery noise on the moist roadway and the guidons flickered, snapped by cold wind from the hills, in the sharp sunlight. Claude was a small parade all in one person. Life had

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(Continued from Page 66)

brought him high, on a good mount, with a blackened chin strap cutting under the red of his innocent big mouth and his new chevrons fairly gleaming on a pressed sleeve. War is vile and all that, but war gave some otherwise fameless youths moments of sheer grandeur. They were sergeants and could blow whistles. Well, what are you famous for?

"'Tis sweet to be a child," Raeburn pondered, looking after our benefactor. "Oh, and here, yonder, comes his Satan, and looking grand too!"

Claude Parmenter got a muttered compliment from an old French sergeant. That, he said under his mustache, was a soldier, in effect. Lieutenant Parmenter, sulky and still as the traditional statue of such comparisons, on a great chestnut mare, was a tribute to his bodily gorgeousness and to his tailors. If he had been handsome of face, he would have been intolerable and someone would have killed him in envy. But he rode and passed, with the fat captain and nervous second lieutenant of his battery in comic contrast, and was admired for his pictorial charm, on the loaded veranda. The brigade wheeled out of sight, around the curve to the north, past the base hospital, and the French instructors made little compliments.

"Effectively," said Sergeant Carnot, "they resemble troops. Your uniforms are execrable. One can do nothing with that tunic, and the gaiters, my friend, make one think of those of the elderly English ladies, hopping in the Louvre among the pictures; but then only the English and the boches comprehend uniform. We? Bah! The chorus of an operetta! Good uniform expired in France with the Second Empire. Say, then, are there more of those amiable chocolates? Last night I am introduced to a drink entitled white mule. Today my interior resembles the Cathedral of Rheims."

It was Sergeant Carnot who brought me news of Lieut. C. G. Parmenter, on a cold evening of late October. The young instructor was, in private life, a struggling sculptor. Lieutenant Parmenter caught his eye in one of the restaurants of Little Rock, alone at a table in a corner, lounging over his dinner and sullenly looking out through a window into the bright street.

"He goes about in his solitary manner," Carnot said, "and I look at him with speculation. Rich, they say, and so well tailored, and so much alone. In effect, a curiosity. Pardon, but has he not some history? I observed him last night. He was one-third stupid with drink. Then some soldiers at a table began to laugh among themselves, and he turned so suddenly and glared. They were not laughing at him. They had some joke about their bill. A boy of New Orleans in his battery tells me that nobody can laugh without the lieutenant turning to look. But why?"

I think it is pretty plain. The gigantic New Yorker lived in dread of a word. He dreaded his mother's family's name as only stupid men dread stupid things. His mother's aspirations and her religious advertisement of her means had made him sensitive on one side of his narrow brain. And here was the terrible sergeant in the next regiment who knew all about the Smells, of Lucianville, Alabama, a townlet lost in the great folds of the state's northern quarter. This dull young man, poised on his income and his appearance, had a ghost at his heels, and this ghost wavered along in an atmosphere totally strange.

For nine-tenths of the amateur officers in that camp were sons of the lower Mississippi Valley, the children of cotton growers, cotton brokers, cotton bankers and cotton lawyers whose names were better known in Liverpool than in New York. The gossip of Memphis, Greenville, Shreveport, Vicksburg and New Orleans floated in the restaurants and messes. This was that other South, which has nothing to do with Miami and Hot Springs, but knows a great deal about mills in Providence and New Bedford, and even more about the market in Liverpool. I don't know what Lieut. C. G. Parmenter found to say to the officers of his regiment, but meanwhile he had his ghost to think of. His mother's name was Smell and she was the daughter of a carpenter in Lucianville, Alabama, and his first cousin was a grammarless kid in the next regiment with no reason to think kindly of Claude Parmenter. On the whole, Raeburn agreed with me, C. G. Parmenter was not pleasantly placed.

"A frog out of water an' lookin' for a duck to bite him," Raeburn said: "but Claude ain't bitin'. . . . This is certainly cold weather for Arkansas!"

All of a sudden frost glittered on the persimmons and oaks of that lovely valley and heels of drilling troops made a low noise on stiffened clay. Then a civilian soiled army of steam fitters and plumbers were busy, making over the camp's heating, planned for the usual weather of the state's autumn and winter. And then while women bearing babies in all sizes besieged my desk in the division adjutant's office, demanding the release of husbands from this war, the commander of the base hospital was fretful and the division surgeon ambled in and out of the commanding general's office with suggestions. Four blizzards came whirling from the west. Boys who had never seen snow went out and romped in it and got wet feet.

There came pneumonia, diphtheria, spinal meningitis and tonsillitis. A sharp-voiced clerk in the hospital's office telephoned lists of dead to me every morning; and concurrently, over in France, where a war was going on, the American Expeditionary Force began to need various things. Keys clicked in Washington. The military machinery spun. The adjutant tossed decoded telegrams on my desk, and the personnel officer's staff in a long hallway rooted among colored cards to meet requisitions:

"Send three glass blowers, two embalmers, one officer qualified as a public accountant and two buglers, one horseshoer, to report to commanding officer, port of embarkation. . . . Send three captains of field artillery, two second lieutenants of infantry, one captain quartermaster corps and two experienced regimental supply sergeants, F. A., to report ——"

I had sometimes the sensations of a grocer's clerk. Young officers came craftily in to argue softly with the adjutant's assistants and to woo aides-de-camp. Colonels and regimental adjutants stamped snow off their boots beside my desk and bitterly asked why this and that officer had been sent overseas. And meanwhile the numbers of the headquarters swelled. New officials appeared and new typewriters added to the din of the long room, where I slept at night on a cot beside a stove which I adored, and on which we brewed coffee all day long. And also meanwhile the adjutant of the base hospital became familiar, dashing in daily with prayers and entreaties out of his morbid realm two city blocks from my desk. Fresh medical officers reported in hurried squads to the division surgeon. Motors carrying women of the Red Cross jolted in snow past the veranda on their way to the hospital with flowers and fruit; and we grew used to the sight of women in sudden black, passing in hired cars.

"Monseigneur the Skeleton," said Sergeant Carnot, "dances in your snow. . . . It is not too charming, this. And your sergeant whose mamma makes those chocolates in San Francisco is ill, one of his battery said, of pneumonia."

Raeburn went up to the hospital and spoke brutally to Claude G. Smell through a window, saying, "A big thing of your age to carry on this way! How do we eat if you go back on us? Haven't you any shame, sonny? If you go and die on us, brother, we're ruined dietetically. Be a man and pull through!"

A nurse chased him away from the window. The boy had a mere bronchial cold, but he lost the last of his tan and appeared at headquarters, rather thin and deflated, two days before Christmas, bearing a huge

(Continued on Page 70)

The Pendulum Swings to Paige

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Planters
PEANUTS

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sugared cake lettered, "Claudie, Our Soldier, Xmas, 1917," in red sugar, with an artillery emblem wrought below.

"Get yourself a furlough, bud," said Raeburn, "and go home, and tell your mamma how often our prayers have risen for her. . . . Your cousin's very stewed most nights, these days. He grieves, Claude. The world don't use him square."

Claude sipped some coffee and blinked, sitting on my cot in the light of three globes that fought against a new blizzard outside the building.

"What's he grievin' for?"

"Scared of you, sonny. You could blackmail him. I regret to reflect on your kin, brother, but there's somethin' kind of cheap in the lieutenant's make-up. . . . Smell, after all, is just a name."

"I ain't told nobody, sergeant. Mercy me," Claude brooded, "I've had to listen to jokes on my name all these years! No, I wouldn't do it to the poor cheese. Only, I can't get furlough, ever. I'm the only noncom in my outfit that's fit for duty."

Raeburn took a furlough. The men of the headquarters troop and detachment went whirling off, up and down the Mississippi's valley, and on Christmas morning the headquarters knew peace. Some orderlies and drivers of the official cars dropped in to gaze at the empty offices. About ten o'clock the tired, rasping voice of a clerk at the hospital dictated a list of deaths to me, and added, "Sweet day, sergeant." He died two days later. I knew him rather well, over the telephone, but never saw him. Snow hissed on the thin roof over my head and I shivered, pushing the telephone aside.

"What's that in Tacitus?" the division inspector asked, from beside the stove.

"'They make a solitude and call it,' I snapped, 'peace!'"

"It sounds worse in Latin," said the red-haired major, warming his trousers. He looked at me through the false dusk caused by snow littering the windows and suggested, "Better go to hospital next week and get a rest. . . . I've just been reading something in a newspaper about 'the luxurious uselessness of the white-handed crowds in headquarters and departments.' Dramatically correct, but actually a bit thick. Go to bed."

I didn't. He wandered off through the desolate building and my solitude became a sort of weary luxury, even with all the nerves twitching slowly in my right leg and an intrusive humming in my ears. Some germs, it happened, were active in my throat, doing this, that and the other thing.

A pleasant greenish haze floated about me. Through this film Claude Parmenter massively appeared among yellow sheens of naked desks and stood shaking fluffs of snow from the furred collar of a doeskin jacket.

"Th-the adjutant's not in?"

I said dreamily, "Why should he be? It's Christmas Day." And then remembered that this was an officer. But Parmenter said nothing to my insolence. He stood with his reddened hands on the edges of his jacket and his soaked boots dripped water on the floor. He had walked a mile from his quarters in the blizzard and the wet cold fought with whisky in his brain.

"You're the adjutant's s-secretary, rather, eh? . . . M-mean, you write orders and all that, eh? You—you could get me put on the next list to go overseas, if," he asked thickly, "you wanted?"

His face was carmine under the enormous black eyes. He dropped his hands on my desk and leaned forward, staring at me.

"The lieutenant wants to get to France?"

"I'll," he said, "make it five hundred dollars. . . . What's your name, sergeant? I mean—check."

"My name," I told him, "is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

It meant nothing to him. He just nodded, and melted snow slushed from the brim of his hat as he said, "H. W. Longfellow. Knew someone named Longfellow. . . . You see, I've got to get out of this damned hole, sergeant. They're laughing. It's a personal matter, understand? Man's not responsible for his ancestors, is he?"

"I haven't any. My poor parents," I said, "died long before I was born."

After a while he said, slowly nodding, "R-rather convenient. . . . It's that kid, y'know. Tells people. A man hates being laughed at behind his back. Y'understand? It's this name. Puns on it. . . . Well, five hundred dollars? Y-you get the check the minute I get an order for overseas. Entirely personal." Then he swept out an arm and said in a harsh yell, "Who are all these cads anyhow? A lot of cheap cotton brokers! Most of 'em haven't three suits to their name. . . . Laugh! Well, what if mother's name was ——" He clapped his hands over his mouth and kept the ghost in.

"Hadn't the lieutenant better go back to his quarters?"

"You mean I'm drunk? . . . All right. But it's understood? . . . S-someone's coming. . . . But it's understood? You get me the next assignment, overseas service? . . . Very well," he said, and walked magnificently to the door.

This figure marched in the blue snow down the hidden roadway and dwindled among gaunt brown buildings of the stricken lifeless camp. In his mind he was the butt of a prodigious whispered joke, and he wanted to get away from it. The ghost rode him hard and he must escape the thing.

"Was that Lieutenant Parmenter?"

The division inspector had walked from nowhere and was close to my elbow.

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," the officer said, and looked at the puddle before my desk. "Wants to be sent to France?"

"Yes, sir."

The red-haired major rolled a cigarette and then said curtly, "Go to bed, will you? You look like something that's been buried three days."

I went to bed and slept for the remainder of Christmas Day. But after that, time was meaningless as the snow which drifted on our windows. I limped, at intervals, through two wildly pitching offices into the long room where the coffee bubbled on the stove. People kept shoving papers at me to be copied or signed, or women cried on my sleeve because they wanted their husbands out of the Army. Raeburn came back from New Orleans, and a chatter of balls and Christmas dinners, women, drinks, the scandals of five cities and four states flooded from the returning clerks and sergeants. I was something in a machine that went round and round until the second day of January, 1918.

"Your friend Parmenter," Raeburn said, beside the stove, "grieves alone, like the wolf on the mountains. His grief's all pickled in alcohol too. Say, if he met Claude on a dark street —— He was very much in Little Rock last night. Beaudry and I were eatin' oysters in a place where an industrious person sells things in bottles privately. In comes your noble friend and nearly falls into my lap. He then bawled me out for laughing at him. My face was merry as a tombstone in a frost. Then he grieved in a corner and everybody looked him over scandalously. . . . I think he's cracked."

"He was ver' disgusting," said Sergeant Beaudry in the soft voice of Louisiana, "an' my Cousin Pierre in his battery says they are all afraid of him."

I don't know at what hour this conversation occurred. By and by the division adjutant flipped a telegram over to my desk and said, "Call up the adjutant of the artillery brigade on that. . . . They're tearing us to pieces with their requisitions!"

The War Department wanted one lieutenant of field artillery to report for duty to

(Continued on Page 72)

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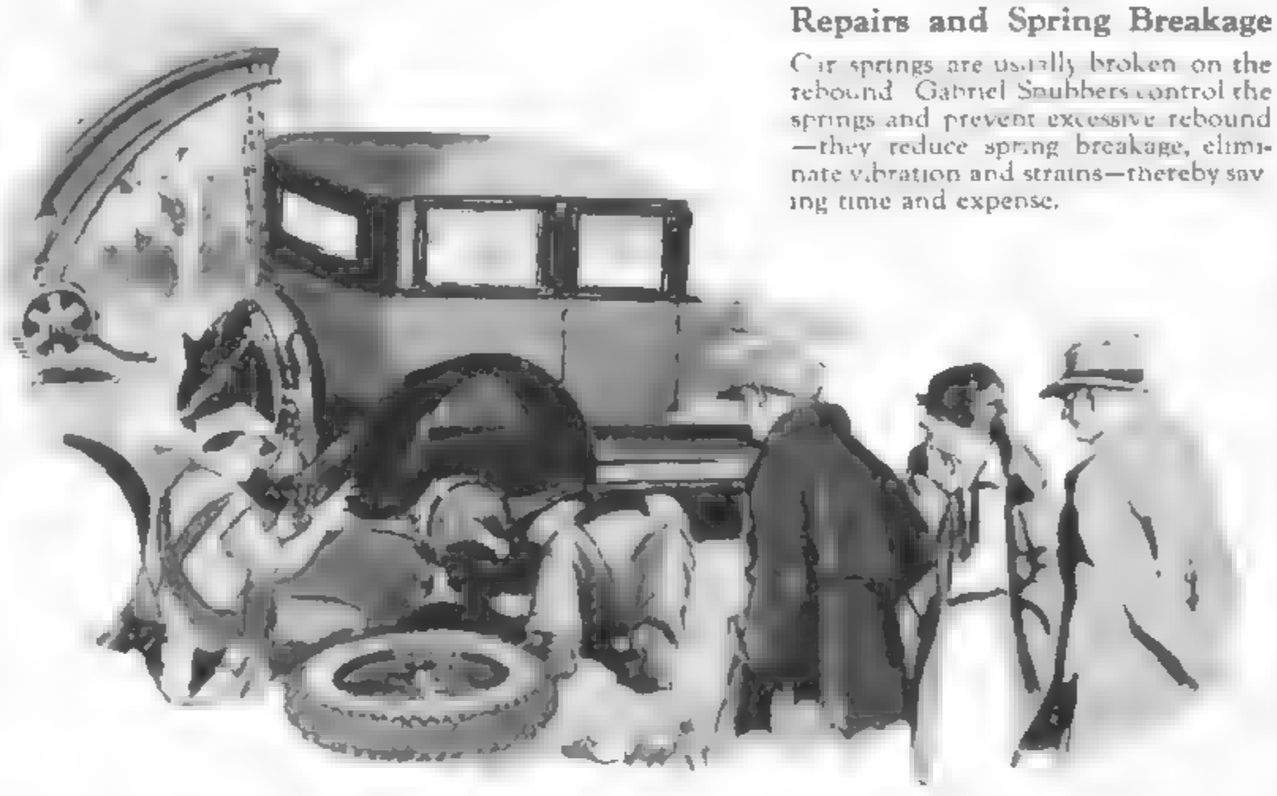

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LIKE a colorful page from the memoirs of a revelous court is the Francis First pattern in Reed & Barton solid silver. There is a suggestion here of the splendor that characterized the reign of Francis I—of the love of fine silverware that made him a patron of Cellini. Imagine the grace, the charm, the individuality that this glorious pattern might bring to your table. Ask your jeweler to show you this unusual pattern today.
It is Sterling
-more can not be said
All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new MIRRORSTELE blades (registered trade mark applied for).
REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 70)

the commanding officer of a port for transportation overseas. And that, I thought, would be Claude Parmenter. And so did the adjutant of the field artillery brigade, as soon as I told him what we wanted.

"I think I could start an officer east tonight. One of them has been after me to send him the next chance. I'll let you know in ten minutes."

"If you get him," I coughed, "tell him he can have his travel orders this evening. I'll have them ready."

Five minutes later this officer told me that First Lieut. Claude G. Parmenter was willing to leave for the East at once, and I rang for a clerk to type the orders. The machine had whirled between France and Arkansas, and I saw its motion as a notched wheel of golden fire spinning in the wire letter basket on my desk. It scared me to see the thing in operation, and then a man who used to sit rolling cigarettes on a window seat of my rooms in college nodded to me, although he was dead with much of a Canadian regiment last year, in upper France.

So I went hobbling through a desert into the long room for coffee and found Claude Smell talking to Raeburn beside the stove.

"Your cousin's starting for France this evening, my child. Just wrote his orders."

"Cousin Claude! Well," the boy said, "that's certainly grand! 'Cause I've been scared of runnin' into the big old devil any night in town. . . . Goin' to France, is he?"

"I'm very sorry," Raeburn said, "'cause I naturally hoped you'd thrash your relation before you parted company. . . . Here, let that coffee alone! You've had ten cups today! You won't sleep! Mrs. Smell's sent us an almond cake and I'm going to compile an omelet right soon. Let that coffee be!"

The coffee spilled all over the tall stove and the pot jangled on the floor. I said, "Electra. Entrance of Clytemnestra. Superb stroke of musical impressionism. Metallic noises from orchestra represent the queen's jewels tinkling as she comes on the stage."

Claude jumped away from me with his black eyes opening. Raeburn said swiftly, "You stay with him, sonny. . . . Sit down, you idiot! Stay here, Claude." And this convinced me that something was wrong with the military machine. I bit my lips and found myself in the long room, staring at the silent mimeograph and three bulbs spacing the wooden ceiling. Claude and I seemed alone in the place.

"Where is everybody?"

"All gone to supper, sergeant. It's past six o'clock. . . . Better sit down."

The military machine stopped whirling in my head. I sat down and told Claude, "I think I'm ill. . . . Look here, sonny, your loathsome cousin's orders are in the basket on my desk. He'll be coming here for them. They're in an envelope. You go and sit at my desk. Hand them to him and kiss him good-by, if you like. . . . Do that for me?"

Claude said dutifully, "I certainly will, sergeant. Do I have to say anything to him?"

"Nothing. Tell him he's an ass, with my regards. Run along. . . . They make a solitude and call it war—no, peace."

The big boy marched on his tiptoes down the floor and faded, with everything else. Then the division inspector was shaking my arm and saying, "What's all this? . . . Phone for an ambulance, Raeburn. . . . Sit still!"

"You go to hell," I said delightedly. "*Solitudinem faciunt pacem appel—ap*—— Anyhow, it was a solitude and they called it peace."

The ambulance made a curve in the silent snow and the front of the hospital glittered. Everything glittered. A man in white with gauze drawn over his mouth lifted a glittering syringe. Then I was placidly unconscious for four days—and woke up, a first lieutenant.

Raeburn walked back from the hospital wondering which of our fashionable diseases I had picked to die of. On the whole, he presumed that I had spinal meningitis, smallpox and diphtheria at the same time. The division inspector was standing at the north end of the long veranda, smoking a cigarette, and just visible in the dimmest sort of light from a window. His red hair showed.

Raeburn said, "I turned him over to a doctor, major."

"Shut up!" said the inspector, very softly. "Look!"

Raeburn stared down the veranda and saw something incomprehensible. The bulbs of the division adjutant's office sent out light on the snowy planks through two uncurtained windows. It was almost the spotlight of a stage; and in this flowing radiance two things thrashed to and fro noiselessly. The iced veranda shook and Raeburn blinked as a naked shoulder heaved in the lights, then vanished, and a voice grunted in the night's quiet.

"Who is it?"

"It doesn't seem to be any of our business, sergeant," said the officer.

"Oh, major," Raeburn agreed, "indeed it's not!"

They stood watching. After a while there was a tangle of white arms and heads and then something jarred and bounced on wood of the steps. Claude Smell stooped and picked up a coat and a hat and tossed them after the body that had rolled down into the snow. He said in a series of snorting gulps, "An' there's your coat an' hat an' shirt, an' your orders is in y' pocket and I certainly hope you get killed in France, Cousin Claude!"

"Go and see if anybody's hurt, Raeburn," said the inspector, and turned into his office.

Raeburn trotted down the veranda, but Claude Parmenter had picked up his clothes and was getting into a closed car whose civilian driver sat staring up into the lights, with three gold teeth showing, until Parmenter cried, "Drive, will you?" And the addled man put the car in movement.

"An' I wouldn't have done it if somebody hadn't told me to," Claude Smell panted, pulling on his undershirt.

"Who told you to, Claude?"

"I dunno, sergeant," the winner gulped; "but somebody did!"

It was very strange. Claude went tiptoeing into the division adjutant's office because he was told to. The empty place, with its four desks and its reek of cigarettes, scared him terribly. This was where they gave out orders for the whole division and brigadier generals had to stop and wait until the man with two stars on his shoulder was ready to see them in his room. It was all rather fearsome and sinister, with red lines marking the map of France on one wall and the locked iron box in a corner which was supposed to hold secret codes, and lists of German spies.

A horrible dignity hung in the bright empty space.

He rubbed his nose and sat nervously at my desk, wondering if some officer wouldn't come and ask him what he was doing there. And then he had to face Cousin Claude, perhaps, and that was bad! Even the relief of knowing that his cousin was on the way to France did not cheer him, because something might happen in one minute. This boy dreaded the tall lieutenant for a funny private reason. Claude wanted to be a good soldier, and suppose, now, that the lieutenant insulted him dreadfully about his humble parents.

Life in San Francisco had taught Claude that a carpenter is not an exalted person in cities. Suppose that Cousin Claude said something and his temper flared and he hit the officer. That meant court-martial and prison, and no France, no glory, no more funny sights and noises of gay bands. So he sat and sweated, and once turned over the long envelope in the wire basket and read his cousin's name. The noise of my removal hardly came to him, and then

(Continued on Page 74)

NEW Improved Valve Cap . . .
holds air at any pressure up to 250 pounds

Make this simple test yourself and prove once for all that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap seals the air at the mouth of the valve.

HERE'S a test that every car owner is urged to make. It shows you the importance of using this Schrader No. 880 Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at the nearest garage or accessory store.

Next—take a tire inflated to its proper pressure, loosen the valve inside until you hear the air escaping.

Then—screw one of the new Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps on the valve tightly by hand—hold a glass of water over the valve stem as shown in the illustration. *You will find the valve to be air-tight.* The re-inforced dome-shaped rubber washer inside the cap forms an absolutely air-tight seal at the mouth of the valve stem.

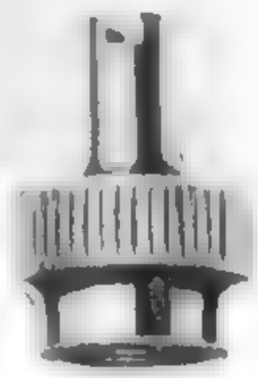
Make as severe a test as you can. You will find the *Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds.*

If the valve inside is worn out or damaged the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will still protect against any escape of air at the mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. In addition the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will keep small particles of *dirt* and *grit* from damaging the new valve inside. This fact alone makes its use imperative, for a small particle of grit will interfere with the efficient operation of the valve mechanism.

Do not let your tire valves go without the protection of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps. Remember, with Balloon Tires this extra protection is especially important, for a tire intended to carry only 30 or 35 pounds pressure should never be run with even 3 or 4 pounds less pressure.

In purchasing Schrader Valve Caps or Valve Insides, be sure you get the genuine Schrader products packed in handy red and blue metal boxes on which the name Schrader is plainly marked for your protection.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.



GUARANTEE TO MOTORISTS

WE guarantee that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap (sold in the red and blue metal box) is air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand

If the No. 880 Valve Caps are not air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Five in the red and blue metal box cost but 30c—if they cost $30 they could not be made any better or surer for sealing air

REX *looks light, feels light and is light. New style with new summer comfort in light weight oxfords at leading Walk-Over prices of $7, $8.50 and $10.*

This style in black or tan calfskin, $8.50

Shoe style to match your hat *for light-weight summer comfort*

MAY FIFTEENTH is a magic date. It snatches the old iron derby and the rusty gray fedora off the head of every man who prides himself on being well dressed. Now look at your shoes.

You've clumped through ice and snow all winter in those brogues of yours. They don't go well with light-weight clothes and hats. Stop in at the nearest Walk-Over merchant's and see the new, summer-weight, feather-light shoes for men.

Style! That's Walk-Over's first name. Comfort! That's every Walk-Over shoe's middle name.

Slip tired, hot feet down into the cool, calm comfort of a Walk-Over summer shoe. Added to the light-weight look and feel of these new summer-weight Walk-Overs, is the solid comfort of Walk-Over personal fit and the pear-shaped heel.

Make this "be-kind-to-feet-week." Clothe your feet in shoes to match your hat for comfort. Donate to your feet the cool and calming, smooth and generous fitting comfort of a pair of shoes in *Walk-Over summer weight.*

Write for the free Walk-Over book of summer styles.

Geo. E. Keith Company
Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Next time you put your shoes on, notice the shape of the back of your heel. It is wide at the bottom, narrow at the top—and that's why the Walk Over pear-shaped heel is made as shown in the diagrams below

Walk-Over Shoes *for men and women*

The diagram at the extreme left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder they gape. See, at the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel pat. Look for this trade-mark

Walk-Over

on every shoe.

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(Continued from Page 72)

somebody walked in the dark hallway behind him, softly, who might be a general or a colonel prowling through this still building, looking for causes to punish sinners. Claude stared at the snowy panes and sweated vehemently, until Lieutenant Parmenter walked in from the veranda and the boy jerked up from the chair, at stiff attention.

"I came here for my orders," said Parmenter, after a glare. "Where's the sergeant in charge?"

"These is the lieutenant's orders, in this envelope here."

Parmenter ripped off his gloves and picked up the envelope. His heavy fingers rattled the sheets of thin paper about, and the fingers shook. He was sober, but he'd been drunk the last night, and his hands flickered.

Presently he jammed the official sheets into the pocket of his breeches and lifted his black eyes to Claude. The boy told Raeburn that he felt his head going back, as the stare prolonged itself.

"Well, you've had your fun with me, haven't you?"

"I—I haven't had any fun with the lieutenant, sir!"

His cousin said, "Oh? D'you think I don't know they've been laughing at me behind my back ever since I've been here? It's about all I've been able to stand not to come and kill you, you thug! They've been laughing at me, and you told everybody mother's name was Smell! I suppose that's your idea of a joke! Paying me back for that time at Burlingame! They've been ——"

"That ain't so—sir! I haven't been tellin' anybody! There's a couple of men knows, but they ain't said nuffin'. I haven't been makin' a joke of the lieutenant, neither!"

"You're a liar," said Parmenter, and swung his hand across Claude's mouth.

The boy grabbed the desk's edge and bit his lip. He mustn't hit back! He mustn't hit back! If he hit the officer, Parmenter could ruin him. Years in prison for hitting an officer!

Then a voice said out of the dark hallway at his back:

"Lieutenant Parmenter, take off your coat and shirt and go out in the porch with this soldier or it's the end of you! Do as I say, at once! Hurry!"

And that is the end of the matter. It is unthinkable that an officer on the staff of a division should have countenanced a fist fight between a lieutenant and an enlisted man on the veranda of the division headquarters. My only trouble in believing that Claude heard no voice is that Claude is a strictly honest person.

Raeburn, calling on me in hospital the following Sunday, made rather a point of something.

"The inspector's the only person except you and me—lieutenant, that knew what Parmenter was grievin' about. And he's the only person I know of at headquarters that calls the veranda a porch, like you Yankees do. Oh, think, sir, that we have a red-headed future major general at our mercy! Only his pay won't ever be good enough to make him worth blackmailin'. We should have used our opportunity and blackmailed Parmenter. Well, we always can. He'll be subject to levy so long as he grieves over somethin' that don't matter."

Parmenter? He was killed in the St.-Mihiel drive, admirably conducting his battery in action. Claude is very proud of that and says it does the family great credit. Of course his name wasn't Parmenter, and neither was Claude's name Smell; but then if I had used Claude's real name, nobody would have dared to print this story.

WHAT WOULD A YOUNG MAN DO?

(Continued from Page 25)

Maisie was as kindly a soul as she was common; she had thought this repeated compliment might be pleasantly reassuring to Susan. Certainly it never occurred to her that Susan might resent it. But for some little time after Maisie had departed, Susan mechanically tearing open and deftly sorting the morning's mail, repeated the phrase in thought again and again. "A wonder on routine!" At each repetition, she found the faint praise more damning.

"A wonder on routine." So that was what Mr. James Fredericks thought of her.

Mr. James Fredericks, himself, interrupted Susan's thoughts by arriving, quite as she had foreseen he would arrive, late and cross. Mr. Fredericks always played poker late Wednesday night and, like the gentleman in the ancient favorite, Thursday was his Jonah day. He wasted no breath on a good morning, Thursday; merely hung his straw hat on the rack in the corner of the office, hitched his belt a bit over the bay window which, though he was a young man, was already a conspicuous feature of his contour, sat down to his desk with an air of a man who is going to see that a belligerent universe doesn't slip anything over on him.

"Get Ferguson on the phone as quick as you're through with the mail," he barked at Susan without turning his head, "and tell him we won't pay a red cent on that can shipment till we get the labels. Tell him I say it's up to him to keep after the lithographers, not us."

"I telephoned him after you'd left yesterday," said Susan, "and he is attending to it."

It was a perverse little imp in Susan, come to sudden life at that "a wonder on routine" which prompted her to say this. She really knew how to handle Mr. Fredericks much better. She knew perfectly well that it always irritated him to have anyone apparently think of anything before he did. Not that he actually minded anybody's actually thinking of it, but the tactful way, Susan knew, was to pretend one hadn't. Ordinarily, especially on a Thursday, she would have said "Very well," and let the matter drop. Mr. Fredericks would assume that the call was made sometime when he was out of the office. But what was the satisfaction, she thought resentfully today, in using both brains and tact, and then be considered merely a satisfactory machine, a "wonder on routine."

As a matter of fact, the decision to be delivered to Ferguson had been Susan's in the first place. When the matter of the labels had come up first two days ago, Fredericks had set to considering all forms of coercion to be applied to the recalcitrant lithographers.

It was Susan who had observed, "Well, of course, it's a subcontract. I should think it was up to Mr. Ferguson. He can't expect his people to be paid till we get the labels."

Then, just yesterday afternoon, Fredericks had returned her own decision to her. It was dressed up in his own words, and he quite evidently believed that it was his own idea too.

"I didn't tell you to call him yesterday," he now said sharply, still without turning his head. "I said to call him this morning."

A wonder on routine!

"If I had waited till this morning, I shouldn't have got him," she answered. "Had you forgotten that he was leaving for Chicago last night? He will attend to the lithographers while he is there."

Fredericks said nothing; there was really nothing to say to that. Susan knew, however, from the very set of his plump back that his ill humor was not decreased any by the incident. But she didn't care.

Ordinarily, on Thursdays Susan was miserably uncomfortable until, by exerting all

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KNOW THESE NEW RESULTS IN FINE MOTORING

Chrysler Imperial "80" was the fruit of a conviction that the last word had not been spoken in fine car manufacture. It is an invitation to you to be dissatisfied with the conventional and the commonplace. It has sought to extract new riches of convenience and comfort out of a long-established engineering principle. It has wrested from the old elements of power and speed a new obedience. Its six cylinders—its 92 horsepower—its 80 miles an hour—its long-lived, enduring quality—these are merely indexes and symbols of riding and driving results unique in motoring.

80

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

80 EIGHTY MILES PER HOUR

AS FINE AS MONEY CAN BUILD

There is no value like it

You want fine fabric in your union suit; you want fit and comfort and ease at all times; you want careful workmanship.

Dollar Topkis gives you the fabric of your choice.

You get Topkis cut and tailoring, which makes you sure of a generous full-size fit. Plenty of stretch-room, stride-room. Topkis lets your skin breathe.

And buttons and buttonholes, seams and reinforcements, that compare with any at any price!

All this union suit perfection—the world's biggest value for men—is in Dollar Topkis, now, at your own dealer's.

The Flatlock Seam. Nine needles weave the materials together into a seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 93 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

Write for free illustrated booklet

Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits 75c each. In Canada Men's Union Suits, $1. Look for this Topkis label

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

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her most charming and feminine tact, she was able to restore her employer to good humor. Today, his appraisal of her still rankling, she felt recklessly indifferent to his ill temper.

When, a little later, he curtly informed her that she had made a mistake in the order he had dictated yesterday, she had got it a thousand quart size and only two thousand of the flat tins, he had warned brusquely, "From now on, write it down, when I give you a list; don't trust to your memory."

Susan answered coolly.

"It wasn't a mistake. I changed the order on purpose. I looked up the report from the filling department. They're overstocked on both the quarts and the flats."

This from the diplomatic Susan! Ordinarily, not only on a Thursday but even on any good day, Susan would have answered the rebuke with a tactful "I'm so sorry! Shall I wire and countermand the order?" Mr. Fredericks would probably have said, "Oh, no, let it ride, as long as it's already gone." And perhaps, if the next report from the filling department had happened to come in on one of his most particularly good days, he might have observed magnanimously, "That turned out to be a lucky mistake you made on the last can order, Miss Merryweather." Oh, Susan knew well enough how to get along with purchasing agents.

She had had ample experience. She had been secretary to the purchasing agent through three and a half years and three and a half different purchasing agents. The half had been the first and the other half of him had been head of the distribution department. Peter Corley had been able to handle two departments with greater ease and better results than most men could manage one. He was owners' representative now, the most important post the Page-Henley could give any man.

Susan, fresh from business college, had liked and respected Mr. Corley to an almost breathless degree. He had been unfailingly considerate of her and he had taught her the ropes and then left her to handle a good many of them herself. By the end of six months, when he passed on to general managership, Susan knew as well as he which of the firms they dealt with could be depended upon for prompt shipments, which were the best to deal with for large orders, which could rush the small ones, all the intricacies of freighting and express.

It had been well for Page-Henley that Susan did know all these things, for Corley's successor hadn't known much of anything. A pet nephew of the biggest owner, he was fresh from college, handsome, conceited, and no more fitted for so responsible a position than one of the office boys. It was Susan who had kept the firm from ever learning this. She attended to vast numbers of the affairs in the purchasing department herself; she caught mistakes before they had time to make any trouble. It was with this young cub that Susan first learned the diplomacy which she had since perfected to so fine a point. When there was an important decision to be made, it was simple enough for Susan to make up her mind just what Mr. Peter Corley would probably do in a similar situation. The difficult part was in persuading the callow nephew to do the same. The method, of course, was the ancient feminine device of making him believe the decision had been his own from the first. So adept did Susan become in this art, and such excellent showing did the purchasing department make, that at the end of a year Susan received a five-dollar-a-week raise and the cub was sent out to manage the branch plant in Cincinnati.

His successor gave Susan opportunity to perfect her finesse to a much more subtle point. He was a cleverer man than the cub, he had had push enough to push himself up out of the sales department. He was completely unfamiliar with the purchasing department's problems and at the first, at least, he might have learned a great deal from Susan. He did, in fact, but this was because Susan's tact had reached the point at which it could overleap even such a barrier as the ex-salesman's belief that nobody but himself knew much, if anything. Ideas, however, once he was comfortably assured that they were wholly his own, he carried out with such energy and confidence that at the end of the year he was made building superintendent. Susan had another five-dollar raise.

By the time Mr. James Fredericks arrived, Susan had developed a considerable contempt for purchasing agents and a tremendous loyalty to the purchasing department. She felt toward the department something as a devoted nurse employed by stupid parents often feels toward a baby. Susan had accepted the fact that, humble though her apparent capacity was, it was up to her to stand protectingly between the purchasing department and all its threatening evils, including purchasing agents.

And then to be called a "wonder on routine"!

"I wish I could get mad every day that Mr. Fredericks is grouchy," she observed to Rose, whom she met, as usual, for lunch. "It's amazing what a protection it seems to be. It doesn't seem to make any difference to me today whether he explodes or not. Usually on Thursdays I'm able to get him jollied back into halfway good humor by noon, but by then I'm such a nervous wreck myself that I'm too shaky to eat lunch and I always have a headache in the afternoon."

"I know," said Rose sympathetically. "It gets me just the same way when Mr. Higginbotham is in one of his fits."

Susan, studying over the menu, recalled the doctor's contempt of her yesterday's noon meal and ordered a generous luncheon.

"I'm sure I don't know why I let Mr. Higginbotham upset me so," Rose went on "When he's feeling all right he is wonderful to me and I know even at his worst he'd never let me go. And if he did, I could get another place inside of a day; they're always calling me up from the agency to see if I'm interested in changing. I don't see why I don't stand up for my rights a little more." She nibbled a cream-cheese-and-pimiento sandwich thoughtfully. "I suppose," she observed, "it's because a woman is always nervous when a man is cross; feels it's up to her to jolly him out of it."

Susan glanced up.

"I wonder what a young man would do?" she said suddenly. "A man secretary, for instance."

"Oh, a man never seems to feel it's up to him to be tactful," said Rose. "Of course some men are fairly tactful, but I never knew one who worked at it as hard as the average woman."

"No," said Susan thoughtfully, "neither did I."

Suddenly she giggled.

"What's the joke?" Rose demanded.

"I was just thinking," said Susan, "that that's part of my vacation—not to work so hard at being tactful."

"What's the idea?" Rose persisted.

"I'm sure I don't know why I should have to be a sort of wife to Mr. Fredericks," Susan went on, still giggling a little. "A wife in the worst sense of the term—henpecked, always appeasing him, always smoothing things out. Why should I feel it's up to me to keep him from losing his temper? After all, it's his temper; let him lose it if he likes. I'll do the right thing and then if he wants to explode, let him explode."

But Mr. Fredericks did not, apparently, want to. Or at least if he did, he controlled himself and stopped just short of it several times during the sultry afternoon. Susan, strolling out at five o'clock, felt unexhausted for the first Thursday in months. Mr. Fredericks had been just as cross as ever that day, so it evidently was not his crossness but her own tactfulness which had worn her out on other Thursdays.

The vacation was on, of course. No marketing on the way home tonight, not on the way home to Mrs. Monks' very excellent

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"One-Profit" Studebaker *Wins the World*

One-Profit value

and Unit-Built construction have made the Studebaker Big Six the world's fastest-selling high-powered car

Studebaker Big Six Sedan, $1895 *f. o. b. factory*

Only 7 American cars equal it in rated horsepower and they sell for two to four times its price

THIS is the car that has won a world tribute to One-Profit manufacture All over the globe the Big Six Studebaker outsells every other car of equal or greater rated horsepower.

American automobile exports increased 44% in 1925 over 1924, but Studebaker exports increased 68%

According to the rating of the Society of Automotive Engineers, only seven American cars equal the Big Six in rated horsepower and they sell for two to four times its price

Unsurpassed riding and driving ease

The 5-passenger Big Six Sedan is powered with the identical engine that carries hundreds of Studebaker busses at high speed over some of the most mountainous and difficult-to-travel routes in America hence we urge you to compare its thrilling performance with that of the finest "eights" as well as "sixes." Not only does the Big Six offer a powerful dependable, sweet-running engine, but also a staunch body construction not excelled by any car at any price.

It is richly upholstered in genuine mohair, which is indicative of the fine quality body construction you cannot see. Body pillars are of northern white ash—cross-members of hard maple.

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The spark is automatically controlled by the speed of the engine. Spark lever is thus made obsolete and is replaced on the steering wheel by the safety lighting switch. There's an air cleaner, gas and oil filters, automatic windshield cleaner, gasoline gauge on the dash, rear-view mirror, cowl ventilator, stop light, and a splendid coincidental lock to steering gear and ignition controlled by the same key operating door and spare-tire locks

Once you ride in this luxurious Big Six, and drive it as you must, to fully appreciate its thrilling power, you will understand why it has become the world's fastest-selling, high-powered car. It is priced so low because of volume production and the savings made possible by Studebaker's famous One-Profit basis of manufacture.

Few motor car manufacturers have foundries, forges etc., to make their own engines—yet one-fifth of the cost of an automobile is in the engine. Even fewer build their own bodies—yet one-third of the cost of a car is in the body.

Not only does Studebaker make *all* bodies and *all* engines used in Studebaker cars, but also *all* clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, brakes, steering gears, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Only Studebaker in the fine-car field enjoys the benefits of such complete manufacturing facilities

One-Profit value

These facilities enable Studebaker to manufacture cars on a One-Profit basis. They enable Studebaker to effect vital savings in manufacture which are passed on to the owners of Studebaker cars, either in the form of higher quality, lower price, or both.

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Studebaker facilities result, too, in Unit-Built construction—in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts used in a Studebaker car function together as a unit, resulting in greater riding comfort and scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

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(Continued from Page 76)

boarding house. Time, instead, for an hour's nap in her clean, pleasant, impersonal little room. Perhaps the dinner was not quite so good as those she and Rose prepared, but it was really very fair, and Susan, cool and rested, ate it with the gusto of a carefree young bachelor.

Ready for bed, that night, Susan looked at the slightly soiled silk over-blouse.

"I must get some gasoline," she thought, "and clean that and my other one Sunday morning."

She stopped short. The doctor's motto hung, in good faith, over the front door of her mind. What would a young man do?

"Sunday morning, indeed!" Susan thought scornfully. "Imagine a young man spending his Sunday morning rinsing out a couple of silk shirts in gasoline, washing his hair and manicuring his nails, ironing a half dozen collars and catching up a run in his best silk socks. No, sir, no working girl's wash day for me. I'm going to have a young man's Sunday morning."

And she did. A Sunday morning as irresponsibly masculine as a cigar in bed. As she was leisurely finishing up the voluminous newspaper in the hammock on a shady side of the boarding-house porch, she could hear in distant sweet dignity the roll of the organ from the Pleasant Street Church—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me ——"

"Why," she thought suddenly, "I can go to church next Sunday!"

Hewlitt telephoned about noon. Rose had told him where to find her, he explained. She and Hewlitt nearly always spent Sunday afternoon and evening together, usually having supper in Susan's apartment. This was out of the question today, of course; they would have to go to a tea room or a restaurant.

The Blue Bird tea room Susan found delightful. To be sure, her chicken sandwich was a little dry and the cake obviously baker's, but they had a little table out on the porch and there were no dishes to wash afterward. Hewlitt, who prided himself on being a bit of a gourmet, was scornful of the Blue Bird's fare.

"The truth is, you've spoiled me, Susan," he admitted. "After your little Sunday-night suppers this sort of thing is pretty thin soup."

They went out to Lake Harriet afterward and rented a canoe. There was a band concert which Susan thought glorious, floating to them over the boat-shadowed water. The selections, however, were mainly classical and Hewlitt, who didn't care much for music except jazz, complained of the mosquitoes, and they went home early.

That was just as well too. Plenty of sleep fitted in beautifully with the doctor's prescription. And the prescription, Susan admitted, before the first week of taking it was over, was the right one and must have been much needed. The restfulness of noon hours of unhurried luncheons and lazy strolls along Nicollet Avenue; the freedom of going out to Lake Calhoun for a swim on Saturday afternoon instead of paying some calls which she knew she ought to, but which she knew, also, would bother no young man in August; the luxury of the extra half hour in bed, instead of taking her turn getting breakfast, of evenings untroubled by dinner dishes, or a hasty dusting of the living room. The peace of callousness, of simply turning off her sensitiveness to Mr. Fredericks' moods as one would switch off a glaring light. The unbelievable relaxation of margins, spare minutes here and there with absolutely nothing to do.

Those margins cost money, of course. They meant sending frilled organdie collars to the expensive hand laundry and the pleated skirt, which would have to be basted before it could be pressed, to the tailor's. It meant more underwear, if nothing was ever rinsed out of an evening and ironed before work time in the morning. It meant the new over-blouse bought ready-made at twice the price it would have cost to make it. But, oh, how it paid! Susan could feel the tension letting up all over, like a tent when the guy ropes are loosed. She woke in the morning ready to get up instead of having to drag herself out of bed like a handful of dough out of a pan. She gained two pounds that first week.

Perhaps the swimming helped. Susan discovered that by leaving the office promptly at five, she could manage a plunge in the Y. W. pool before dinnertime. That meant no marcel waves, of course; no bathing cap known will save a marcel. Susan took to combing her hair back, straight and smooth. Rose studied the effect dubiously at their first luncheon together.

"It doesn't look so bad," she admitted. "You're almost pretty enough to get away with it."

"It's a great rest, anyway," said Susan comfortably, "to be just as homely as you happen to be. Someway, a girl always seems to figure that, however poor-looking or good-looking she is, it's her duty to make herself a little better looking. A young man doesn't bother any. If his hair's straight, it's straight and that ends it. And he takes whatever skin he's got for granted. Catch a young man sitting up nights rubbing in cold cream to keep that schoolboy complexion!"

"I don't believe a man would like your hair this way so well," said Rose dubiously.

Susan thought of that the same evening, at the vaudeville with Hewlitt. Some way she had to admit that Hewlitt didn't seem to like her quite so well that evening. She had felt it all through their restaurant dinner, though, and she had had her hat on then, so it couldn't be her hair. Or maybe it had shown, even with her hat on. Susan wondered after she had gone to bed that night. Then suddenly the doctor's motto flashed on in her mind.

What would a young man do? Susan giggled suddenly in the darkness. The idea of a young man lying awake at night to worry whether a girl liked the way he combed his hair was enough to touch off any giggle.

"A young man," said Susan firmly to herself, "would go to sleep and forget it." Which she did.

But Sunday came and all day Hewlitt did not telephone. There wasn't, of course, any real reason why he should, except that he always did. And Wednesday came—Wednesday sacred to vaudeville—and still no word from Hewlitt. The idea that Hewlitt had suddenly stopped liking her just because she had stopped waving her hair was a little too fantastic to be considered. Susan decided that he must have gone out on the road suddenly, as he did occasionally for his employer. She went to an open-air movie with a girl at the boarding house and had, as a matter of fact, a much better time than she usually did at the vaudeville.

It seemed a bit odd that, as the next Sunday came and went, and the next Wednesday, there should not be so much as a picture post card from Hewlitt. On his trips he had deluged Susan with views of the various towns he covered. In spite of this neglect, though, Susan continued to wax haler and heartier with each day. The dark circles around her eyes lightened and filled out; in spite of August sultriness, she continued to feel farther and farther away from the idea of a tonic.

The last Sunday of her vacation Susan felt much too rested and buoyant to wish to spend the afternoon and evening doing nothing, in spite of Hewlitt's absence. "Well, what would a young man do?" she asked herself, and decided that if she were a young man she would do exactly what she and Hewlitt had done that other Sunday, ride out to Lake Harriet, rent a canoe and listen to the band concert over the water. There was no reason why she shouldn't do it too. She could paddle a canoe over that placid lake as well as a young man; she too could rent a canoe. It occurred to her that Rose or Rose's sister might like to go. The old apartment was just a pleasant stroll away; so about seven Susan walked over.

Rose must be at home; her click-click opened the door to Susan's ring and Susan

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78)

began to climb the familiar stairs. She hadn't taken two steps before she had a strange sense of something unpleasant waiting at the top. There was nothing to explain this premonition except, perhaps, that there had been a surprisingly long time between her ringing of the bell and Rose's answering it. And yet this trivial fact seemed as definite a warning as the first whiff inside the boarding-house door when there were to be onions for dinner.

"Why, hello, Susan," Rose at the apartment door in her blue rajah dress with a white cross-stitched apron over it, strengthened the premonition very definitely. Rose was so obviously taken aback. With the opening of the door, the fragrance of coffee floated into the hall. Past Rose's shoulder, Susan could see the familiar peacock-blue curtains, the gateleg table, the steaming percolator.

"Come in," Rose rattled on nervously. "You're just in time to have supper—I'm terribly glad you came—how ——"

And then, big, blond, handsome, Hewlitt rose from the other side of the gateleg table.

Rose filled what might have been an awkward pause with a fair clatter of fluttering explanations.

"Isn't it luck you should get here just in time to make it a party!" she prattled on, her pretty baby face crimson with embarrassment. "Hewlitt just dropped in to see if he had left his raincoat here, and I made him stay and have a bit of supper. Sis is out to Jim's and—now, take off your hat, Sue, and—let me put in a little more coffee—you know where the plates are, Susan, just put on an extra one while I look at my biscuits—I'm so glad "

"Thanks a lot, Rosie," Susan heard her own voice saying pleasantly, "but I can't possibly stay. I've a date that I'm late for already. I just wanted to get my gray felt out of the closet. Hello, Hewlitt, how's everything?"

By the time she came back out of the little bedroom, a gay hatbox under her arm, both Rose and Hewlitt had pulled themselves together a little. Hewlitt repeated the matter of the raincoat. Susan obligingly dug back in their crowded little coat closet to look for it, though she knew there was no raincoat there. By not so much as a flicker did she indicate that she knew that Hewlitt knew, too, that there was no raincoat there. The whole matter, her pleasant matter-of-factness declared, in spite of the flustered pair, was the most simple, natural thing in the world. In fact Susan managed to keep her pleasant, matter-of-fact air until she was out in the summer evening again. Then she discovered that she felt a little sick.

So that was why she hadn't heard from Hewlitt! She dismissed immediately the pretty fiction of his having dropped in at the apartment on an errand. Rose ought to prevaricate either better or not at all. This was not even the first time, Susan felt sure. Hewlitt had probably been there last Wednesday evening, and the Sunday before and the Wednesday before that—all the time she had thought he was on the road. On the road, indeed!

Susan walked back to the boarding house, her taste for canoeing having vanished completely. Hewlitt going to see Rose, just as he had come to see her! The same evenings, the same apartment, the same gateleg table and percolator, probably pretty much the same supper. The only difference was that it was Rose in a white apron instead of herself in a pink one. The time, the place and —— The girl, it was evident, didn't make so much difference to Hewlitt.

It was the time, the place and the food, Susan thought suddenly.

She knew that this wasn't quite fair, of course. Knew that Hewlitt hadn't been coming to see her all these months just because he liked her cooking. But it was pretty much the same, at that. It wasn't herself he had liked, it was what her cooking stood for, the whole feminine, domestic background. He couldn't keep on liking her without it, not even for a month.

A discovery like that is enough to make any girl a little bit sick with the shock of it. But it was really just the shock. For before Susan had reached her boarding house again she had admitted the truth that during that month she hadn't really missed Hewlitt. She was quite as happy without him as with him. It must be—she faced the fact honestly—that if he had been paying her attention because he liked the suppers she cooked and the whole domestic atmosphere she furnished, she had been accepting the attentions because he bought the theater tickets and brought her candy and furnished the flattering atmosphere of masculine admiration.

There you were! For her to be angry at Hewlitt would indeed be the pot calling the kettle black.

But if she couldn't honestly feel hurt or angry, she did feel strangely desolate as she went back up to her clean, impersonal, little boarding-house room. It was almost the last of August; her vacation was over. It was time to go back. And Susan Merryweather suddenly realized that she had nothing to go back to, no sweetheart. Much, much worse than that—no home.

She couldn't go on living with Rose now. The most fleeting recollection of Rose's crimsoned, embarrassed face made that fact unmistakably clear. She could never, never make Rose believe that it really didn't make any difference, that she was perfectly welcome to Hewlitt. Rose was an ultra-feminine, suspicious little person. There would be awkward situations, constant misunderstandings, embarrassments, probably quarrels eventually. All of the friendly hominess of their relationship was hopelessly done for.

Much better to nip it off right away, pleasantly, definitely, than to let it die out in a petty bickering death.

There would be no difficulty in stepping out of the partnership. She could think of two or three of Rose's friends who would be only too glad to buy her share of the furniture and step into her place. But where would she step? She could think of no other girl with whom she cared to try the experiment of sharing an apartment. She could not afford an apartment alone. Worriedly, she began to tot up her expenses here at Mrs. Monks'. Mrs. Monks' was expensive. And then the tips, the laundry, the hiring of everything done for her. Why, she couldn't afford to go on living here either.

What could she do? What could she do? Susan began considering ways and means. She could go back to making her own clothes and laundering them, of course, to doing skillfully with this and gamely without that; perhaps she might get a furnished room where she could get her own breakfasts. No more restful noon hours, five o'clock swims, no more peaceful walking to church of a Sunday morning!

And all the time she was figuring, one tear after another trickled down the side of Susan's nose and dropped down on her lap. Not that she minded the ways and means exactly, but life ahead seemed such a dull, drab, lonely stretch.

It grew dark as Susan sat there, but she didn't put on the light; just sat staring out of her window. Twilight died slowly into blackness. A clock somewhere downstairs struck, struck again. And suddenly, as though the striking clock had spoken the familiar question, Susan heard it:

Well, what would a young man do?

The tear that was trickling down the side of Susan's nose must have stopped short in surprise. At any rate, it never fell on her hand. Or if it did fall Susan didn't know it.

"Imagine a young man who found he couldn't live on his salary planning to manage by making his own suits and doing his own washing and ironing and cooking his own meals!" she thought scornfully. "What would he do? If he thought he was any good at all in his job and couldn't live decently on his salary, he'd ask for more."

(Continued on Page 82)

"I WAS almost a complete wreck; worn-out by overwork, and suffering from stomach troubles. My face was actually covered with eruptions. Not a blemish is on my face now, all [illegible] have disappeared. It was Fleischmann's Yeast which created the vigor that helped me to my health. I say of this food, 'Ask one who has tried it!'" ALFRED KROSS, Cincinnati, Ohio

"I AM a girl of seventeen. I began to get worried when my skin lost its freshness. I was desperate. I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast sandwiches. In two weeks I was feeling better, in about three my skin had regained its natural freshness. Now, I feel and look as a girl of seventeen should. The credit is all due to Fleischmann's Yeast."
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HEALTH *for them—*

and millions more. **Freedom from clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders—youthful vitality again—**

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. ***For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*** Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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"FOR several years I had been troubled with chronic constipation. I found the use of cathartics absolutely necessary. My brother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my sallow skin cleared up, my liver started to function. I found the use of cathartics unnecessary. My appetite increased, and I was full of 'pep'"
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"I COULD not digest food. I dreaded eating. My vigor was gone. At last I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. They banished my ills completely." ARTHUR SMITH, Toronto, Ont.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

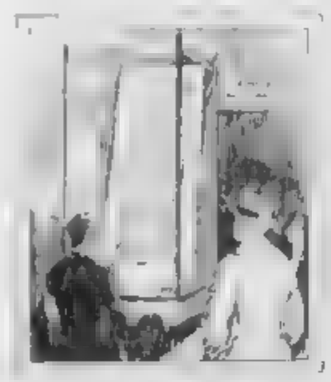
"Moisture was present ...doors were split and twisted out of shape"

G. N. B———, architect, Newark, N. J.

"MOISTURE *remained long after completion. Walls actually dripped water as soon as heat was turned on. It happened that the windows were not opened and all moisture condensed on walls, floors and ceilings.*"

Moisture lingers overtime. Dampness remains in plaster. Closets are slow to dry out. That's why common doors get warped so often. Science shows that wood contains tiny cells, or *tracheids*. These cannot change in length—but in moisture, heat and cold, they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this inherent characteristic of wood that the Laminex process overcomes.

In Laminex doors, the upright stiles and cross rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts, including the plywood panels, are welded with a tested waterproof cement and placed under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.



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THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

(Continued from Page 80)

Which was what Susan did the first thing next morning. And then she found suddenly another way in which her vacation had cost her. Taking time off from tactfulness had lost her all the rather patronizing friendliness of the purchasing agent. Mr. James Fredericks, he told her, if not in the exact words, certainly in perfectly definite implication, was not in the least interested in the question of his secretary's salary one way or the other.

There was, however, an added reason for this indifference. He might have been moved, in spite of not particularly liking Susan, by the fear of losing so competent a helper; but even this made no difference to Mr. Fredericks now. He was leaving the purchasing department himself very shortly, he told Susan loftily. He was to have charge of the Massachusetts distribution office. The new purchasing agent, whoever he might be, Susan realized, would never start out by demanding a raise for his stenographer.

"That being the case," she said, "I think I'd better take it up right away myself."

"Go as far as you like," Mr. Fredericks graciously suggested.

Susan was actually out in the hall before she had decided just whom she should approach. Raises always were made through the head of one's own department. Hers, it was evident, would not come that way. What way, then? She thought suddenly of Mr. Peter Corley. He was owners' representative. That would mean going to the very top. Well, why not? As long as she was barred from the customary means, there was nobody else to whom she felt under any obligation to go. Mr. Corley had always liked her. Why not go straight to him?

Mr. Corley was busy, his secretary told Susan. He wouldn't be long; would she care to wait? Susan would. Her courage was at the sticking point and she didn't wish to lose it. She sat down in the little waiting room outside Mr. Corley's office. From inside came voices, rising and falling in pleasant conversation. Susan sat thinking, trying to decide how large a raise to ask for. Five would scarcely take care of the situation—not unless she could find a great bargain in a home. Ten, on the other hand, was an unusually large raise to ask for. If she asked for too much it might end by her getting none. Perhaps ——

There was a scraping of chairs inside the closed office; its door into the outer hall opened and shut. Mr. Corley's secretary nodded to Susan.

"You can go in now," she said.

Susan rose, still uncertain; opened the door, still uncertain. It must have happened to her somewhere between the door and Mr. Corley's desk.

The habit of a single month must have shrieked suddenly, deafeningly, in her ears, loud enough to drown out the prudent habit of three years.

What would a young man do?

"Mr. Corley"—the aghast Susan of three years heard her own voice actually saying—"Mr. Corley, I'd like a chance at being the purchasing agent."

Peter Corley looked up, smiled a little quizzically.

"Yourself?" he asked.

"Myself," said Susan. "Mr. Fredericks tells me he's leaving. You'll have to put in somebody else. I know more about that department than anybody else you could find to put in it."

"How do you know you do?" Corley asked. His tone was one of friendly inquiring interest.

"Because I've known more about it than anybody you ever have put in," Susan answered promptly. "I've had to teach every man of them the ropes. Every single one of them has come in as green as a tomato put on the window sill to ripen." She paused a moment. "I'm getting tired," she said, "of being the window sill."

Corley chuckled, looked at Susan a few moments in amused speculation.

"Were you responsible for Fredericks' dropping off Gayley & Gayley?" he asked. His tone was noncommittal. The question might have been a compliment or an accusation.

"I was." Susan accepted the responsibility either way squarely. "And for lots of things that came a long time after Gayley & Gayley. Not," she admitted, "that Mr. Fredericks always knew that, of course."

"The Gayley decision was a good one, all right," Corley admitted. And then, "If other decisions have been yours," he inquired, "how does it happen that Mr. Fredericks didn't always know it?"

Susan laughed. She had forgotten how deliciously easy it was to talk to Mr. Corley.

"Feminine wiles," she said.

Corley laughed too; continued to study Susan with amused speculation. There was a moment of absolute silence in which Susan could almost hear her own heart beating. And then:

"All right," he said. "You can take a whirl at it. Fredericks leaves a week from Saturday." A moment's pause. "What about salary?"

Susan, to whom salary a brief five minutes ago had seemed all-important, knew as well as any young man that a chance means more than wages.

"I'll leave that to you," she said.

Corley thought a little.

"The best way," he said slowly, "will be to make it a ten-a-week raise, which holds in any event. Officially, you'll be just handling the work temporarily. Let it go that way for two or three months. If you make good, then you can have the title and I don't see why you shouldn't have the same salary as Fredericks has."

Susan wanted to say, "I'll do the very best I can," but when she tried to, she found that her voice had gone unexpectedly husky; she could feel the tears rushing to her eyes.

Good fortune is often enough a tearier business than ill.

Corley looked straight into Susan's swimming eyes.

"My guess is," he prophesied, "that you'll get away with it."

Susan managed to thank him and turned toward the door.

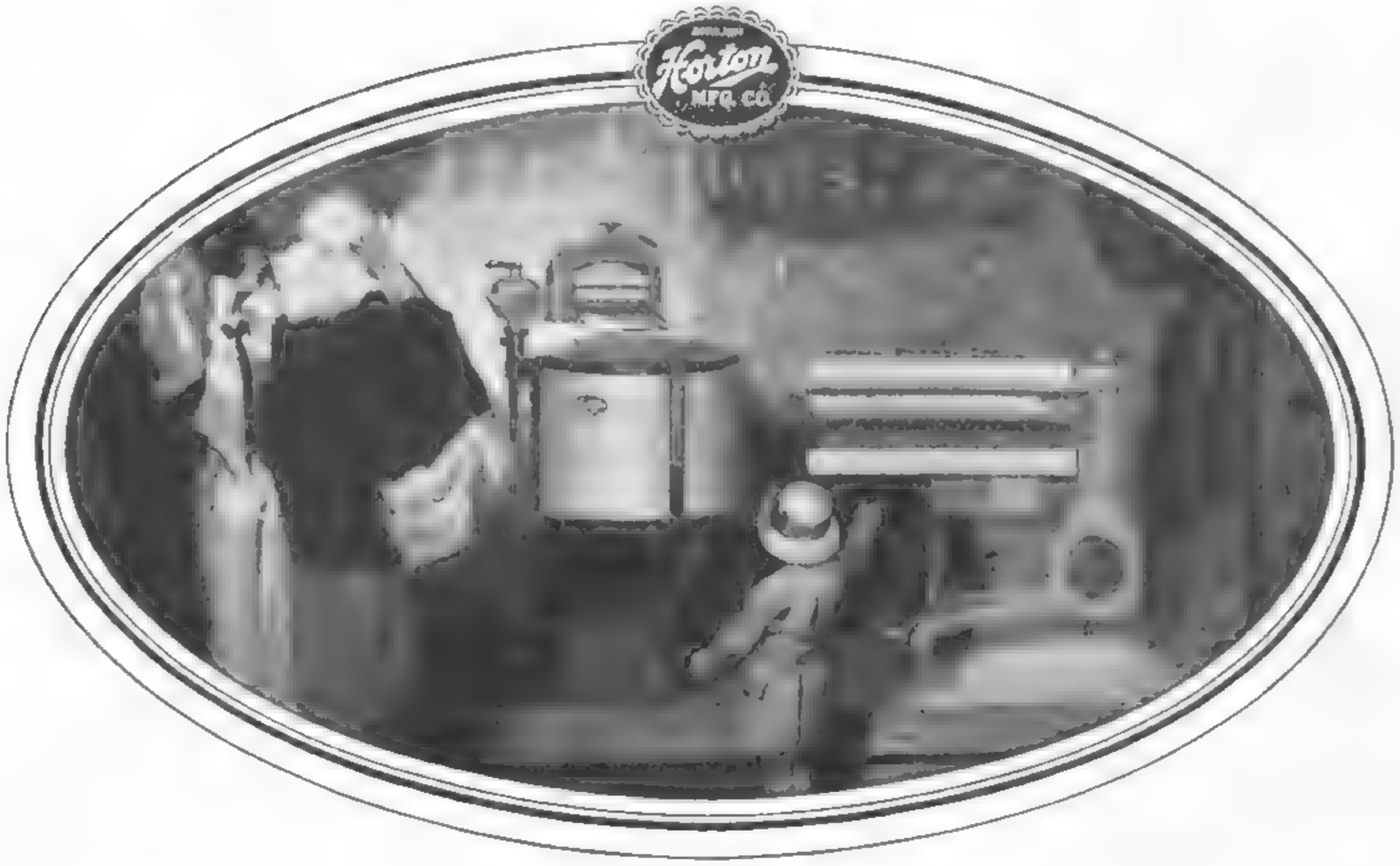
"I'll look in on you frequently," Corley said, "and do all I can to help you while you're getting started."

And then, for the second time that morning, in the same brief stretch between Corley's desk and the door, Susan suddenly did something on rash, unaccountable impulse, something she had not had the faintest intention of doing—she looked back over her shoulder at Peter Corley.

It was the briefest, most fleeting half second of a glance, but it was enough. For in that brief instant, like the traditional drowner's memory, every niceness of Peter Corley's that it had taken her six months, desk to desk, to learn, flashed back into Susan's mind.

And the flashing memory had not come unbidden. It had come, as surely as there can be magic in a glance, in answer to something in Peter Corley's.

Perhaps, it still being August, Susan should not have glanced back at all. Perhaps a young man wouldn't have. But a young man wouldn't have been so sorely tempted. There wouldn't have been the tingling possibility, be he ever so clever a prospective purchasing agent, of his finding the owners' representative looking after him in quite the way that Peter Corley was looking after Susan.



1926

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It may be that they are prejudiced; but if they are, it certainly is the result of nothing but their own experience.

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But when housekeepers and storekeepers both have the same preference for the same product—and that preference is so strong that it seems like a prejudice—the product surely must be more than ordinarily good—more than ordinary value.

Now here's the secret. Here's the reason why Horton can put extra quality into Washers and Ironers without adding an extra penny to price—and when you know this reason you know the whole basis of Horton leadership.

1871

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As everybody knows, high sales expense has put many an earnest concern out of business—simply because either quality had to be sacrificed or prices boosted to make up for extravagant attempts to force sales.

Thanks to its priority in the business, to its early winning of the confidence of Wholesalers and Stores, Horton is more fortunate.

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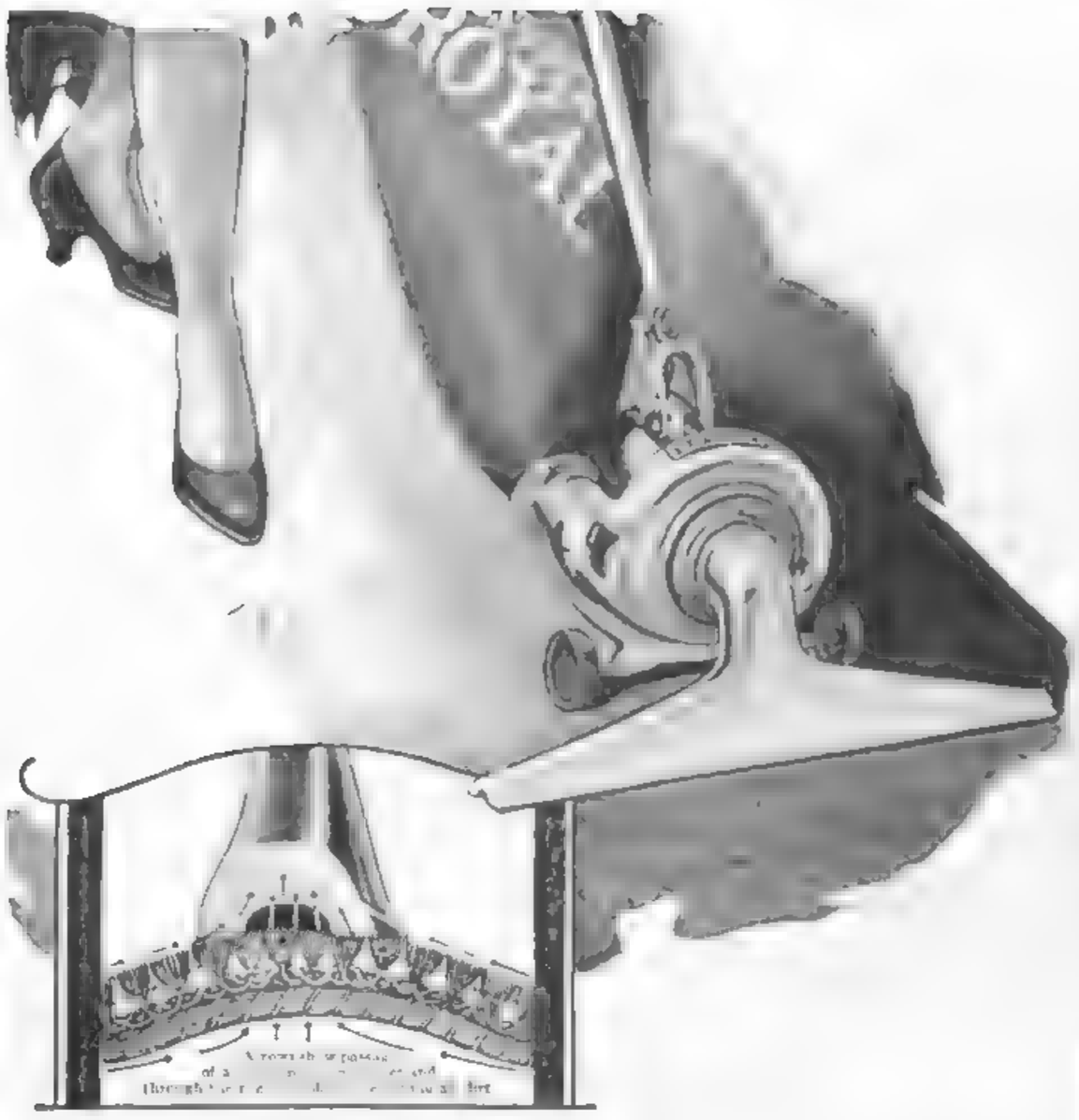

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DIPLOMATIC HOMESPUN

(Continued from Page 21)

His pride as an American citizen suffered a good many more blows after his eyes were opened, for he discovered that of all the big nations of the earth only the United States fails to make proper provision for the housing and maintenance of those men whom it sends abroad to do its work.

In the majority of capitals he found that it is impossible for our ambassadors and ministers and diplomatic secretaries to live adequately on the salaries we pay them.

By living adequately he did not mean living luxuriously.

He meant only that dignified and unostentatious manner of existence demanded by the best traditions of American democracy and self-respect.

These simple requirements were met in most cases in spite of our Government's attitude, for American diplomats pay out of their private purses for the privilege of becoming public servants.

"No other men in the world would do such a thing," declared a wise European with whom he talked on a Continental express train. "In all other countries diplomats are well paid, suitably housed, and are given entertainment funds in addition. But by a curious paradox, the aristocratic countries are willing to pay well for the best brains they can get to serve them, regardless of the financial standing of the men who possess the necessary ability, whereas your democratic country is forced to choose its representatives from a small class of rich men."

The American citizen replied tartly that by good fortune ability and wealth often went hand in hand in the United States.

"No doubt," agreed the foreigner. "Yet I have heard it said that there was a strong prejudice against choosing a rich man to be your President."

Luncheon With the Minister

"Our President receives a large salary and is given a house and servants and motor cars," retorted the citizen. "He doesn't need to have a private fortune in order to live well."

"That is the point I was trying to make. I cannot understand why a country which sees so clearly the necessity for its chief executive being well paid, and which takes such pride in the splendid White House at Washington, should fail to perceive the necessity for having its representatives who go abroad properly cared for. From the standpoint of a foreigner who loves America and would like to see her understood in Europe, I have often wondered if Americans know what a false impression they give by their failure to do abroad what they do so well at home."

The American made no answer at this time, but he decided to talk over this point with the minister who represented us at the capital to which he was going.

He did not know the minister personally, but he had a letter of introduction to him from his congressman, who, as a matter of fact, did not himself know the minister. Nevertheless, when the American, shortly before sailing, had called upon his congressman at his office in Washington, that worthy official had volunteered to give him a letter of introduction. He had called in his secretary and dictated the following lines:

"*Dear Mr. Minister:* It gives me great pleasure to commend to your good offices my old friend and constituent, Civis Americanus, who is leaving shortly for Europe. In the course of his travels he may perchance visit the beautiful capital in which you are so fortunately situated; if this should be the case, I shall regard as a personal favor to myself any attentions which you may be able to show him

"Very truly yours,

"____"

This letter, the cards of the visitor and a note saying that he intended to remain in town only three days were left at the legation one afternoon. The next day the wife of the minister sent a gracious invitation to luncheon, which the tourist accepted.

An Expensive Privilege

It was somewhat embarrassing to Civis Americanus to learn, in response to his questions, that the rental paid for the legation was the equivalent of two-thirds of the minister's entire salary, and that therefore his entertainment as well as that of the other Americans who were present, meant the expenditure of the private income of their host.

"But in my case it's not nearly so bad as in a good many others," said the minister. "For this is a comparatively quiet post, away from the great tourist stream. If you're interested in the subject of costs, just think of some of the big capitals! At this very moment I know three of our ambassadors who are obliged to pay in rentals alone almost $20,000 a year. Their salaries are $17,500—on which they pay income tax, incidentally; so this means that they start with a deficit of $2500. They must spend each year, in addition, from $30,000 to $100,000 of their own money if they desire to have the United States properly represented. And even at that they rarely live on the same scale as the diplomats from other big nations. And in cases where a man has heavy personal expenses—children to educate, and so on—he may find this too great a financial burden, even though he is a rich man."

The American remembered the remark made by the same congressman who had given him the letter of introduction to the minister: "Anybody can live like a king on $17,500 a year! Why, I don't get half that, and Washington is lots more expensive than these foreign places."

He repeated this to his host.

"That point of view is absolutely sincere," said the career diplomat. "That

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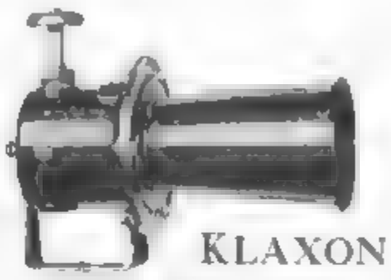

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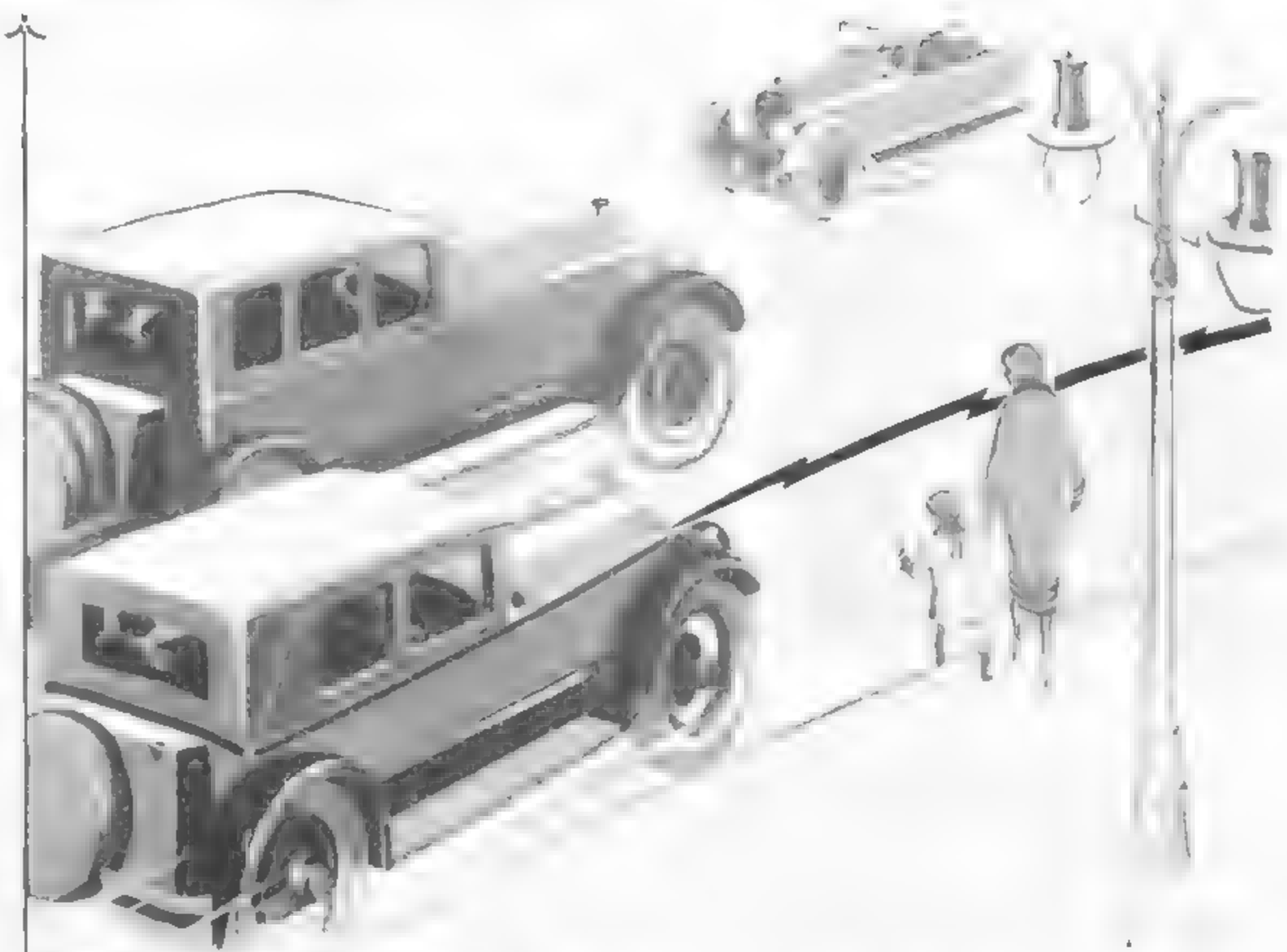

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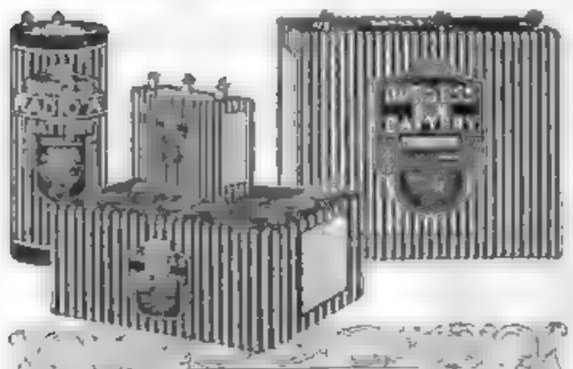

(Continued from Page 84)

congressman really believes it, simply because he doesn't know the facts. If he understood the situation he'd probably become an ardent advocate of paying our diplomats as well as other nations pay theirs."

After luncheon, when the men were in his study, the minister picked up a book from his desk and read aloud this excerpt from a speech made in the House of Representatives:

"No one but a very rich man, even as riches are counted nowadays, can be an ambassador of the United States in any European capital, and no man who is not at least comparatively wealthy, as we speak of comparative wealth in these days, can be a minister of the United States at any important diplomatic post. In other words, these offices, among the most dignified and important in the gift of the American people, are for rich men, and rich men alone. This republic, the greatest, the most democratic republic which has ever existed, has today an office-holding aristocracy, an aristocracy more repugnant to our ideals of free institutions than any aristocracy even in Russia, an aristocracy purely and solely of the dollar.

"The office of ambassador cannot be filled and never will be filled under our present system by any except a very rich man. I care not how able a man may be, how learned in international law, how experienced in diplomacy, how celebrated in statesmanship, if with all these qualifications he does not possess the one absolutely necessary qualification of great wealth, he is not eligible for appointment to any great diplomatic post. So well has this fact become recognized that there have been of late many instances of men whose sole claim, frankly stated, was that of great wealth, who were serious applicants for appointment as ambassadors."

The Price of Admission

"Every day we hear on both sides of this chamber that the most serious menace to this country is an aristocracy of wealth. The people are determined that the great public utilities, the great industries of this country, shall not become concentrated in the hands of a few men. Is it not more offensive to our ideals that the high offices should become so concentrated? This being the spirit of the people, shall we continue to support an office-holding class, a dollar class, the very ideal of the aristocracy of wealth?

"Shall the Congress continue to tie the hands of the President and circumscribe his choice in filling great diplomatic positions to men whose only qualification, absolutely necessary qualification, is that they have the price?"

"Nick Longworth said that in 1906," the diplomat added, "and as he is a man of independent means, he is even more unbiased than lots of men without money of their own. The reason his point of view differs from that of some of his colleagues is due primarily to the fact that Longworth has traveled more and understands the actual conditions better. Other congressmen, who may be just as patriotic as he, take what seems to us a wrong stand, due primarily to their lack of real knowledge of the facts."

This opinion seemed then just and charitable, and Civis Americanus wanted to agree with it.

But, being by nature a little skeptical, he reserved judgment.

Later on, in the course of his travels, he was shown certain extracts from the Congressional Record which threw doubt upon the diplomat's optimism.

For if it were true, as the minister had said, that the opposition to a fair policy on the part of our Government arose only through ignorance of facts, how could one account for startling discrepancies in the statements of some of these opponents?

He found one representative expressing, in the course of a debate on the subject of appropriating money for the purchase of an embassy in Paris, the following idea:

"I want to see the time come when America will take its place as the foremost nation in favor of ambassadors who have brains, and I do not want the dollar to be the only qualification for appointment to ambassadorial positions. I want the man to be educated; I want him to be a gentleman; I want him to be a thorough American representative of America, fit in all the phases of American life."

"Now that," said Civis Americanus, "is just what we all want. That's fine!"

But, unfortunately, at this moment his eye caught another passage of the same speech.

He read: "I do not want him to live in such palatial quarters that I, as a humble, common, everyday American, if by any chance I should find myself in Paris, would not dare call upon him because of the luxury with which he is surrounded."

Unromantic Diplomacy

At another point he had said, "We passed an act not very long ago providing not to exceed $150,000 for any embassy anywhere in the world. This bill here proposes to double the limit of cost as to Paris."

Another member cross-examined him as to the exact length of time he had meant by "not very long ago," and he admitted that this act had been passed twelve years before.

He added, "Yes, but the needs of the embassy situation are not any greater today than they were then."

At this point the faith of Civis Americanus began to waver. First of all, he could not understand the logic of the representative who said he wanted our diplomats to be men of ability regardless of their personal fortune, and yet opposed the appropriation of an amount necessary to provide a house in which the diplomat could live without paying rent. This, however, could have been explained on the grounds of lack of knowledge, as it is manifestly impossible for a person living in one country to gauge accurately the values of property in another.

His statement, however, that the needs of our embassy situation were no greater than they had been twelve years before was more difficult to explain.

Even the most casual observer to whom facts and figures are unknown realizes the tremendous increase in the number of Americans traveling abroad since the war. In fact, almost all American tourists now complain that no matter to what remote corners of the earth they go, they cannot get away from American tourists.

This continuous and ever-increasing stream of travel has, of course, a direct bearing upon the volume as well as the importance of the work of our representatives abroad.

The old-fashioned idea was that a diplomat spent most of his time in the elegant pursuits of leisure; that is, that his routine day might consist perhaps in a little friendly chat with the prime minister, a luncheon party somewhere, where he sat next to a beautiful duchess, an afternoon of calls or bridge, and a dinner and ball at another embassy, if not at court. Minor royalties, subtle intrigues, duels threatened but averted, gold braid and flashing eyes always entered into this story-book version.

Parts of this picture may have fitted into the lives of some of our representatives long ago; today, unfortunately, none of it is true.

The story is told of one of our young secretaries whose first foreign post was at a picturesque European court. After a year or two he returned to the United States on leave, and he was asked so many questions about the royal family and the details of diplomatic life that he decided to answer them in the same romantic vein in which they were asked. Gradually he built up a picture of his life which fitted in perfectly with the best traditions of nineteenth-century fiction.

The person who listened with the most breathless interest to his stories was the girl whom he wanted to marry. After she had consented to an early wedding so that she could return with him to his post, she began to question him about the clothes necessary for their frequent appearances at court, as well as at the various embassies.

Finally he burst out, "I've only been at court once in all the time I've been over there, and then I just stood in a row with all the rest of the staff and bowed when the king spoke to us. And as for the embassies, I go about once a year to the ball each one gives, to which they invite the entire diplomatic corps. I've never even shaken hands with the prime minister, and although I know a princess or two by sight, I don't think they know me. I spend just as much time at my desk at the chancery as your brother spends at his desk in the brokerage office. I see hundreds of Americans—not usually the rich ones, but the schoolteachers who are traveling with great economy and want to know which *pensions* are cheapest, and the business men, usually in small businesses, too, who ask for advice about lawyers and contracts and how to ship their goods home. I see people every day who have lost their passports or had their pocketbooks stolen, or who want to know where they can buy something. What you call my brilliant social life in a foreign capital doesn't exist. I didn't paint that picture with the intention of deceiving anyone, but I merely followed the line of least resistance. I realized when I came home that there was no use trying to make people understand the facts, so I just added a little local color to their preconceived ideas. But now my sins have found me out and I feel you've got to know the truth."

Reducing Fiction to Fact

After some moments of silence the girl said, "But what about the beautiful adventuress who came into the chancery the day you were leaving? Wasn't that story true either?"

"The story was true so far as it went," confessed the unfortunate young suitor. "Such a woman did actually come into my office and sit down and stay on and on, although I was frightfully busy and all that. She was titled and she was beautiful, but"—he drew a long breath as he dived off the springboard of fancy and plunged into the icy waters of verity—"but before she left I found out that all she wanted from me was the address of a good American dentist!"

The actual number of ladies, beautiful and otherwise, who believe that our foreign service is maintained solely for their benefit is increasing every day. The variety of their demands is infinite.

Among the least troublesome are the traveling Americans who innocently regard their embassies as a sort of super tourist bureau. The women, and men, who hold this point of view are apt to write or telegraph their diplomatic representatives to reserve rooms for them at hotels, to engage reliable couriers or motor cars, to reforward their letters, and, in short, to do for nothing that for which the commercial travel bureau is paid. Nevertheless, although these unsophisticated travelers may cause a certain amount of undignified and inappropriate work to be done in their behalf, they are less difficult to deal with than certain others of greater experience.

"It's the expatriates who demand the most and deserve the least," declared another of our career diplomats. "I don't mind doing things for Americans who are Americans, but I do object to being importuned by these people who live abroad and turn up their noses at the United States, yet who demand a tremendous lot of attention, both material and social, from American officials."

(Continued on Page 89)

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WINGFOOT HEELS

(Continued from Page 86

He told an amusing incident about a group of women of this type, all of whom had money and in addition possessed that indefinable air of assurance and worldliness which caused less sophisticated people to take them at the value they themselves set upon their own importance.

In the European capital where they happened to be spending the winter they decided that they needed several presentable young men who danced well and played bridge, to make up the extra men necessary to complete their circle. They turned to the embassy and more or less requisitioned the available young men who were unattached.

They succeeded without difficulty in annexing two or three inexperienced and ambitious secretaries and attachés who were flattered by being sought after even by women twice their age. One of the most eligible of the diplomats, however, refused to be annexed.

"You're making a great mistake, Blank," one of the others warned him solemnly. "You don't seem to realize how much influence these women have at home. For instance, Mrs. Y, whose invitations you've been refusing, lives in Washington and is not only a great friend of Senators Z and X of the Foreign Relations Committee but she knows everybody in the State Department worth knowing. A word from her would do any of us a lot of good."

"Maybe," said the other. "But I'll take my chances. If I have to be promoted on the strength of some idle woman's word of commendation, I'd rather resign from the service right now."

Apparently this remark was repeated and enlarged to such an extent that when it reached the ears of Mrs. Y it sounded like a direct challenge to the political power of which she had been boasting.

The next time she was in Washington for the annual stay of a month, which constituted her idea of residing there, she did indeed say a word to Senators Z and X and to her friends in the State Department.

A Career in the Service

The word was far from commendatory. In substance she declared that the one thing we simply must have in our foreign service was men who were socially agreeable and who knew the difference between Americans of importance and ordinary tourists.

"I've just been spending the winter abroad," she said, "and I found several of the young men at the embassy perfectly delightful. But I consider Blank absolutely impossible!"

She stated this opinion several times without exciting any especial interest; then one night at dinner she happened to sit next to the official who had persuaded Blank to go into the diplomatic service. Without disclosing his own point of view he questioned her Socratically as to the reasons upon which she based her conclusion.

She jumped at the chance to enlarge upon an unfavorable comparison between Blank and his associates in the embassy. Her evidence was based entirely upon that which she called his social delinquencies.

After she had discharged all her ammunition she looked up at her dinner partner and said, "You agree that we ought not to have men like that in the career, don't you?"

"My dear Mrs. Y," answered the official dryly, "you may never forgive me for saying so, but I consider your testimony the most favorable thing I've ever heard about Blank!"

She was so bewildered that he explained: "You see, Blank, at the time you say he refused to fill in at your parties, happened to be working on a question of real importance to our Government. I know, because his reports were sent to me. The men who danced and played bridge with your crowd, and whom you therefore consider able diplomats, hold a point of view about the service which differs from that held by Blank and me. These young men, for instance, talk a good deal about contacts, by which they apparently mean association with the socially smart and ostensibly powerful; whereas the contacts which really count are of another sort entirely. The test is simple; the social contacts of which they speak are really made for the personal benefit of the individual diplomat. The right kind of contacts are made for the benefit of the government which the individual is serving."

Mrs. Y pondered over this. "Well, I will admit," she said at last, "that the men who are socially inclined refer to diplomacy as 'the career,' whereas the earnest ones who bother about knowing officials and being nice to tiresome people, and so on, usually call it 'the service.'"

The story has a delightful postscript, for after Blank had received his next promotion Mrs. Y sent him a letter of warm congratulations.

Alert Diplomacy First

"And I am so glad," she wrote, "that I was able to put in a good word for you in Washington. I told them there that you were not an idle dancing man like some of our mutual friends in the embassy, but that you were really serious-minded." She added, "Do let me know if there is ever anything else I can do for you."

In addition to the increasing number of demands made upon our representatives abroad by American tourists, expatriates and the wives of foreigners, there has been, since the war, a tremendous increase in the volume of international commerce. And although our Government has never adopted the extreme policy of the British in backing its foreign trade, nevertheless our official representatives must today spend a good deal of time in protecting the legitimate business interests and safety of American citizens abroad.

Any American diplomat can relate innumerable instances of this sort, even though he may have been stationed in a corner of the world so remote that the average citizen has never heard its name.

These rapidly multiplying tasks occupy more of the time and attention of our representatives than the outsider can possibly imagine. When they are brought to the attention, so that one realizes the volume of work which they necessitate, one begins to look upon modern American diplomacy in a different light. From being regarded primarily as a pleasant mode of living for a well-to-do young man or his socially ambitious wife, it is becoming a profession requiring the best ability, training and equipment.

"To regard our foreign service merely as a picturesque background for meeting titled people and going to court is like standing beneath Eiffel Tower with one's eyes firmly fixed upon the roses in the garden," someone said the other day. "Of course if you do that, you may enjoy the view, but you cannot say that you have seen the Tower!"

For over and above all the daily routine of caring for the increasing volume of commercial, social and tourist-bureau work, there looms the real purpose for which diplomacy exists.

Our international relations have never before had the importance that they have assumed since the war. Whether or not we like it, it is indisputable that the United States has begun to take a position of such prominence among the nations of the world that we must now regard our foreign service with more seriousness than has ever before been necessary.

"The first step is to induce the best men possible to go into diplomacy," said one of our most experienced ambassadors. "I don't mean that we haven't already got some splendid ones, but we are still way behind the other big nations in realizing how essential it is to be represented abroad by trained and able men. Now just suppose that we began to take care of our diplomats the way other countries do; for instance, that we paid them enough so that it was not necessary, as it is now, for a man or his wife to have a private income. Think of the increased competition there would be among the right kind of young men. This competition would automatically weed out the wrong kind and give the country the benefit of the best kind of patriotic servants."

His thesis, based upon personal participation in postwar international dealings, is worth considering. Briefly, he believes that it is more important today for the United States to have an alert and skillful diplomacy than to have huge armies and navies.

"New mechanical inventions may come to light next year which will make the best submarines or airships built this year absolutely out of date and useless," he said, "but the personal information and knowledge of peoples which the right kind of diplomat gains about a foreign country can never change and is always of use."

"Exactly," someone added. "The pacifist ought to bless the diplomatist, because by his skill he may often avert wars. By the same token the believers in preparedness must regard him as our first line of defense."

Ignorance of the Facts

Our present failure to equip our diplomatists with the necessary tools for their increasingly important work is not due to niggardliness, for lack of generosity cannot be considered one of our national failings.

Apropos of this point, one of the men who has served our country with unusual skill in a difficult post in the Near East quoted one of his European colleagues:

"It seems so extraordinary," the foreign diplomat said, "that your country gives millions and millions of dollars for the feeding and care of alien peoples whom they've never seen and probably wouldn't like if they did see, yet is not willing to pay you the extra few thousands a year which would enable you to live like the rest of us."

The American explained patiently, as American representatives abroad often must, that the one and only reason the United States failed to make adequate provision for its diplomats was due to lack of knowledge of the facts.

An excellent illustration of this truth is shown by the course of the negotiations for the new government-owned embassy in Paris.

Paris has long been considered a diplomatic plum which could be granted only to a man of wealth. It was one of the capitals, for instance, where the ambassador's salary was not sufficient to pay even the rental of his house. And yet, because of the volume of traveling Americans who call upon their representatives for aid, as well as because of its eminently important political situation, Paris has become for us a diplomatic post of outstanding consequence.

Fortunately our charming ambassador there, Mr. Herrick, understood the situation thoroughly after years of personal experience, and he determined that he would do his utmost to persuade our Government to buy a suitable house.

He was quite willing to keep on spending large annual sums of his own money in order to perform his public service, but he saw clearly that the time might come in

(Continued on Page 92

"An old cabinet maker in Grand Rapids once said that you have to have a good disposition to work in wood. It seems to me that that applies especially to a varnish maker. Varnish is essentially a product of truth and sincerity. It must be transparent but durable. Its whole purpose is to efface itself and let the beauty underneath show through. Murphy Varnish Company would like to feel that its advertising is like its varnish; that it permits the sincerity of its determination to make good varnish show through."

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You're getting a new suit for yourself this spring, aren't you? Don't you think your car needs one, too, and for the same reason? You care how you look. Don't you care how your car looks? Of course you do, but you perhaps don't know how easy it is to have a new looking car between now and Saturday. It's as easy as this:

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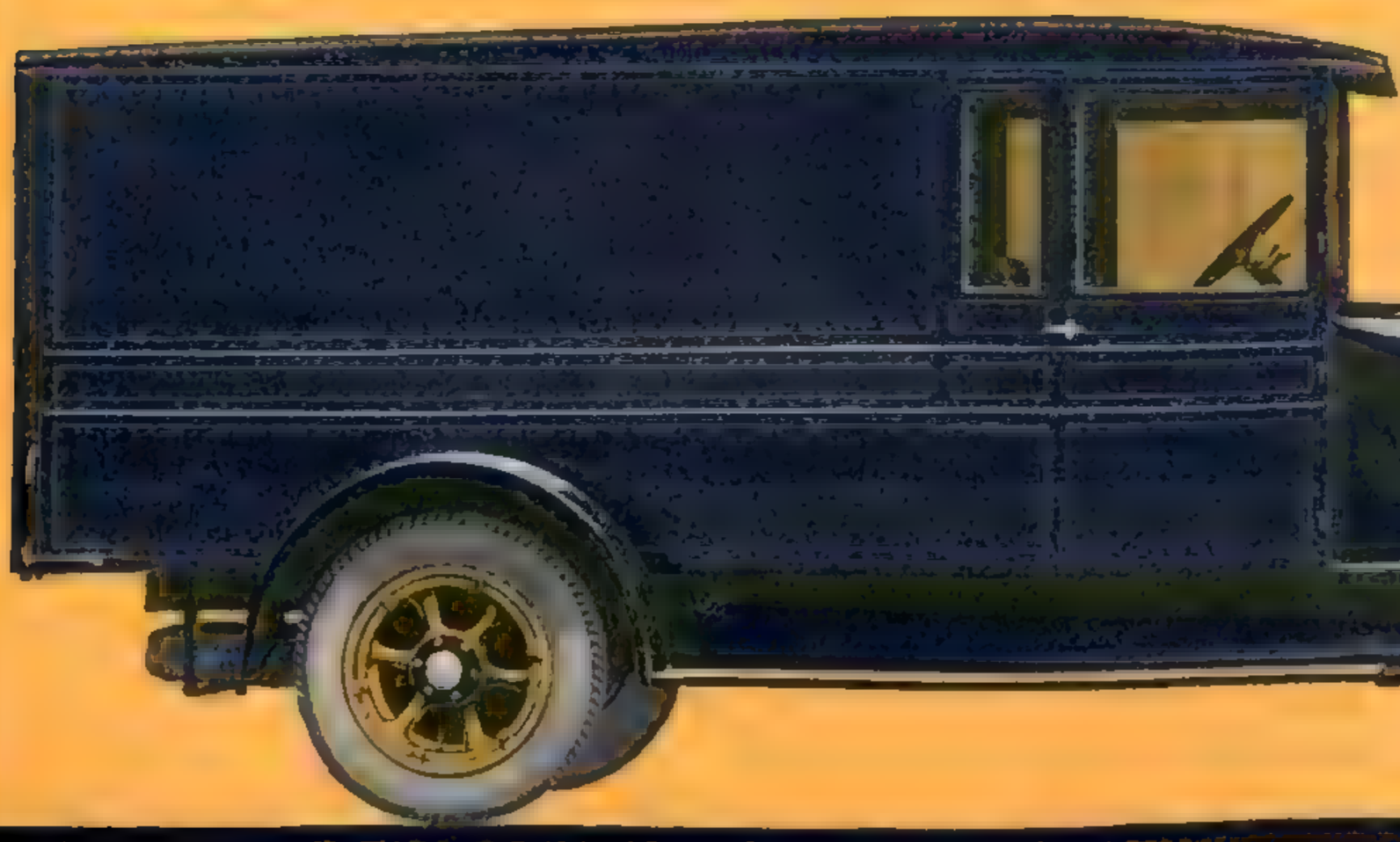

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BOY BROTHERS TON TRUCK

Graham Brothers latest and most impressive achievement—the G-BOY!

A one ton truck embodying entirely new ideas in design and balance and selling at an astonishing price.

Extraordinary purchasing power and vast production made the G-BOY possible.

Largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world, Graham Brothers buy and build in enormous volume.

The price and quality of the G-BOY illustrate the extent to which buyers benefit by this volume and its resultant economies.

The G-BOY is the most important contribution in years to the cause of *Better Transportation at Lower Cost.*

A new system of weight distribution effects a revolutionary improvement in balance.

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Bodies for the G-BOY—and for Graham Brothers complete line of Trucks and Motor Coaches—are built in Graham Brothers own factory at Evansville, Ind.—the most modern plant of its kind in America. Whatever your requirements may be, a suitable body is immediately available at an attractive price.

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It takes so little room

and it costs so little, too—this charming golden-toned studio piano

IT is amazing that such beauty of tone and such full-rounded volume can come from so small an instrument. Until you actually hear the Wurlitzer Studio Piano you wouldn't believe it possible.

Gives clear, full-toned reproductions of any standard music roll.

Wurlitzer has made this exquisite little instrument every inch a real *piano*—nothing extra, nothing omitted. In total width it's only a trifle over the standard 7⅓ octave scale, and in height only 3 feet, 8 inches. Yet, in that compact space the famous Wurlitzer golden tone has been retained, from the lowest note to the highest.

The development by Wurlitzer of this perfect, small piano has been a godsend to thousands of music lovers. In small apartments, in studios, in small homes, for practice and pleasure, this Studio Piano is filling a long felt want. And its price puts it in reach of everyone—$295.00 and upward. There are Studio Players, too, at $445.00 and upward. Prices F. O. B. Factory. Your Wurlitzer dealer will gladly arrange convenient terms.

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Sold by Wurlitzer dealers everywhere

WURLITZER

Studio Piano

PIANOS · ORGANS · HARPS · MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

(Continued from Page 89)

the future when the man best fitted for this post would not have at his disposal a private fortune. He felt, moreover, that the dignity of our Government demanded a permanent home for its representative.

The amount appropriated by Congress in 1921 for the purchase of an embassy was $150,000, but nothing suitable could be found for that price. Ambassador Herrick devoted a great deal of time to the matter, however, not only in the search for an appropriate house, but in talking the matter over with various senators and congressmen who visited Paris from time to time.

One excellent opportunity to purchase the right sort of house was lost, because before the necessary approval of Congress could be obtained another purchaser had jumped in and bought it. Finally the ambassador found the splendid house at 2, Avenue d'Iéna, which had been built by President Grévy in 1887, at a cost of more than $1,000,000, for his private residence.

This property, which faces on the Trocadéro Gardens, has one of the best situations in Paris, and in its combination of spaciousness and lack of display seemed perfectly suited for his purposes.

A Diplomatic Housing Problem

Mr. Herrick proved his diplomatic skill in effecting its purchase. Congress had authorized in 1923 an additional $150,000, but had not appropriated the money. There were other bidders for the house and it looked as if we might lose another desirable purchase while waiting for congressional action.

The ambassador, therefore, at a moment when the franc exchange was especially favorable for dollars, bought the house on his own responsibility for approximately $200,000, and immediately notified Congress that he had done so.

The Department of State redoubled its efforts to secure the necessary appropriation, and a month after Mr. Herrick had bought the property the United States Government took over the title to it. At the time of the transfer the purchase price would have been in excess of the total appropriation, so that Ambassador Herrick by his initiative not only rendered possible the acquisition of the building but he made a substantial saving for the Government.

"But I'm even more grateful to him for the work he did in explaining the situation so carefully," said one of the American colony in Paris. "As my husband has to live over here for business reasons, I have come, naturally, to have a great interest in the point of view which visiting Americans, particularly politicians, hold about our embassy. Usually they begin by considering that it's all nonsense to say we ought to have homes for our ambassadors, but Mr. Herrick has been so patient, and so careful to explain just why we ought to put our diplomats on a footing with those of other countries, that he's overcome lots of prejudices."

One of his means of informing visitors consisted of taking them to the other embassies in Paris, so that with their own eyes they could see the contrast between the splendid buildings provided by other countries as permanent homes and the temporary places which were leased from time to time by our envoys. For, no matter how much rental our diplomats are willing to pay out of their own pockets, the needs of an embassy differ from those of a private residence so much that it is almost impossible to secure a really adequate place.

Moreover, when the embassies and legations are not government owned, it means that every time there is a change of men, there is also a change of residence. One year our chief of mission may be a man of great wealth who conceives it his duty to spend it with ostentation, whereas his successor, who may even be abler than he, if he has limited means, will have to adopt a completely different mode of living.

In the process of these frequent changes the prestige of the United States is apt to suffer. Certainly democracy should be represented with consistent good taste.

The embassy which our Government now owns in Paris is a source of pride to Americans; it is of the proper size to accommodate any number of patriots who turn out for the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving Day receptions; it furnishes an appropriate background for the necessary formal official entertainments, and it is also simple and livable. The ambassador's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Parmely Herrick, has devoted much time and great taste to its decorations and furnishings, with the result that a beautiful and harmonious whole has been produced.

In London the house which J. Pierpont Morgan presented some years ago to our Government for use as an embassy is now being altered and redecorated, so that it will be ready for occupation this year. In the meantime our able ambassador, Mr. Houghton, and his family are living in historic Crewe House, which Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg also leased and the rental of which costs more than the ambassador's salary.

In Prague, the picturesque capital of Czecho-Slovakia, Mr. Richard Crane, our former minister, sold to our Government, below value, the legation residence and offices, which he owned.

The largest appropriation of this kind which Congress has made is $1,250,000, to be expended in buying land and constructing buildings for the embassy, the consulate general, offices and residences for the diplomatic and consular establishments in Tokio.

We also own embassies in Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Constantinople, Havana and Santiago, and legations at Oslo, Peking, San Salvador, San José, Bangkok and Panama. In many of the important European capitals, however, our diplomats are still homeless, as is the case in Brussels, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Geneva, The Hague, Vienna, Copenhagen, and so on.

Even if this matter of properly housing and paying our diplomats were one which concerned only the social aspect of their work of representing our country abroad, it would be of great importance. But it sometimes affects their usefulness in other departments.

The Modern Poor Richard

One of our career diplomats has just been in charge of the American legation in a country where the political situation was acute. In order to protect the legitimate interests of our citizens and to keep our Government informed of the rapidly moving events, it was necessary for him to work very hard and under a good deal of pressure. Yet in spite of all the difficulties of his official job, he wrote in a personal letter the other day:

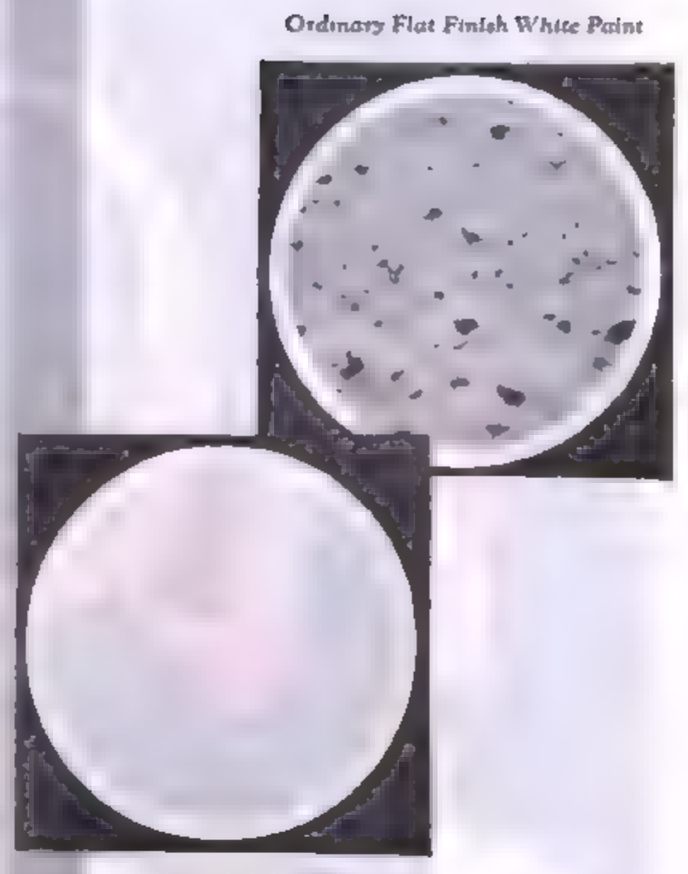
"The legation, rented, is half a mile outside one of the gates of the city, and contains an unfurnished residence. When will Uncle Sam buy his legations? Honestly, I have had more worry, spent more time, on silly matters with the landlord than on any other one item of chancery business."

The friend who received this letter said: "As a nation we think of ourselves as generous and efficient. Well, it's pretty difficult to get foreigners to believe this, if they judge us by the way we treat our diplomats."

But perhaps the wittiest and most pertinent of all comments on the failure of many Americans to understand present-day conditions, was made by Ambassador Herrick not long ago.

Someone who opposed the purchase of a suitable embassy in Paris had declared grandiloquently, "The greatest ambassador that this country ever sent to the court at Paris was Benjamin Franklin, who went there in his homespun clothes."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Herrick, "but with the cost of existence what it is today, no ambassador to France who lives on his pay could possibly afford to wear homespun!"



THE MICROSCOPE TELLS YOU WHY
BARRELED SUNLIGHT WASHES LIKE TILE

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

Little fingermarks! ' ' '

Washing easily removes them from this white paint ' ' '

LUSTROUS, velvety walls and woodwork—*easy to keep clean.* An advantage now enjoyed by thousands who paint with Barreled Sunlight!

The surface of this paint is so smooth it actually cannot hold dirt. Smudges are easily removed with a damp cloth.

And in sheer beauty, Barreled Sunlight can only be compared with the finest enamel. Yet it costs much less and requires fewer coats.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Even the largest users of paint—hotels, schools, hospitals, business buildings—find Barreled Sunlight's superior qualities an *actual economy.* The cost of application is low because, containing no varnish, Barreled Sunlight flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably. Once on the walls, washing takes the place of frequent, costly repainting—and washing does not injure the paint surface.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 30-gallon and 55-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Send the coupon to obtain further information and a sample can.

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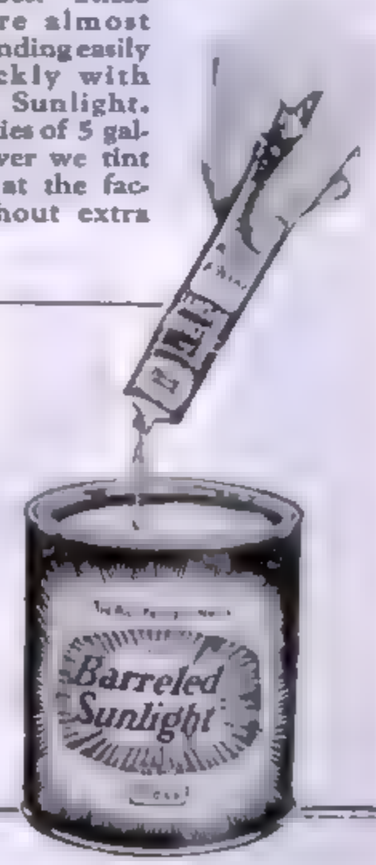
here's an easy way

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint on order at the factory, without extra charge.



Barreled Sunlight

Reg U.S. Pat. Off

WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT

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Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
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Enclosed also find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

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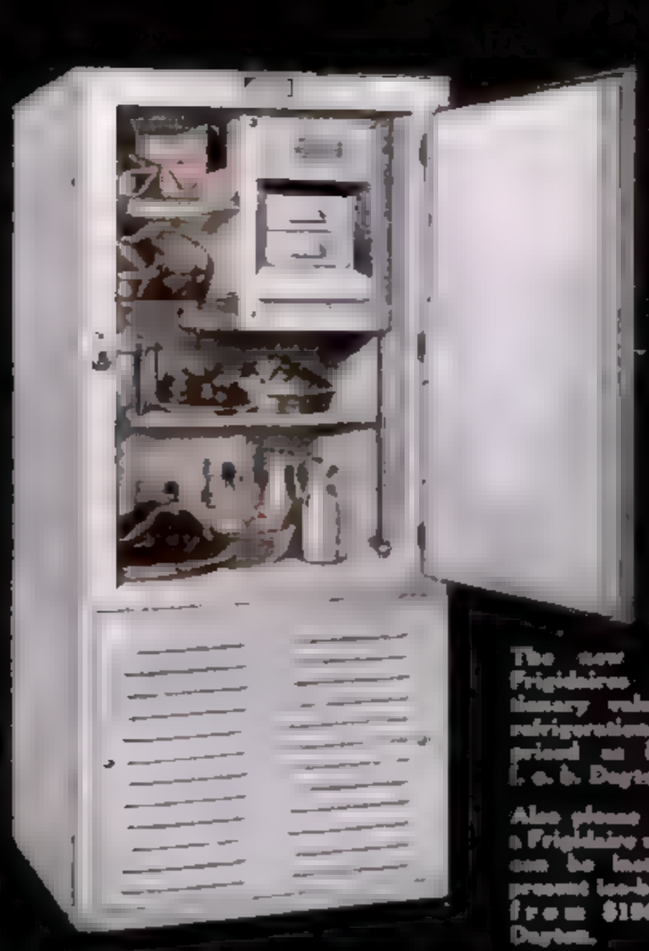
NOW more than 150,000 Frigidaires



The new metal cabinet Frigidaires offer extraordinary values in electric refrigeration. They are priced as low as $345, f. o. b. Dayton.

Also please remember that a Frigidaire mechanical unit can be installed in your present ice-box. Prices from $180 up, f. o. b. Dayton.

An analysis of Frigidaire value, from the standpoint of construction, finish, capacity, dependability, economy and service, reveals at once the reasons why the Delco-Light Company is the world's largest builder of electric refrigerators.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dayton, Ohio

FISH FOR THE NATION

(Continued from Page 31)

the sound of his boat whistle when nearing the vicinity of small islands or rocks, knowing the time in which sound travels and listening intently, watch in hand, while the sound of his whistle reaches out for the rocks and returns to his ear as an echo. In common with most landlubbers, the science of navigation is to me a deep mystery. When apprised of the captain's aptitude at steering through bad rock-studded waters with his whistle, so to speak, I had grave doubts; but they were dispelled after I had sat in the pilot house on one or two foggy occasions while he performed the feat.

A few hours out of Seward the route to the westward passes near Seal Rocks, barren points rising boldly out of the sea and inhabited by great rookeries of sea lions. On the return trip, some three weeks later, Captain Johansen put in there in order that I might have a close view of the family life of the sea lions. Hundreds of these great creatures sprawled upon the rocks and roared in unison as the boat drifted within 100 feet. Family groups, each consisting of a mighty bull and his harem of wives, and young, ranging from ten to fifteen in number, held down their own individual resorts. The captain blew a long blast on the boat's whistle and amid answering roars hundreds splashed into the sea. Even in the water family groups held together in compact little knots.

One tremendous bull declined to leave his quarters and there ensued a duel of sound between his deep roars and the hoarse squall of the boat's whistle. The members of his family were ardently desirous of taking to the water and they nosed and petted the reluctant monarch in their efforts to induce him to make the plunge from his lofty perch. He reared on his flippers and weaved uneasily at each prolonged blast of the whistle, answering it valiantly, but held his ground in the face of family solicitude; and so loyal were the members of his household, or perhaps so greatly in awe of his wrath, that not one of them left him. These creatures are highly destructive to the salmon and other valuable food fishes; but their numbers have become so depleted that it was feared they would be completely exterminated, so they are now protected.

Boats Sealed With Sealskin

At least fifty whales were feeding and playing round us as we skirted Kodiak Island, with the ever-attendant swarms of birds that hover about feeding whales. The town of Kodiak is one of the oldest Russian settlements in Alaska. Gregory Shelikof, after whom the Shelikof Strait is named, established the first trading post in the Kodiak-Afognak Islands at Three Saints Bay in 1784. He reported that natives swarmed in these islands, numbering from 30,000 to 50,000. Later investigation showed his estimate to have been an exaggerated one. His smallest estimate exceeds the entire present native population of Alaska

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that there was a large native population, which has now dwindled to a mere handful that dwells in a few scattered villages of barabaras, or native huts. These, even though now mostly of mixed blood, remain unchanged in one characteristic—they are essentially a seagoing people. Fish and seal meat still constitute their principal items of food. Expert in the manufacture of bidarkas—narrow skin boats with one, two or three hatches, the waterproof-skin edging of which is tied about the paddler's body and thus seals the interior of the tiny craft from water—they are perfectly at home in bad seas, even to the point of righting themselves after having been capsized and left hanging head down in the water in their tied-in state. No doubt it is the seagoing rather than the land-traveling nature of these natives, even in a larger measure than the rugged topography, that accounts for the fact that many parts of the interior of the island have yet to be penetrated.

From Kodiak we rounded the island to the Uyak cannery, the base from which my former bear-hunting operations had been conducted. The canneries of Uyak Bay and Larsen's Bay secure their fish off the mouth of Karluk River, which, although a relatively small and shallow stream, has long been noted as one of the best fishing streams in the world. Old-timers who fished there in the 80's estimate packs of as high as 2,000,000 cases of salmon a year, but it is doubtful if the pack ever attained such proportions. Nevertheless, it was large, and hundreds of thousands of salmon, varieties then considered too cheap and difficult of marketing to can but now highly esteemed, were killed and consigned to the sea, while only the more highly prized fish were retained for canning. Wrecking of another's gear, cutting of rivals' seines and other piratical practices were considered legitimate competition during the early fishing operations off Karluk.

The Mountain That Exploded

The Bureau of Fisheries has placed certain restrictions upon the fishing there. A rack was built across the river in 1922 and men were detailed to count the salmon passing through the apertures left for that purpose. Red salmon to the number of 384,683 ascended to the spawning beds during that season, also 9752 king salmon. The companies fishing off the Karluk caught 700,000 red salmon during the season.

A series of such counts compared with the number of fish caught by the packers, and the subsequent size of the run of that species in the year when the bulk of the fish resulting from the spawning of the salmon so counted should return, will eventually enable the experts to determine just what percentage of escapement in relation to the permitted take for packing is necessary to maintain the salmon runs at safe levels.

The Karluk count, beginning in 1922, demonstrated the fact that only 35 per cent of the fish escape to spawn, and it was apparent that such a low percentage of escapement would not suffice to maintain a large and assured salmon run, as it was already far less than in the early days of the Karluk fisheries. Subsequent counts were made, and are still made annually, and the Bureau of Fisheries now requests that 1,000,000 fish be permitted to ascend the stream and a 50 per cent escapement of the rest of the run.

Such measures will unquestionably soon put the Karluk back on a basis of tremendous production.

Upon leaving Uyak the Starr headed across Shelikof Strait to Katmai Bay, on the Alaska Peninsula, to land a party of explorers bound for the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. This phenomenon came into existence with the terrific explosion of Mt. Katmai something more than a dozen years ago. Something of the tremendous force of this eruption may be dimly comprehended when one considers that the concussion reduced the whole top of the mountain to a flourlike ash that darkened the sky until the day was blacker than night, depositing it to a depth of two to three feet upon the decks of ships many miles out at sea.

Much of Kodiak Island, at distances up to 100 miles from the eruption, was covered to a depth of four feet. All vegetation was believed to have been destroyed; but instead, the ash seemed to act as a fertilizer, for grass pushed above it and gained in height and density far above the previous growth. The higher levels of the hills above timber line are covered with great banks of drifted ash that is suggestive of perpetual snow banks.

The Starr nosed cautiously into Katmai Bay until the lead revealed shallows beyond which it was dangerous to proceed. Donning the captain's sea boots, I went ashore in the ship's boat that landed the party at one A.M. Anchoring the boat some thirty yards offshore, we waded, carrying the members of the party and their supplies through the surf to the beach and leaving them some thirty or forty miles from any human habitation, not even an occupied native barabara existing within that distance. While returning to the ship, the moon, appearing larger than I have ever seen it, thrust up redly out of the sea, illuminating the mountains and the surf behind us. The Starr, all lights ablaze, stood something less than two miles offshore, awaiting our return. Wheeler, second mate, gave me a lesson in sculling, a strenuous exercise at which I am very inept, so in all truth I viewed the grandeur of the night breathlessly.

Kanatak, near which they have been drilling for oil for several years, was our next port of call; then Wide Bay, with but a single habitation, that of Jack Lee and his brother, old-timers both, and the original oil stampeders of the Alaska Peninsula; then the Starr headed on to the westward. To the west of Kodiak are the Trinity Islands; farther along and closer to the peninsula, the Semidi Islands, with Chirikof Island somewhat farther offshore. The latter was taken up by a settler some thirty years ago, and among his possessions were a few head of cows, which he left behind upon deserting the place. The island now contains hundreds of wild cattle, which are occasionally hunted, but their meat is said to be too tough to be palatable. Chignik Bay, a great fishing center, we visited in the early morning hours. The mountains, their higher levels still garbed in snow, rose abruptly out of the bay, upon whose shores nestled several modern canneries.

A counting rack was also established in the Chignik River in 1922. Red salmon to the number of 428,976 passed up to spawn, 58,300 coho, or silver salmon, 241 kings, no count being made of humpbacks and chums. The canneries of Chignik reported a catch of 1,403,701 red salmon alone, showing an escapement of less than 35 per cent. This could not continue in such ratio without exterminating the salmon of the Chignik, so steps for a larger escapement were immediately inaugurated.

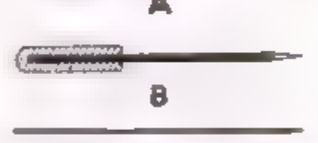
Cod Not Out of Gloucester

The Shumagin Islands constitute a sizable group, scores of tiny isles dotting the waters between the larger islands. Sea birds nest on the cliffs and summits in millions, and they whirred forth in clamorous swarms as the Starr churned through the narrow channels. Many of the smaller islands have already been stocked with blue foxes.

I went ashore in the ship's boat at midnight to visit the Unga saltery, and was informed that approximately 1000 tons of cod are salted there annually. The Russians mined on Unga Island, and it is believed to be the oldest mine in Alaska. The Shumagins were highly productive of sea otters in the early days, and Sand Point on Popof Island was a port of entry during the days of pelagic sealing. Kupreanof Harbor lies between Paul and Jacob islands, each inhabitated by one family. One of the proprietors has put in both cows and sheep, but informed me that he could not raise sheep, since the eagles carried off the lambs as soon as they were born and that he had seen a pair of eagles endeavoring to kill a full-grown ewe. One of the men conducts a private cod saltery, and on our return trip some time later we stopped while he relayed his catch, consisting of ten tons of salt cod, out to the Starr in a dory.

On the return trip through the Shumagins we also stopped at Squaw Harbor

This rigid Ever-Ready Blade has the keenest edge in the world!



THE Ever-Ready Blade is a husky piece of diamond-hard steel—staunch and rigid in itself, and made more so by its double-thick backbone.

With this ample stock to work with, it is possible to give a perfect bevel which terminates in a minute but true edge—a *super-keen* edge which is also super-durable—*the keenest edge in the world.*

The Ever-Ready Blade (A) above, is scientifically better than the thin wafer blade (B). It gives the *perfect shaves* made possible by its husky construction—and it *retains* its *keenness* through shave after shave.

Ever-Ready Blades are guaranteed to give you more and better shaves. They run 100% uniform to the package. Money back if you aren't 100% satisfied—and this holds good for the Ever-Ready Razor, too.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, New York

Ever-Ready Blades

ANSONIA

APEX JUNIOR

A New Type of Clock in

Necrolian Bronze

Never before has a clock case been made of Necrolian bronze, a metal of richest coloring and texture, which will always retain its beauty, unmarred by corrosion or finger marks. The face, sides and top of the Apex Junior are beautifully decorated in relief. The sunken bronze dial with raised bronze numerals is a part of the case, and needs no protective glass. The clock appears to have been carved out of a block of solid bronze.

Apex Junior looks like a very expensive clock. But we have effected great economy in manufacture and you can purchase one with a plain dial for only $3.50; with radium hands and numerals for $4.50. It runs 30 hours and has a continuous alarm attachment; stands 4½" high x 3¾" wide.

Then there is the Apex, a larger clock, 5¼" high x 4½" wide, with the same kind of Necrolian bronze case in antique, bronze or green finish, but with an entirely different movement. Apex needs to be wound only once in ten days and has an automatic alarm which resets itself every day. The price of Apex is $7.00 with plain dial; $8.50 with radium hands and numerals.

Candlesticks of Necrolian bronze to match either Apex or Apex Junior at $3.00 the pair.

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Canadian Distributors:—Lymans Limited, Montreal

Prices in Canada are a bit higher

(Patents Pending)

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY

Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

APEX

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

cannery. A cod-fishing schooner, having already made a catch of 250,000 cod during the season, was riding at anchor there. Two scows, each containing 12,500 salmon, had just been brought in from the traps and their cargoes were to be canned on the following day. For the Shumagin Islands also afford fine salmon fisheries.

This vast migration of salmon through the Shumagins is not composed of fish that spawn locally in the islands. They come in from the sea in millions, feeding as they travel, an indication that they are still far from their spawning streams, for the salmon touch no food from the time they arrive off the mouth of their parent streams, fasting until death overtakes them after spawning.

This is a curious double provision of Nature. Presumably because of the vast swarms of salmon, their kind must die upon reproducing in order that their numbers should not become so teeming that the natural foods of the species would be exhausted and the breed die out of its own combined appetite, as sometimes happened when the billions of grasshoppers swept across the plains and ate all vegetation into the ground. This trait of fasting for a considerable period before spawning, since the salmon are destined to die with the accomplishment of that event, is no doubt a provision to save food for the millions that will follow, or perhaps is developed through the shortage of food occasioned annually near the mouth of the spawning streams by the congestion of salmon there and resulting in acquirement of the fasting habit. This peculiarity—in common with the hibernation of bears and other creatures, the migration of birds and many other odd manifestations—has been shaped through tens of thousands of years by the relative seasonal or regional scarcity or abundance of food, for Nature's chief means of maintaining the eternal balance of life is effected through the automatic regulation of the food supply.

Keeping Tabs on Salmon

This horde of salmon traveling through the Shumagins constituted still another problem for Mr. O'Malley's experts to solve. A certain large percentage of escapement had already been demanded in the fishing operations near the mouths of good salmon streams to insure that a sufficient number should reach the spawning beds. The tremendous catch in the Shumagins and adjacent territory was most certainly taking heavy toll from salmon that were headed for more or less distant spawning streams, thus still further depleting the runs of those localities. But where were they headed? No one knew. It seemed a plausible guess that they came in from the sea and followed the southern edge of the Alaska Peninsula eastward. If this should prove to be the case, then the Shumagin catch was a direct toll upon the already depleted runs of Chignik, the Karluk and the Cook's Inlet stream, including the once great salmon streams of the Kenai and Kasilof rivers.

An exhaustive system of tagging salmon was launched. Fish taken from the traps were decorated with serialized metal tags and liberated to continue their travels to the spawning beds. The fishing interests that took such marked fish returned the tags to the experts of the Bureau of Fisheries. The serial numbers gave instant clew to the locality and date of liberation, the kind of salmon and other items of information.

Without going into detail as to the compiled results, this experiment definitely established the fact that the salmon migrating through the Shumagins separated to cover a wide range of country before spawning, each to the waters that had given it birth, and that the Shumagin catch was not taking a toll of salmon destined to any one particular fish stream. It permitted a bird's-eye view of the approximate percentage of the toll the catch exacted from several localities. Some few of the fish were taken to the eastward, at Chignik, Karluk and beyond, but it was definitely ascertained that this number was so slight as to prove a negligible factor upon the fisheries to the eastward. The term "eastward" must here be qualified. In the sense it is used here it applies to all fisheries south of the Alaska Peninsula and east of the Shumagins. This run of fish follows on westward along the south shores of the Alaska Peninsula, contributing to the catch of all points west of the Shumagins to Isanotski Strait—flowing between the western extremity of the Alaska Peninsula and Unimak Island—then continues north through those waters into Bering Sea and back to the eastward along the north coast of the peninsula to Bristol Bay. Thus the fish taken in the Shumagins proved to be a direct toll upon the fisheries to the westward, and particularly upon the great fish streams emptying into the Bering Sea. A few fish taken in traps on Unga Island traveled 560 miles and were caught at the Kuskokwim, while one held on to the west and crossed to Kamchatka, was caught, salted and shipped to Vladivostok, whence the tag was returned, showing that Asiatic and American salmon mingle on the feeding grounds of the Pacific; and also that no matter how far from home he may stray, the salmon returns to spawn and die in the old home stream.

Beyond the Shumagins, we stopped at King Cove, then on to Isanotski Strait. This is called False Pass from the fact that the famous explorer, Captain Cook, pursuing his lengthy search for the fabled Northwest Passage, turned his boat into this narrow channel that leads to the Bering Sea, believing that he had found the object of his quest. Isanotski Strait may be navigated by boats of shallow draft at high tide. Cook passed on into Bering Sea, but returned to winter in the Sandwich Islands and there lost his life to the natives.

In the cannery at False Pass there were some 80,000 salmon that had been taken from the traps that day. Wheeler and I walked several miles round the shore and turned up a little creek, catching forty-four trout in a couple of hours with salmon-egg bait. Unimak Island is the home of the Alaskan brown bear and they are of the same enormous size as those of Kodiak and the peninsula. There is also a fair number of caribou of the species that once ranged the Alaska Peninsula in vast herds, but which have been largely exterminated. Unimak has been closed to hunting.

The Starr put out at night to make the thirty-five-mile run to Sanak Island, and she bumped twice in crossing a shallow bar at the mouth of the harbor; then back to drift offshore while a boat was sent in to Scotch Cap lighthouse on the southwest tip of Unimak.

When Fish Eats Fish

A passenger named Martin had been an old-time sealer. Some thirty-odd years before, while traversing these waters as one of a pelagic sealing crew, his boat had sought shelter at Tigalda Island during a blow, and in rambling round it he had discovered a body of ore but did not attach any particular significance to it at the time. Later he had turned prospector and during all that interval he had planned to go back and investigate the ore strike of his younger days, a hope that was to be realized at last.

The captain swung off toward Tigalda, an uninhabited island some twelve miles long, and a boat was lowered to take Martin and his slender supply of stores ashore. The Starr was to stop in for him some sixty days later. As we put back to sea I went below after my binoculars and repaired to the after deck to scan the island. I picked up Martin on a high point which he had mounted for the last view of humankind that would greet his eyes for some time. He, too, was peering through a pair of glasses, and as I waved my hat he returned the signal. Here's hoping that his quest of thirty-odd years ends in a rich strike.

This deviation from course would have necessitated a detour if we were to make Unimak Pass, the regular route to the Bering Sea, so the captain headed on past Avatanak Island and through the strait of that name, and a dirty piece of water it is, with bad rocks and reefs and boiling tide rips with only a narrow tortuous channel, then northward between the islands of Akun and Akutan, to put in at the latter.

In point of size of the prey and the weight of the catch, the Akutan fisheries are the largest of all—that is, if hunting for whales, which are mammals, may be classified as fisheries, for Akutan is a whaling station. It handles more than 300 whales some seasons. One big fellow floated there to be drawn forth and converted into whale products on the morrow.

Mr. Kugler, manager of the station, told me a host of interesting facts about the various whales and their habits. The sulphur-bottom, humpback and finback derive the nourishment for their huge bodies from shrimp, herring and other small fish. The sperm whale feeds largely on the huge devilfish, or octopus, diving to the lairs of these creatures on the bottom of the sea and pounding their flesh to a jelly by repeated thrusts of the whale's blunt nose, after which performance he inhales the pulp. The marks left on the head of the attacking whale by the powerful tentacles of the octopus have been observed on numerous occasions at the station. Large cod also have been found in the stomachs of these whales, and halibut of more than 100 pounds in weight. In view of this last item, perhaps there is something in that Jonah yarn, after all, instead of merely an allegorical reference to that gentleman's three-day sojourn in, and subsequent expulsion from, a city whose corporate limits were roughly fish-shaped. Just possibly a sperm whale mistook Jonah for a halibut.

Alaskan Hospitality

Akutan, Akun, Tigalda and others belong to the Krenitzin group, though part of the Aleutian chain. The Alaska Peninsula and the islands are highly volcanic. Many volcanoes may be seen at close quarters from the boat, including Makushin on the island of Unalaska, Pogromni and Shishaldin volcanoes on Unimak Island, and others, many of them active.

Our most westerly stop, before heading eastward through Bering Sea, was at the little town of Unalaska, on the island of that name, one of the largest of the Aleutians. It is one of the oldest Russian settlements in the New World, and in common with many other communities of Western Alaska, the Russian Church still prevails there. When the Starr docked at Unalaska the captain introduced me to Mr. Schwartz and Captain Goss, both of whom acknowledged the introduction by inquiring if I would care for a bath. This does not necessarily imply that I was such a dirt-incrusted customer as to impress them with the desirability of a scouring, but was simply a measure of Alaskan hospitality. There are no bathing facilities aboard the Starr and they knew that a bath would prove a welcome luxury.

Captain Goss invited me to return another year for a trip to islands far to the westward, where the relics of a prehistoric race exist. The mummies of this forgotten people are ranged round the higher levels of water-worn caves above high-water mark, the caves accessible only at low tide and at times when the surf is not bad, when they can be penetrated by small boats. No doubt the action of salt spray accounts for the perfect state of preservation of these mummies, along with the fact that the superstitions of the Aleuts operated against their invading these premises of the dead. Such museum expeditions as have planned to visit the caves have so far failed to materialize.

The Aleutians are treeless, but covered with a dense growth of grass and some brush, much similar to the western extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula in that respect. They are great wild-fowl resorts

(Continued on Page 101)

"ROCK ENDURES"
—*the first message of the obelisk*

THOUSANDS of years have failed to destroy even the shallow inscriptions engraved upon the rock of Egypt's ancient monuments. The permanence of these carved obelisks is available to your roof today, for Johns-Manville has adapted asbestos, the indestructible rock fibre, to make roofings that defy time, weather and even fire.

Hence Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings give you permanent protection. They require no repairs or replacements, and against the hazard of flying sparks they afford a safety that is endorsed by fire authorities everywhere. In economy, safety, permanence they challenge comparison with all other roofings.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER *until you have a*

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What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings		
Dwellings [illegible]		
Dwellings [illegible]		
[illegible]		
[illegible]		
Flat roofs [illegible]		
[illegible]	Corrugated asbestos roofing	

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc
292 Madison Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City
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Even nice people are lazy—

It's no disgrace. In fact, it's usually only human nature.

Particularly, we're lazy when it comes to the little things of life.

Maybe a broken shoe-string that we neglect to replace for days and simply tie together. Or a button that should have been sewed on weeks ago. Or even that visit to the dentist which is so much more important than most folks realize.

Many of these little personal neglects may be forgivable but not so when they touch some small *important* thing.

Take tooth brushing for example—this most important job is often neglected by many of us.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

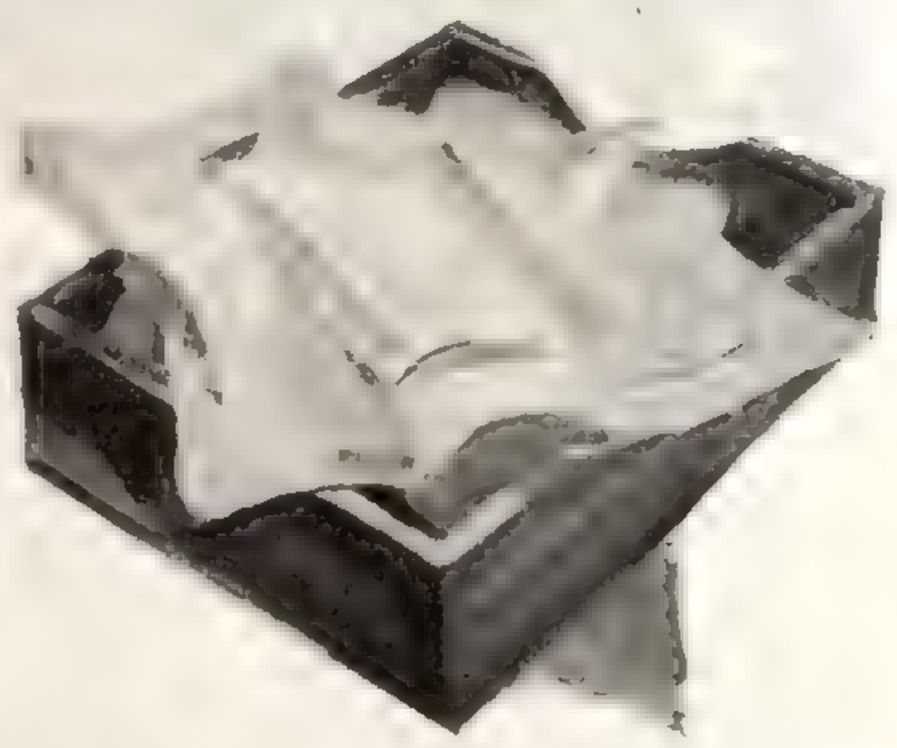
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

**The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.*



LISTERINE

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"—for lazy people"

TOOTH · PASTE

— — — easy to use

Fundamental Elements of the G-E Wiring System

The things to watch on the job

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
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Bridgeport, Connecticut

TODAY, any man or woman can buy housewiring intelligently. Instead of trailing wires across a room to your lamps—instead of adding new outlets about a year from now—you can get a complete and *permanent* installation to begin with. Just specify a G-E Wiring System.

You don't have to know anything about wiring materials to know that you are getting wiring that will last. In a G-E Wiring System, *all* materials are made by General Electric, and by looking for the G-E mark you can check up the quality of any piece of wiring material as easily as you check up the placing of the outlets.

On the plans, specify a G-E Wiring System. On the job, look for the G-E mark. Then you know that the wiring built into your walls will provide the greatest possible comfort, and will probably outlive the walls themselves.

GE WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 98)

and a bird reservation has been established in parts of the chain. Many of the smaller islands have been stocked with blue foxes, some with reindeer.

From Unalaska the Starr headed northeast through Bering Sea, stopping to send a boat ashore at all intermediate points. Once we circled a cod-fishing schooner and in answer to the captain's hail she reported a catch of more than 250,000 cod. Eventually we reached the peerless fisheries of Bristol Bay. Scores of large boats of the fishing fleet lay at anchor there. For as far as the eye could reach there were hundreds of Columbia River boats and other small craft, containing pairs of fishermen operating gill nets. Dozens of gas boats swarmed round the Starr, tying up three deep on either side to await their turn to be loaded out with freight and to receive the mail. There were boats of all the various cannery companies, of the Bureau of Fisheries, of traders, individuals and concerns.

A large percentage of the salmon run of the Shumagins on the far side of the Alaska Peninsula is destined to the spawning beds of the Bristol Bay region—the Kvichak, Nushagak, Ugagik, Ugashik and Wood rivers, all sizable streams; and a host of smaller ones drain the waters of Clark, Iliamna, Becharof, Naknek, Ugashik, Ualik, Tikchik, Kulik, Beverly, Nerka, Aleknagik and Kukaklek lakes, the largest and also the most closely grouped series of lakes in Alaska. These, with their thousands of tributary creeks and smaller lakes, afford spawning territory that makes the Bristol Bay run of red salmon probably the largest in the world.

Making the Eagle Scream

Every species of living creature has a host of natural enemies to hold its numbers in check. When, in addition to those enemies, man steps in with his killing contrivances, that particular species is on the road to extermination. Man cannot upset Nature's balance by killing enormously among any one species of living creature without also killing abundantly among the natural enemies of that species to maintain a semblance of balance. The trout is the greatest scourge to Alaska's salmon, and the worst that the Bureau of Fisheries may do toward trout extermination in salmon waters will be none too bad. The salmon fisheries are of such tremendous proportions that any such campaign to aid in their preservation is highly important.

The bald eagle, though in a lesser measure, is also a menace to the salmon. Considerable criticism has been leveled at the fact that Alaska has placed a bounty on eagles. The eagles of the coastal regions of Alaska are almost exclusively fish eating. Throughout the salmon run they haunt the fish creeks in great numbers. The salmon, wriggling over shallow bars, frequently with backs out of water, afford easy prey for the eagles. Though the number of salmon killed by eagles is trifling as compared with the damage wrought by trout, this factor nevertheless must be considered: That the trout prey upon the fry, while the salmon that falls prey to the eagle is a mature fish that has completed the cycle, escaped his hosts of natural enemies and the traps and nets of the fishermen and is within a few days of completing the destiny of its kind by depositing—or, if a male, by fertilizing—hundreds or even thousands of eggs. In a previous article I related the counting of more than 100 eagles congregated at one fishing place. I saw them at every turn, in pairs, in scores and in hundreds. The length of every fish creek was alive with eagles. I should be the last to advocate their extermination, but in Alaska their numbers are such that there is not the slightest danger of that contingency.

Alaskan waters support untold millions of sea birds, and these are almost exclusively fish eating. How much damage they do to the fry of salmon and other food fishes it is difficult to say. I have seen gulls stand upon the backs of salmon that were struggling across shallow bars and pick their eyes out. That they also feed upon the eggs deposited in shallow gravel bars, there is little doubt. It is quite certain that all the fish-eating birds that infest the courses of salmon streams prey upon fry to some extent, since trout and salmon are practically the only two fish available there.

While the Starr churned through Bering Sea we encountered birds in untold millions; I would almost say billions. For one stretch of twenty miles, where the fishing apparently was excellent, the ocean gave them up in unbelievable numbers, every trough in the sea disgorging its quota. It seems that the stomach-content experiments should be made on the varieties that infest the mouths of salmon streams, and if salmon fry should prove to form any considerable percentage of their prey, such varieties could be declared outlaws within certain areas round the mouths of the streams.

The Alaska of popular imagination is the Alaska of gold-camp fame, of mining promotions, huge ventures that held forth the lure of big returns, of untold yellow wealth pouring forth to enrich the world, and of sudden fortunes reaped overnight; all of which was once more or less true, for since the purchasing of Alaska in 1867 for $7,200,000, she has produced mineral wealth, including her copper output, of $517,000,000. Even so, considering her size of 590,000 square miles, it is probable that on an area basis most of the Western mining states have beaten those figures.

But everyone has heard of Alaska's mineral wealth. For three decades it has been heralded to the world, though of Alaska's vast fisheries one hears but little. Yet those same fisheries have yielded more wealth than all the combined mineral output of Alaska. Since 1867 the fisheries have produced $625,000,000. In 1906 the combined gold and silver exports to the United States amounted to $18,471,451. In 1924 they were $5,138,656. The 1924 catch of salmon alone was worth approximately $33,000,000. Thus the fisheries have produced a far greater total than Alaska's mines, and also are continuing to produce heavily, while the gold output decreases. This is due to continue in widening ratio in the very nature of things.

Placer gold does not reseed itself, and once harvested it is gone; while the fisheries, under proper regulation, do reseed themselves perpetually. The popular conception of Alaska as a tremendous gold camp should be altered to fit the facts, and the salmon, not the nugget, should become Alaska's totem in the eyes of the world.

Gold Out of the Sea

In addition to the commercial fishing—which, in the peak year of production in 1918, resulted in a pack of 6,605,835 cases of salmon, or 317,080,080 one-pound cans, and also in a tremendous output of cod, herring, halibut and other foods—the natives of Alaska live largely upon fish the year round, while vast quantities of salmon are dried annually for dog food. There are no available figures for an estimate of the quantities so handled, but that they are tremendous may be imagined from the fact that more than 1,500,000 pounds of salmon is fed to the foxes on Alaskan fur farms annually.

Alaska produces annual fishery wealth to somewhere round $600 per capita for her entire population, natives and white, or approximately $2000 per family. I do not know of any basic industry in any state, even agriculture, that can compete with those figures, except possibly the automobile industry in Michigan. And this wealth comes up annually out of the mysterious depths of the sea to be harvested by man in a few months' time.

The chief concern of the resident Alaskans today is the fact that the fisheries are operated largely by outside capital, and that the thousands of fishermen imported into Alaskan waters during the fishing season go back outside to spend their wages. This is an unavoidable state of affairs under present conditions. Alaska's resident population is insufficient to supply the number of men and women required to operate the fisheries.

The capital invested in the fisheries is approximately $50,000,000.

How much capital was invested in mining ventures during and since the gold boom it is impossible to say. However, it is certain that the larger part of Alaska's population during the past three decades consisted of the mining element, whose ideas centered upon raising capital for mining operations rather than for acquiring the fisheries. The latter therefore were developed by outside capital. That element of the population, with the diminishing of the supply of placer gold and the vanishing of hope for sudden riches, declined to remain as resident fishermen and left the country.

There can be no doubt that many of the fisheries will pass eventually into local hands and be operated by resident capital. It will be resident fishermen that will gradually replace the departed mining men and swell Alaska's dwindling population to a large degree, rendering unnecessary the present annual importation of 15,000 or more nonresidents. In view of the ratio of almost six to one in favor of annual fishery wealth as against the annual gold-and-silver output, Alaska would do well to offer special inducement to secure resident fishermen rather than to make a bid for more prospectors.

Our Bureau of Fisheries

The paramount question at present is to place the vast fisheries of Alaska upon a basis that will forever assure their productiveness and to guard against further depletion; and this work is well under way.

In a previous article it was pointed out that individual fur traders could not conserve our fur resources and that some outside agency was needed for its regulation. This same thing was true of our fisheries, not only those of Alaska but of the nation as a whole, in both inland and coastal waters. In the case of the salmon fisheries of Alaska alone, it is quite evident that no fishery concern, or any group of them, could make the exhaustive study necessary to define just what regulations would insure the maintenance of supply. The homestream theory that the salmon returns invariably to spawn in the waters of its birth, and the consequent care to take a general toll as against too great a catch from any one stream and so deplete its run; the marking of young fish to determine this and also the life cycle and habits of the various salmon; the counting of salmon ascending streams to the spawning beds and the comparison of the figures so ascertained with the number of fish caught by the packers to determine the exact percentage of escapement in relation to the pack to assure a sustained supply; the tagging of migrating fish to determine their destinations and thus know accurately just what toll the catch of one part is exacting upon the run of fish headed for distant streams; the extermination of trout and other natural enemies—all these things and others were beyond the scope of any group of fishery concerns. They could not go in for such an extensive survey or for such widespread careful experiment. All that takes a vast organization of trained scientists to work out the proper procedure, authority to adopt necessary regulations when the facts have been learned, and means of enforcing the regulations once they have been established.

In the Bureau of Fisheries the American people have just such an organization. It is the best of its kind. In the past its operations have been somewhat handicapped by the difficulty of securing the necessary legislation to effect such measures as its experts deemed necessary.

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, is a man of tremendous vision. He believes in appointing a man who has a practical

A one-pipe smoker finds his tobacco

Mr. Lilenfeld's lone briar is now cool and soothing again, he says

The problem of keeping an only pipe sweet, cool, and soothing has been solved by a Long Island haberdasher.

On the chance that a number of pipe smoking readers of this publication may be in the same predicament that Mr. Lilenfeld found himself in two years ago, we publish his letter for what it is worth:

Richmond Hill, L. I.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen

I am sorry I cannot compete with the great man who is the proud possessor of 45 pipes of all shapes, forms and makes. I am the owner of one poor solitary pipe.

This pipe I have carried many long years. At times it has been a good pal, soothing me with its cool, mellow smoke; but at other times, Lord, how it could bite! I was at a loss to ascertain the reason why. Every time I lunged the bowl I would imagine that I had discovered a new bird, but when another new tin was bought it was never the same.

Somehow or other I ran across Edgeworth. I believe it was recommended me by some cigar store. Sure I was always ready to take a stack at anything I heard of. What a relief was the first pipeful! The old briar pipe became seething again. It surely was a find. I thought to myself, Will it last? Strange or otherwise, it has lasted. I have now smoked Edgeworth for the past 2 years and, believe me, someone will have to step some to make me switch.

Yours truly,
S. Z. Lilenfeld

Well, it all comes down to this: The man with forty-five pipes and the man with one pipe are both members of the same Club. Any tobacco that can satisfy these two widely different types of pipe smokers, and the many types in between, is worth while trying—don't you think?

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1R S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

{ On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters. }

Oh Henry! Nut Bread tempts any appetite!

HERE IS A RECIPE that shows you why Oh Henry!, a fine candy, has gone into the kitchen! Everybody has a recipe for nut bread. Everybody likes it. But made in this new way, with Oh Henry!, it just seems to take on a new taste and a new life.

It tastes *better!* There's a reminiscence of mellow milk chocolate. A creamy, lingering taste of caramel is there. And scattered through the loaf be little, tender, crunchy nutmeats that give zest to it. It isn't candy . . . . it's nut bread . . . . *delicious* nut bread . . . . but with a taste that only Oh Henry! can give.

Ever since women found that Oh Henry! is so thoroughly and so subtly *blended* that it can be mingled with other tastes without losing its own rich, pleasing taste, they have been discovering new uses for it every day. In two months, we received over 7,500 recipes—new ways of using Oh Henry! to make the old favorites taste better! One of them was this recipe from Miss L. O. B. of Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Oh Henry! Nut Bread

1 egg
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup sweet milk
½ cup finely chopped nuts
3 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 bar Oh Henry! finely diced

Beat the egg and sugar together until light, putting in only half the sugar at first. Add the milk, then the nuts and the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Beat well and stir in the Oh Henry! Turn into a shallow greased pan, let stand fifteen minutes, then bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.

"Sixty Ways to Serve a Famous Candy"

We have collected 60 of these new recipes into a handsome Oh Henry! recipe book, in colors, and called it "Sixty Ways to Serve a Famous Candy." It belongs in your kitchen. Mail 10c (stamps or silver) for a copy. And 'phone your grocer, drug or candy store for 6 or 8 bars of Oh Henry! . . . . *now!*

WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Ill. Brooklyn, N. Y. © 1926

working knowledge of that particular industry with which he will come into intimate contact in his official capacity. In Henry O'Malley, chief of the Bureau of Fisheries, he has perhaps the most practical, thoroughgoing fish expert in the world today. Mr. Hoover increased O'Malley's authority and aided in securing necessary legislation.

Our Secretary of Commerce is also a man with a tremendous fund of engineering experience. For the past twenty years power projects, and particularly irrigation and drainage schemes, have run riot, many projects of the latter two varieties having proved not only more or less futile but in some instances downright harmful in effect. Though these matters do not come within Mr. Hoover's jurisdiction, the fish in certain streams do come under it. Therefore, with his knowledge of engineering and fishery matters combined, he is in a position to view such proposals from both sides.

No longer is an irrigation or power proposal planned without consideration of the commercial fisheries, for if Mr. Hoover decides that any such project will destroy an annual fishery output of more magnitude than the possible benefits resulting from the damming or drainage proposal, he aligns himself against it.

One among many, but perhaps the most pressing fishing problem confronting Mr. O'Malley, was the salmon fisheries of Alaska. The White Bill, passed in 1924, enabled him to take added steps toward their preservation, which he promptly put into effect. The bill provides for a 50 per cent escapement of salmon in all localities; that is, one salmon is permitted to ascend the streams for spawning to every one packed by the canners. In some localities where the run was badly depleted, such as Karluk, Mr. O'Malley requires an initial escapement of 1,000,000 fish before the division begins. Some districts that had already passed the danger mark were entirely closed to fishing for a period of years. The use of certain kinds of gear was prohibited in some territories and permitted in others. Many reservations were established and fishing within 500 yards of the mouth of any salmon stream is prohibited save in a few instances.

A Generous Legacy

The installation of these and other stringent regulations will, in a few cases, inflict a somewhat greater hardship upon some fishery concerns than upon others, as in the case of such canneries, for instance, as were operating in badly depleted areas, where the restrictions are most drastic. In imposing regulations upon an industry whose operations extend over thousands of miles, and with the restrictions varying according to the necessity of the areas, it would fall with seemingly undue severity upon a few.

This unavoidable consequence has given rise to considerable protest, accusations of favoritism and much insistence upon the common right to fish.

In the final analysis, the common right of any individual to do anything whatsoever must of necessity be rendered subservient to the common right of the American people. The fish are the common property of the public and the fancied common right of any individual or concern to fish must always be of secondary importance to the actual right of the joint owners to place upon such operation restrictions that will assure the future of the fish.

That is the sort of comprehensive view Mr. O'Malley turns upon the fishery problem. He visions it a decade hence rather than from day to day. As a whole, the fishery interests are in fine shape in any event. With investments of $50,000,000, they have caught $625,000,000 in fish, the bulk of which has resulted from the operations of the past fifteen years, with the annual catch still reaching above the $30,000,000 mark. Surely, having already paid for themselves, they can adjust their costs and prices so as to pay a dividend on the investment from a catch of that magnitude, or at least have the same opportunity that other lines of business enjoy.

Mr. O'Malley informed me that his one aim in life was to place the vast fisheries of the Pacific on a basis of a scientific annual cropping that would preserve them for posterity. If he is able to accomplish that he will consider that his job is done, and it will be a great legacy to bequeath to the American public. Many people, viewing the restrictions in the light of the immediate present, are inclined to resent them. Nevertheless, ten or twenty years hence, when the output of Alaska's mines is diminishing and her fishery wealth is growing and on an assured basis, they will pay a tribute to the Bureau of Fisheries, without whose efforts the salmon fisheries would by that time have become as extinct as market hunting is today.

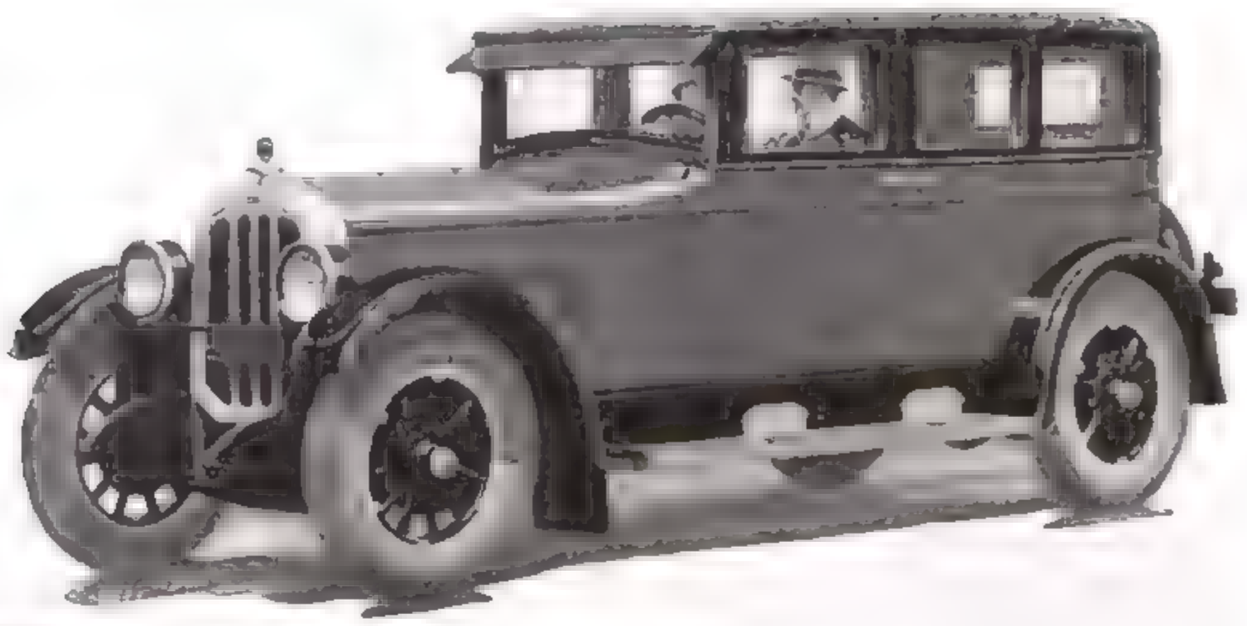
Fish for Posterity

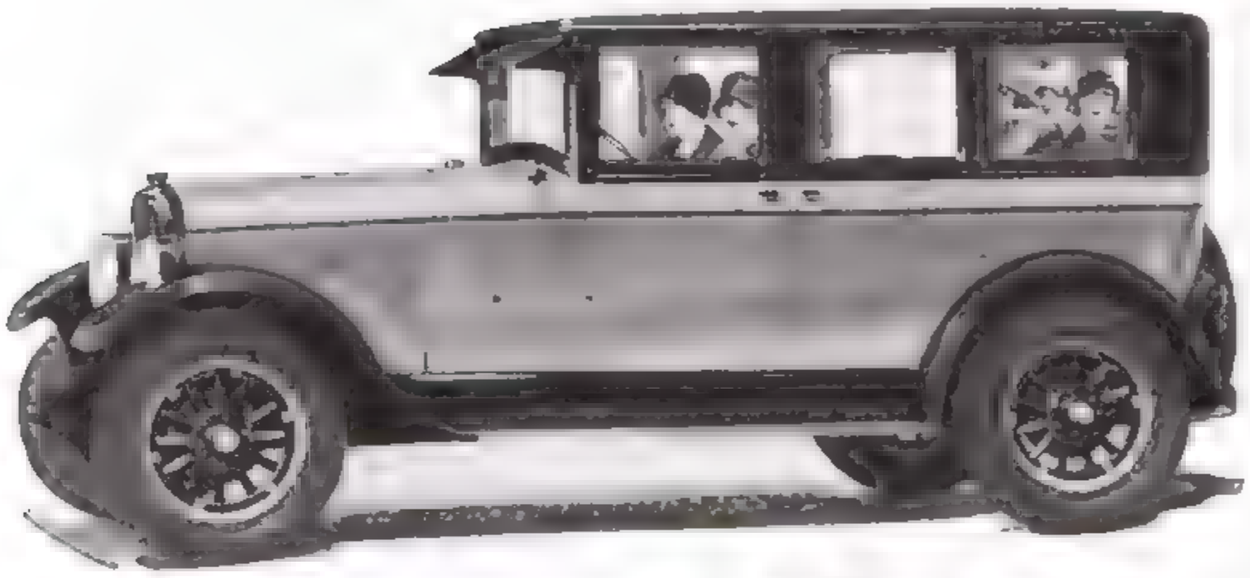
There are millions now living who can recall when quail, pigeons, prairie chickens, grouse, turkeys, shore birds, ducks, geese, venison and other game were displayed in every market and formed a considerable item on the menu of restaurants and hotels. They accepted the fact without question until the game was gone.

Now the millions of our population as unquestionably accept the fact that oysters, clams, lobsters and fish of a hundred varieties are displayed on markets, and form part of every household menu in addition to being obtainable in every restaurant and hotel. Without the Bureau of Fisheries our water foods would soon have reached a state of exhaustion equal to the extermination of our game. Many fisheries have become completely exhausted, others depleted; many varieties of sea foods were on the road to oblivion. Now they are regulated, even to the take of oysters, clams, lobsters and other products in various localities, with hatcheries to restock depleted waters with fish through artificial propagation—in fact a scientific study of vast scope carried on with the sole purpose of placing our water-food products on a basis where they may be cropped annually for all time to come.

The housewife who purchases today a can of salmon, of minced clams or oysters; the man who orders his favorite fish in restaurant or hotel; those who select fresh, salted or kippered fish at the markets—all these might well look at their purchases and realize that, except for the operations of the Bureau of Fisheries, they would find a duplication of those items ten years hence as difficult as it is to purchase a woodcock, quail or passenger pigeon in their local market or restaurant today.

Both Have
"ONE SHOT"
Chassis Lubrication





Both Have
HIGH-PRESSURE
Motor Lubrication

They Ride on OIL!

FOUR simple little one-syllable words—"*they ride on oil*"—aptly and vividly explain why Chandler and Cleveland motor cars are both noted for:

—BETTER than average PERFORMANCE.
—SMOOTHER than average RIDING.
—MORE than average DURABILITY.
—LOWER than average UPKEEP.
—LESS than average DEPRECIATION.

To protect quality and augment the benefits of exacting engineering, Chandler and Cleveland have both adopted an advanced method of *high-pressure* motor lubrication. Oil is continuously pumped to all bearings under full pressure. And the pump in each case is self-priming—which means that it will pump to the last *drop* of oil in the crankcase!

Chandler and Cleveland both have, moreover, the famous "One Shot" System of centralized chassis lubrication. You simply press a plunger with your heel—and "One Shot" automatically lubricates the entire chassis. Gone is all uncertainty, all cause for worry. Nothing is left to memory or to chance. Even a patented type of spring shackle is used having an automatic take-up that keeps the springs of both cars properly buoyant and noiseless.

In every detail, right down to every bolt and cotterpin, these cars are built to stand up—time on end—so long as you keep gasoline in the tank, water in the radiator and oil in the crankcase. Take a good look at the new models. Try a ride. Compare!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND
Motors Corporation
Cleveland, Ohio
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York

WITH THEIR EYES OPEN

(Continued from Page 33)

As though he knew of her discomfort and uneasiness, Roger glanced up keenly.

"Still, even now I don't quite see how you did it. Why, in a week you were married!"

"Roger, it was like being swept away by a tornado."

"Yes, yes, I know. That was his way of business. With you, at least, he might have displayed some decency."

She bit her lip. She had wanted to say something sharp—almost angry. But after all, he was only echoing her own words.

"I was as much to blame."

"No, I won't admit it. He was a man of the world. He knew what he was doing.

"You're loyalty itself," Roger went on. "Nothing has moved me more than your loyalty. But I'm not a fool, dear. I've pieced things together and I can guess pretty well what happened that time at Ravendale. Levier must have thought himself in luck getting you on his side. Tell me, was it you who persuaded Sir John to accept his offer?"

"No," she said, "my uncle could never have been persuaded—not by me."

"How was it Levier knew to a pound what to offer—how to outbid his rivals? Who told him?" He broke off to laugh softly. "My dear, I can guess that too. How easy and cheap for him!"

"Yes, I told him," she admitted. "He did not ask me."

"I have already said—you are very loyal, Elena."

No, not loyal. She had had to see him again. She had had to prove to him what she already knew—that he was destined to belong to her. Yet even when she had stood on the threshold of the library she had not really known what she meant to do. The closed door had become suddenly, uncannily significant, as though beyond it lay a new world, a tremendous adventure. She was trembling and breathless. She could not have raised her hand. Then, as the door had opened and she and Levier had faced each other, she had become absolutely assured. She had known what she had to do. She had to give him everything that she had and was. And in the end she had clung to him, crying back into his fierce kisses "I love you too."

"You never loved him," Roger asserted—"not the real man."

"No," she murmured; "no—never."

Yet how hard she had pretended, even until a few minutes ago. All through that weary honeymoon she had piled up one illusion upon another, playing up to his vision of her, forcing him to play the man she had determined him to be, with moments when the body and soul of her had cried out in protest. Those dreadful days trailing through the galleries, those evenings on the Grand Canal when his passion had risen about her like a smothering tide, the desperate strategies by which she had held him—sometimes for days—at bay, chafing and frustrated.

Then the first certainty. After that she hadn't cared—not for anything on earth until Roger came, and then only briefly, fantastically. It was like the sweet resolving of a discord. Fremont could no longer trouble her. In some obscure and rather terrible way her being exulted over him—yes, exulted as though he had been an enemy whose secret power she had beguiled from him. At least he had ceased to be significant, for she was to become a mother.

Roger raised himself, moving stiffly, like someone who has grown cramped under confinement. It was wonderful how patient he had been. He stood up.

"You never loved him," he said. "But you behave as though you do. He has been dead a year. Why do you keep me waiting?"

"My dear, I don't know." She smiled faintly. "Perhaps I'm growing old —— No, don't be angry. It's true. One does grow old."

"Some people grow more beautiful," he said.

"Do I? But tired, too, Roger. And I've been so ill. It seems to have weakened my will even to be happy. It's left me fanciful, superstitious. I can't believe even now that he is really gone. He was so passionately, pathetically alive. It wasn't like him to do a thing like that. He would have clung to life, he loved it so. And then that last letter ——"

"He was a coward," Roger interrupted impatiently. "A coward can do anything."

"Roger, I never saw him afraid."

"I knew him better. I saw him the night that he believed you dying. At first he was insolent, truculent, hard as nails. Then I told him the truth. I told him what he was and what he had done to you, and he broke down—cried like a whipped schoolboy. He made me sick to look at him."

His hand had been resting on her shoulder. Very gently she drew herself free.

"Then he knew? You told him?"

"You had told him yourself. You were delirious. You kept calling for me."

"Roger, what did he say?"

"I tell you, at first he blustered. Then he offered you freedom—divorce. I said you were not that kind. Besides, it seemed too late. He let me see you. It was from that moment the fever broke. You held my hand all night. Have you forgotten?"

The tears came into her eyes. She stood up and with a quick, resolute movement he put his arms about her, holding her lightly yet firmly like a trapped wild thing.

"Sometimes when I'm very proud, Elena, I tell myself that you owe me your life. Won't you pay your debt? Won't you give me an answer?"

"Give me time, Roger. Just a little longer—just one month."

He hesitated. A hard, adventuring look had come into his bright eyes. It was as though suddenly he had envisaged a new hazard and laughed secretly to meet it.

"A month? Well, will you marry me in a month?"

"Oh, my dear," she murmured piteously, "my impatient dear ——"

"Have I been impatient?" he demanded. "Be fair, Elena. What are you waiting for? Hasn't time proved us both? Don't we know everything there is to know of each other? Consider my pride a little, if nothing else. Give me the right to tell the world ——"

She tried to free herself. She knew she was being unjust and cruel, but the sense of Fremont's presence was overpowering.

"Roger, it can't be here. I must get away—away from this house."

"I know. I ask you to come. I give you a month. I'll go ahead—to the Riviera—Paris—anywhere—and you shall follow me in a month's time. Only—promise."

"I promise."

"I trust you," he whispered. "Thank God, I know that I can trust you."

He kissed her passionately. But she was very tired—so tired that she didn't care. And when he forgot about the children and left her with the impetuous gallant gesture of a knight setting out on a final act of devotion she was strangely, almost hysterically glad. She ached to be alone. The click of the front door was like a signal of release.

XII

SO HE had known! The room had grown dark and rather cold. The fire was dying out. By its last glow she saw her own face in the Venetian mirror and it was like meeting a friend after many years, seeing the ravages and changes with a sorrowful clearness. It was like meeting the girl child in the Vandyke picture after life had stripped her of her dreams, when she had faced death and suffering and disillusionment—yes, and herself, when she had grown up.

It was long past the children's bedtime Elena remembered that they had been to a party and would be tired and perhaps fractious. They would be excited at seeing her, but full of their interests and a little impatient of her tenderness. They had come to an age when the tide of life was already tugging at their feet, drawing them away from her.

Her dream children had not been like that. They were babies who never grew up. They clung to her with hands that were always helpless. For them she was the permanent source and center of life. She hadn't understood that the real children would become every day less hers, more other people's, more themselves, and that she herself would slowly, inevitably cease to be wholly mother and become again an individual, solitary, independent, thrown back upon her own strength for comfort. She had imagined motherhood as something final and permanent—had fought for it as for her existence; and after all, it was only an incident in a long pilgrimage.

How she had fought for it, cheated for it—yes, cheated for it. The invisible witness against her shot the word into her very heart. She winced under the pain of it. She had clung to Fremont, whispering "I love you too," and it had been a lie. She hadn't loved him. She had wanted freedom, home and children, and so she had thrown out the lure of her womanhood and the promise of her heart. She had paid him with false coin, and nothing he had done in all his own devious, unscrupulous life equaled her dishonesty. Perhaps all over the world people cheated one another as they had done and had to face in the end the same bankrupt truth in one another.

So he had known!

The thought followed her as she made her way slowly and wearily to the night nursery. Yet he had said nothing. She remembered now how gentle he had been in those days of her convalescence, so different from his former fiery demonstrative self, asking nothing of her, giving with a new delicate timidity. Why, he had never even kissed her! Yes, just once when he was starting on that suddenly planned and fatal holiday he had kissed her queerly, violently, like someone on the verge of a terrible breakdown, who doesn't trust himself.

He had known—and had gone to his death.

The night nursery was in darkness, save for the faint light from the open door. The two boys lay side by side in their white beds, lost in the warm, deep sleep of childhood. Usually the sight of them like this called the old primitive happiness awake in her. In their sleep they were hers again, helpless, dependent, flesh of her flesh. But tonight they seemed lost to her. She had bought them with a lie, and in some strange, terrible way the lie rose against her like a forbidding, warning specter. Oh, if they had been less vital to her, if they had been the fruit of a great all-giving love, how close they would still be to her, how sweet their individualities, their growing independence of her! But she had made them her gods, to whom she had offered up life and honor, and they were not gods at all. They were men and they were failing her.

They were Fremont's children. They were dark and slender, wayward, loving and lovable, as he too must have been in those somber days in the East End. For the first time she thought of him as a child. She could imagine his playing in the foul, melancholy streets, ill used, starving, as hungry for life, as desperately set on escape as she had been, learning to lie and cheat as she had done.

The tears came into her tired eyes. At another time she would have kissed the children, but now she crept away, closing the door softly, guiltily, like a thief.

She was so tired. But she could not rest. On the stairs she stopped nervously. She thought she heard Fremont's key in the lock. She half expected to see the front door fly open and Fremont himself on the threshold, so pale and fiery and eager, carried on the wings of his relentless energy. She could almost see his eyes, which never—as she remembered now—had ceased to be the eyes of a lover. They had cheated others. But they had not, in the very essence of things, cheated her. To the very end they had said "I love you."

To the very end—at the very end he had known.

She caught her breath, imagining that final scene between the two men. She could see them facing each other. Owen was the man she loved. Why then did she feel this sudden anger against him? Why did she want to throw herself between his upright indignation and the crying, broken man whom she had almost hated? Was it possible that, after all, the years counted—that in darkness and silence something besides their children had been born to them?

His library had not been touched. She went in, switching on the lights and looking about her with a beating heart as though she expected some fresh revelation. The room was chill, melancholy as a tomb. His things lay where he had left them—his pipes, his books, his pens—one of them, gold, with his initials set in diamonds, shone like a bright small bar of light on his table. How silently scornful she had been of the thing's flamboyant vulgarity. Now it seemed to her infinitely touching.

She sat down at his table. Some deep, irresistible instinct was driving her. There was something more than herself to know. That last letter of his. She recalled it word for word. Even at the time it had read false, strained, as though beneath the coldly formal words the man himself was crying aloud to her. He had written that he was killing himself to escape death. It wasn't true. He wasn't that sort. He was brave, after his own fashion. He would have held out, fighting to the end.

Bills, old letters, some snapshots. She turned them over with trembling fingers and half-blinded eyes. Only little by little did she come to realize what they really were—her scant letters to him, pictures of her, bills for the presents he had bought her—the absurd, lavish presents which had been as exasperating as rough pressure on a wound.

And then, thrust far back into the drawer, she encountered something cold and hard that blazed splendidly like a handful of green flame as she drew it out into the light. For a moment she stared at the stones incredulously. Their magnificence, the staggering carelessness with which they had been flung aside, paralyzed her. Then she saw the card that had lain with them: "To my beloved wife." And the date.

She heard herself call his name aloud in unendurable distress. For in that moment she knew everything. She had felt his agony cut through to her own heart. She saw the gesture with which he had flung aside forever the things that had once seemed so vital. Jewels, luxury, display, success—they had turned to dust and ashes because he had been cheated of his one vital treasure, because she had never loved him. Only one thing had remained in that bankrupt hour—his love for her. That he had to hold fast at all costs, and so he had set her free in the only way that she would accept freedom. There was something devastating in his tenderness for her tradition of honor—she who had treated him less honorably than a woman of the streets.

He had known—and so he had killed himself.

She sat tensely still. She tried to call Roger Owen to her aid, summoning his memory as a last defense against the furious invaders who were breaking into her ordered, self-respecting city, pillaging and destroying. But he would not come. He was less real than a dream. Had he ever

(Continued on Page 109)

Those Lights in the TRAIN

WHERE does the current come from that provides the light in your Pullman berth? Storage batteries supply it, and they are kept charged when the train is in motion by a generator attached to the axle.

This is only one of many varied ways that Exide Batteries take part in your daily life. Whenever you telephone, your words are sent over the wire by the current from an Exide Battery. Street trucks, mine locomotives, tractors, and a majority of the world's submarines are propelled by Exide Batteries.

Government and commercial radio plants use Exide Batteries, and huge Exides provide emergency power in the central stations of our great cities. Lonely farms are lighted by Exide Batteries, and so is the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen.

There is an Exide Battery built specially for every purpose by the largest manufacturers of storage batteries in the world.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Exide
BATTERIES
THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

For your CAR You will find it a true economy to put an Exide in your car when you need a new storage battery. The cost is very low for an article of recognized high quality, and the length of service is notably long. . . . There is an Exide Battery dealer near your home.

For your RADIO There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and the right type for every tube, and they assure you the greatest distance and the clearest reception of which your set is capable. At radio stores and Exide Battery dealers' everywhere.

Here are some of the reason recommendations in the 192 tive manufactu recommendatio

SEE THE CHAR

Your FORD

THERE are many engineering features in your Ford which must be taken into consideration in order to insure proper lubrication. The oil used in the engine must also lubricate the transmission and the multiple disc clutch.

The Ford engine is of the conventional, L-head design equipped with thermo-siphon water-cooling system, resulting in higher and more efficient operating temperatures which minimize crankcase oil dilution. Cast iron pistons are used.

A splash circulating lubricating system is used, the flywheel revolving in the oil reservoir, acting as a pump and agitating the oil, thus keeping it more fluid in cold weather.

The multiple disc clutch and planetary transmission operate continually in a bath of oil. A free flowing oil is required to assure instantaneous release of the clutch without dragging and positive engagement without slipping, also to reach all the bearings in the transmission.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of the correct body, character and fluidity and especially manufactured to meet the requirements of Ford cars both summer and winter.

Your HUDSON

YOUR Hudson Super Six L-head type engine with its pump circulating water-cooling system provides for maintaining efficient operating temperatures by manually operated radiator shutters. Aluminum alloy pistons with ample oil grooves and drain holes prevent excessive amounts of lubricating oil reaching the combustion chambers and the formation of carbon deposits.

A splash circulating lubrication system with throttle controlled, variable stroke plunger pump delivers oil to splash troughs under the connecting rod bearings. All internal bearing surfaces are lubricated by an oil mist produced by connecting rod splash.

The design and construction features of the present Hudson engine demand the use of a rich lubricating oil such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. For models of the Hudson engine prior to 1923 and equipped with cast iron pistons Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for summer.

In winter, to assure easy starting of the engine and reliable distribution of the lubricant use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in all models.

3 out of every 4 motorists who

VACUUM OIL COMPANY HEADQUARTERS 61 BROADWAY NEW YORK

s behind four of the important 6 Mobiloil Chart. 609 automo- rers approve the ns for their cars.

T AT YOUR DEALER'S

Your PACKARD

THE Packard Six and Eight Cylinder Engines are similar in design—L-head, with thermostatically controlled water-cooling system. The bore of the 1926 model six cylinder engine has been increased to 3½", providing additional power. Close fitting cast iron pistons are used. Dilution of the crankcase oil by liquid fuel is controlled by a special device.

A full force feed lubricating system is used on 1925 and 1926 models and a force feed system in 1924 and previous years. In the present models oil is delivered under pressure to the crankshaft, camshaft, connecting rod big-end bearings, piston pins and to the timing chains. The oil spray thrown from the revolving crankshaft lubricates the cylinders, pistons and piston-rings.

Careful engineering study of Packard engine design demonstrates that an oil such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in summer on all models.

For winter operation a more fluid oil is required. Use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in all models except six cylinder engines manufactured prior to 1925 on which Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended. For temperatures below 0° F., Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models

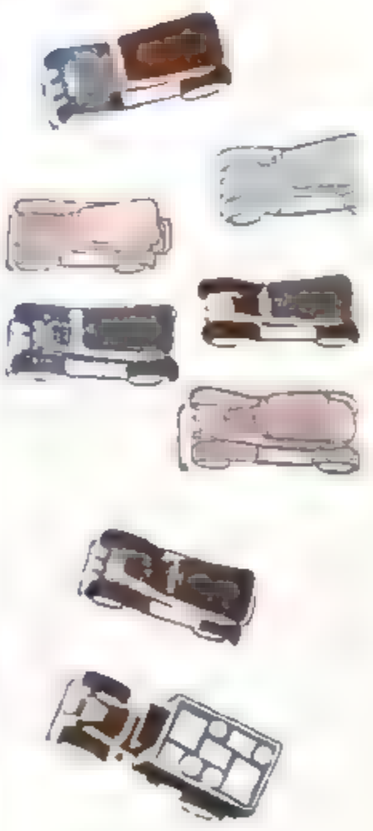
Your CHRYSLER

THE Chrysler Sixes, the Imperial 80 and Model 70 are equipped with L-head engines, water cooled by circulating pump, a thermostatic control assisting in maintaining an efficient operating temperature. Specially designed and machined cylinder heads permit the use of comparatively high compression pressures and minimize the tendency for knocking.

A force feed lubricating system is used, oil being delivered under pressure to all crankshaft, camshaft and connecting rod big-end bearings. The pistons and piston-pins are lubricated by oil spray from the lower connecting rod bearings. Aluminum alloy pistons with special oil control rings aid in preventing excessive carbon accumulations. An air cleaner and a special oil filter, together with an ample oil screen located at the oil pump intake, tend to keep the oil free from impurities, thus minimizing wear.

These and other features of the Chrysler Sixes favor the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" which is recommended for summer and winter; for temperatures below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

For the Chrysler 58, four cylinder, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic for winter.



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GRUEN

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Jealously the old guild masters guarded the reputation of their craft

BEFORE the shop of the seventeenth-century watchmaker there usually stood a little apprentice boy. He cried his master's wares and enticed customers

But sometimes he would come running into the shop announcing excitedly, "*Messieurs les Gardes Visiteurs! Messieurs les Gardes Visiteurs!*"

And the master would hastily bethink himself of every watch he had, trembling if he remembered one that was not quite what it should be.

There was no longer time to hide it. The *Gardes Visiteurs*, or visiting inspectors of the guild, made their descents without warning. Faulty goods were seized, the makers brought to trial before the guild council. Heavy punishments were inflicted.

The standards of the guild were inflexible. The Worthy Company of Watchmakers was determined to protect its reputation. Its mark on a watch must continue everywhere to serve as a definite pledge of finest craftsmanship.

In the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild, careful inspection plays the same important part. And modern methods, combined with the old guild spirit, have made possible standards of excellence that the early guild watchmakers never dreamed of.

Gruen Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

Gruen Cartouche, $32.50
With Precision movement, $45

The highest standard which the modern Gruen Guildsmen apply to any watch is that represented by the mark Gruen *Precision*.

Gruen *Precision* Watches are made in a separate workshop of the Guild, specially constructed to produce movements of the *Precision* grade exclusively.

Here are assembled the Guild's most advanced equipment and its most skillful craftsmen, men wholly devoted to the task of making the best watches they are capable of.

No effort is too great, no period of patient toil too long. Not until the watch is regarded wholly satisfactory, after rigid scrutiny by the masters of the craft, is it worthy to bear the mark *Precision*. For this mark has become the pledge of the modern guild of watchmakers.

Yet it costs but little more, in any given quality of case, to secure a watch marked Gruen *Precision*. The better jewelers can show you the Gruen Watch pictured here in both regular and *Precision* grades.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr., 1926, G. W. M. G.

(Continued from Page 104)

been more than a dream? Had he ever been more than a refuge for her thwarted romanticism? He had been wonderful out there in the frozen wilderness, wonderful in his inaccessibility. But here, now, for all the time to come, what did he mean to her? He had given her years of faultless, quixotic service. Had she cheated him too?

She dared not move. She felt that if she did, something terrible might happen—that she would break through into some final understanding. A chair creaked in the desolately silent room. If she turned she might see Fremont sitting there, gazing at her with his ardent, tragic eyes, asking her, "Then you have nothing for me? You never really loved me?"

And suddenly she fell forward, bruising her face on the chill, hard pile of precious stones, and weeping bitterly.

XIII

ROGER OWEN stood on the steps of Fremont Levier's house, his coat collar turned up against the dank winter's wind, and shivered and yawned wretchedly. He was incredibly tired. The last hour with Elena in the quiet, restful firelight had seemed to suck the last drop of vitality out of him. It had only been by a magnificent effort of the will that he had been able to play the ardent, impetuous lover to the end. He knew what she expected of him, and thank God, he hadn't failed her. But for the rest of his life ——

How had it happened? He couldn't deceive himself. It was his own fault. All his life he had had this fatal passion for the picturesque, the romantic, heroic gesture. His physique, his wealth, his very manner seemed to have predestined him to the rôle of knight-errant. Ordinary life was of no use to him. Whereas he would scarcely bother to cross the street for a friend, he would dash gladly into a burning house to save a kitten. From the same cause he had avoided marriage. It was too obvious, too prosaic. It put an end to adventure. Affairs he had had in reasonable profusion, because affairs were part of the ritual of a man's life—gallant, often charming excursions into the *pays du tendre*. But there had been nothing that could be reasonably considered permanent—that could hinder the coming of that eventual magnificent romance.

And then Elena Levier.

No, he couldn't have helped himself. He could no more have prevented his temperament running away with him than he could have helped breathing. The circumstances of the Vandyke picture, of their meeting, of her fainting in his arms, had been sparks to gunpowder. And then she was beautiful, married to a vulgar parvenu, and obviously unhappy. From the first moment the thing had been inevitable. He had dedicated himself to her! He had seen himself as a cavalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, attendant on a hopeless passion. He had not even tempted her, being a man of unblemished honor, but had gone on desperate adventure. As to whether he had ever really loved her or not he hardly knew.

It was true, of course, that when he had heard she was dying he had dashed to her bedside. But then he had been half dying himself, and the idea of a desperate race against time and death had appealed irresistibly to his imagination. If she had really died, she would have crowned the most beautiful episode of his life. But it was Fremont Levier who had died instead.

Roger Owen's thoughts took another turn. He lighted a cigarette with a hand that shook a little, and walked on slowly down the deserted street. He was desperately unhappy. Well, thank God, he was man enough to bear the consequences of his own actions without whining. He knew now that he didn't want to marry Elena Levier—had never wanted to marry her. He had wanted romance. But she loved him—needed him. That was the outstanding feature of the case.

He tried to comfort himself. They would settle down. Sooner or later everyone had to settle down. An elderly bachelor was a pitiable, rootless object. Only it hurt to realize that he was elderly—elderly and so deadly tired.

And anyway there was a month left. He had behaved perfectly. He had made Elena very happy. Now it only remained for him to set his house in order. He would cross to Paris tomorrow and go to Number — Rue des Marchands and explain why it was that from henceforward the haven at the end of all his exploits would have to be permanently located elsewhere. She would be terribly upset, but after all she had always known that such might be the outcome—it lay implied in the nature of their relationship. He would be upset himself. They had had wonderful times together. But he owed it to his future wife to do the honorable thing, and he had always been the soul of honor.

Paris—would Paris ever be the same again? He fancied not. With a little chill upon the heart, he thought that nothing would ever be quite the same again. Somewhere, somehow he had lost his youth.

XIV

HE HAD always told himself that, of course, he didn't really love her. A man of his type, fastidious, romantic, could never really love such a frank child of the boulevards. In spite of herself, she was always doing and saying things that offended his good taste, and he had kept the finer side of his nature intact from her—out of reach of her godless, respectless fingers.

She was an episode that somehow had lasted fifteen years. For she made him laugh. She made him comfortable. She made no demands. It didn't matter how long he had been away, he could always be sure that she would be there unchanged for him. Curiously enough, on that last almost fatal Arctic expedition it was the thought of her, of this warm, welcoming little room, of the kettle singing on the hearth, of the smell of her delicious cooking, which had given him the strength to go on. He had forgotten Elena altogether.

He looked down at her, crouched like a loving, happy dog against his knee. It was his third day in Paris and he had said nothing. It couldn't go on like that; he would have to tell her—explain that this was their last evening. But he found it more difficult to begin than he could ever have imagined. Not that he felt guilty in any way. It was partly laziness. He was so comfortable, so relaxed; for a year he had been kept at such high tension. Here he could let himself go, be himself—whatever that was. He didn't have to pretend anything to anybody.

After next month he would have to be the romantic lover, day in, day out; and he wasn't so young any more. There were moments, as now, when he felt acutely, almost shabbily old.

He bent down, whispering, "Yvette, I've got something for you. Open your hand and shut your eyes."

She obeyed him, smiling as at the caprice of a child. And at the word of command she tore open the thin envelope he had given her and he heard her cry out. Somehow the cry hurt him more than he had ever been hurt in his life. It ran the gamut of amazement, delight and an unformed terrible fear. She turned, kneeling, beside him, looking into his face as though she were trying to read down into his very heart; and to his consternation he felt himself faltering. He was behaving correctly, even generously, and he was miserably ashamed.

"Fifty thousand francs! Roger, why should you give it to me? What should I do with so much? What does it mean?"

He freed himself very gently from the tense grip of her hands upon his shoulders.

"I am to be married," he explained simply. He had meant to say it—he had the right to say it. But he found himself with his face hidden in his hands. The gesture was sincere, unpremeditated. He felt too tired, too unhappy to meet the storm. But no storm came. It was queer and touching how the undisciplined child had grown to self-mastery in these empty years. He could feel her looking down on him, gravely, sternly, almost with pity.

"Who is she, Roger?"

"No one you ever heard of."

"How long have you known her?"

"Ten years."

"And you have loved her all that time?"

He lifted his head, sighing deeply. It would be a relief to tell the truth—naked and romanceless as it was.

"No."

"Since when then?"

"Yvette, I don't know how to explain it. I never loved her. I don't even really know her. When I first met her she was young, beautiful and unhappily married. She appealed to my chivalry, my imagination. I let myself be dragged into a secret romance—I dragged her in with me. And now the husband is dead—killed himself. He was a poor thing. And in a month we are to be married."

"And you have told her that you do not love her?"

He got up, drawing himself to his full and splendid height.

"Do you think me such an utter scoundrel, Yvette?"

He was quelled by her laughter. Though it brought her with every gust nearer to a deluge of tears, it was genuine, irresistible. To his amazement, he realized that she saw him as funny—and still loved him. To Elena he was the consistent, faultless hero. To Yvette he was—laughable. She forced him to see himself as she saw him, as a child who put on airs, who made pompous, grown-up gestures, who did heroic things in order to be heroic, who was at heart a romantic schoolboy.

He had to gather together all his dignity as a man, to remind himself of the absolute rightness of her case, in order to hold his own against her.

"Don't! It's no use going on like that. I know how you feel. I do too. It's a ghastly business. But it can't be helped now. The—the lady who is to be my wife loves me, trusts me. She has built her life on me. I should break her heart ——"

"And my heart? Do you owe me nothing?"

"What do you expect me to do?" he asked resentfully. "You have no right to treat me like this. I have been perfectly fair with you. I never promised you anything. I never deceived you."

"No, you never promised. But you deceived me all the same. You loved me. You came back to me. Year after year you came back to me, and I waited for you. 'One day,' I thought, 'he'll get sick of playing the fine dashing fellow and come home to me. One day he'll grow old and tired and be glad to settle down quietly and be good.'"

He caught his breath. Marry her! She had actually thought of it. How could she—a man in his position? And yet she had conjured up a picture that was warm with firelight, with peace, with freedom from the curse of his own romantic posturing. With her he could throw off the trappings of the hero and step into the careless ease of his dressing gown and slippers. He would be at home—he wanted to be at home.

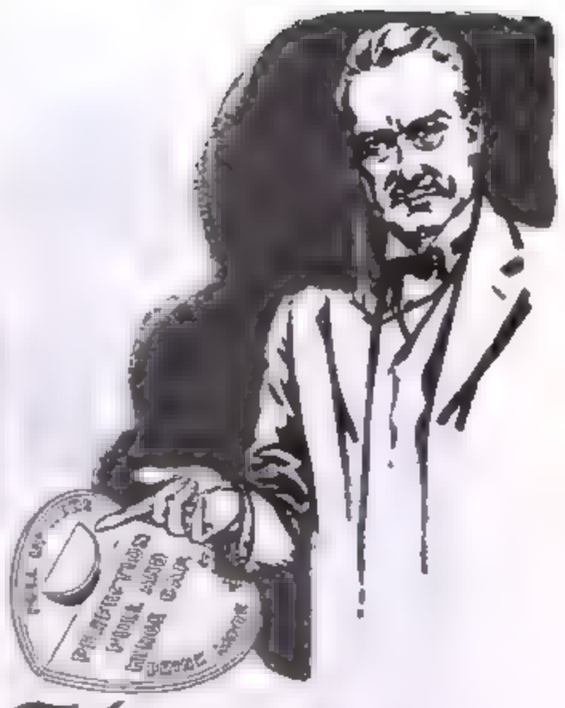
He could feel her waiting, tense, expectant. He gathered all his courage to face her firmly.

"It's no use. Don't make it difficult for me. I've got to go through with it; there's no choice."

Suddenly, with all the abandonment of her first youth, she flung herself into his arms, clinging to him.

"You can't go! You belong to me! I've given you all my life! If you go there will be no life left—I shall kill myself."

She watched him in bleak, terrible silence as he struggled with his coat and groped blindly for his hat. He was panic-stricken, helpless. He had only one desire—to escape from her vision of him, to hide himself somewhere where he could take breath, reform himself, adopt some attitude. At the door, he made one last effort. He stood



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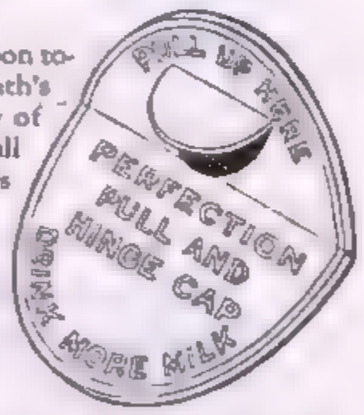

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very upright, conscious of his magnificent figure, his fine and manly bearing.

"Yvette ——"

"Please go," she said between her teeth. "I can't bear it. I love you, and—and you make me sick."

XV

HIS bewilderment and anger carried him like a tide through the streets of Paris. He walked fast, jostling people with a relentless purpose, but it seemed to him that he came back at last to his hotel by the merest chance. And even when he stood in his own rooms, with Elena's telegram in his hands, he hardly realized what had happened. Very gradually he came back to the immediate issue. He spread the telegram out on his table, tapping it with exasperated fingers. So she was coming—without explanation—but he knew what it meant. Her own stipulation had proved too much for her. She couldn't live without him. His daily visits, his ardent, chivalresque tenderness had left an unbearable blank in her life. The month's respite had vanished like a flake of snow.

He went to the window and stood there looking out on the fantastic streets, hearing and seeing nothing.

He reiterated aloud, "I've got to go through with it."

Automatically he took down the telephone receiver. Yes, the hotel clerk told him, a lady had rung up. She had given no address, but she might be calling later. If so, Roger ordered, she was to be announced immediately.

He went back sullenly to his own thoughts. It was typical of Elena to act like that—like a romantic schoolgirl, not warning him, not even letting him know where she was. That meant he would have to go the rounds of the hotels, and when he had found her, fill her rooms with flowers. And first thing in the morning she would expect a love letter—and he felt like a squeezed and withered orange.

The door opened. Someone spoke his name. He turned petulantly. The room was in part darkness, lit only by a lamp over the writing table, and the man's figure standing by the door had a queer, ghostly look—a waiter, probably. Yet he was too shabby for a waiter. And he had closed the door and stood with his back against it, with a fixity of purpose that had in it a definite suggestion of menace.

"I didn't ring," Roger began. "What do you want? You have no right to come in like that."

"I know you didn't ring—at least I hope you didn't. I found the number of your room and came up unannounced. They wouldn't have let me come and you wouldn't have seen me. You would have required an explanation."

Roger's hand fumbled for the switch. His mind had emptied itself in an instant. He had become a network of taut, overdrawn nerves. He had never been afraid in his life.

But then he had never faced anything more terrible than danger. This thing was intangible, outside the range of human experience.

The flood of crude, matter-of-fact light brought no relief. It could not mitigate the fact of the dead man's reality. It was Fremont Levier—and yet not Fremont Levier, but something that had been him, something recognizable. The black beard—and Roger's reeling intelligence remembered that men's hair grew after they were dead—disguised him. But it was more than that. He had been dead so long. There was a skeleton under the worn clothes—yes, and the clothes themselves were sodden. He had crawled out of the water, out of his grave, with nothing living but his eyes.

Roger gasped. He was shaken by a frightful physical nausea. He had suffered too much. It was his mind that had given way.

"Levier ——"

"I'm sorry to have startled you," the distant, exhausted voice interrupted. "I have just dragged a woman who wanted to kill herself, from the river. I have only one suit of clothes. I walked about until I was reasonably dry. I had to see you."

"Levier, you're alive—I'm not dreaming?"

"No, you're not dreaming. I'm alive for this moment. Give me something to drink."

Roger obeyed. He was horrified to see how his own hand shook. The thin, blue-veined hand that took the glass from him was quite steady.

"You see, I've been living an honest life," Levier murmured. "It has not been a conspicuous success, except that it has become a habit."

"Levier, for God's sake, explain!"

He steadied himself. Now that terror and incredulity had subsided, he was bitterly angry. He had been made ridiculous—afraid. He had been made to cringe before a fake—phantom—to believe for a moment in a resurrection. Yes, and even now, in a queer, distraught sort of way, he still had to believe in it. There was something about this scarecrow figure—it was as though the Fremont Levier who had dressed too well, had loved life and power too well, had stripped himself and gone down into the depths and had fought and shouldered his way out, at bitter cost, into a new freedom.

At least their positions were reversed. He was no longer pitiable. He had attained an aloof and almost contemptuous authority. He gave the man before whom he had once cringed a feeling of emptiness, of unsubstantiality, as though, of the two, he were the shadow.

"It was the woman who ought to have been your wife," Levier went on. He sipped the liqueur gratefully and a faint glimmer of warmth showed under his ashen skin. "When she heard that you were never coming back to her she didn't want to live any more. Fortunately, she passed the little shop where I work and I suspected something. As a matter of fact, I had been expecting something to happen. You see, ever since I found out about you I'd been on the watch ——"

"Spying!" Roger broke in passionately. He brought his fist crashing down on the table. He had to assert himself, recover his hold upon his own confidence even at the price of violent gestures. "So the whole thing was a put-up job, Levier—a trick—a sort of practical joke. May I ask for what purpose you played it? Were you afraid of someone finding you out? Were the police after you?"

"Do you really pretend to believe that, Owen?"

"I know your methods. Anything is possible."

"You're a fair swindler yourself," Levier commented quietly. "A swindling gentleman, whilst I am—shall we say a gentlemanly swindler? Well, perhaps we're all swindlers in our way. I'm not here to judge."

"You of all men!" Roger commented with bitter irony.

The fiery eyes considered him. "You haven't even asked me whether she's alive or dead? Aren't you even interested?"

"I'm not responsible for what she did," Roger returned. He was on firmer ground now. He could speak with dignity and decision. "I gather that you saved her life, and I am glad. But I am not responsible for her recklessness. I treated her generously. I never deceived her. She did what she did with her eyes open."

"Are any of our eyes open? Do any of us know what we are really doing?"

"Those of us who are honest."

"Ah, yes, those of us who are honest."

Roger threw back his head with a movement of indignant impatience.

"We stand here philosophizing in this intolerable, incredible situation. You have brought it about, Levier. Perhaps you'll make it clear how and why."

"The how hardly matters. As to why, that is very simple. My wife loved you—you told me you loved her."

"Well?"

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

Their eyes were fastened relentlessly on each other. Insensibly, Roger's attitude had become defiant. He knew it. The knowledge filled him with a savage desire to hurt this man and hurt him badly.

"You made it clear to me—and I knew it was true—that there was only one way to set her free. I took it. I got out. I quite realize that a real gentleman would have really killed himself. To do you justice, I believe you, in my place, would have carried the thing through. But I haven't got the right instincts. I'd cheated her of her freedom and I cheated her back into it. But I felt I had a right to live—somehow—to find out how to live."

"You never thought of what you were doing to her?"

"I died," Levier returned simply. "That was all she or anyone would ever have known. I covered my tracks absolutely. I planned everything to the last detail. Even if someone I knew had seen me, he wouldn't have believed it. In the end I had meant to hide myself at the other end of the earth. But I hadn't reckoned with you."

"With me?"

"I came across your tracks by the merest chance. I found out the sort of man you are. You look fine, Owen. You act finely. But you're a fake—a figurehead. You're empty-hearted and disloyal. You didn't even love her. You wouldn't have run away with her if she would have gone. You wouldn't have borne the responsibility or scandal. You don't love anybody but yourself. I failed her. I wasn't what she wanted. But you would break her heart. Tonight I was sure of it, and I had to save her from you. I, at least, loved her."

There was a brief silence. Roger Owen considered the man in front of him with a bitter curiosity. Yes, there was love in the suffering face—a quiet, steadfast thing like an inner light, shining through. He was a common upstart fellow who had stripped himself of everything, gone out into the wilderness without glamour or heroics for the sake of an emotion that he, Roger Owen, had talked of all his life. He had pursued it—and never once attained it. He had wanted to love magnificently and he had never loved at all. Levier had said it, and it was true. And he wanted to kill Levier—to kill the thing that was in him.

"I may have done wrong, of course," Fremont added quietly. "It's likely enough. I expect my morals will be pretty mixed to the end of the chapter. But I wanted to make her happy."

Roger shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever your motive," he said, "you've done a crazy and disastrous thing. And now what are you going to do? Go back? Well, I've got to warn you. She'll kill herself rather than live with you again. She hated you. She was loyal, and it's only since your supposed death that I've known what she suffered. She couldn't begin it again. She isn't strong and the very thought that you are still alive and might claim her would break her utterly."

He had the satisfaction of seeing Levier's feverish eyes close. But he answered without faltering.

"I know all that. I'm not going back. Perhaps I'll really make an end this time. I don't know. But I'm not going to inflict myself on her. I've done what I meant to do. You know how things stand, and I know you. You're a man of honor—after your own fashion. You won't run the risk of marrying her. You'll find a decent excuse."

Roger thrust back with a deadly precision. "You ignore one thing. She loves me. That's true at any rate. I tell you, she's not strong. She'll die without me."

"She'll die with you. She's been disillusioned once tied to the wrong man and that's enough. It's not got to happen again. Better for her to think you had ceased to love than that she should find out too late what you are."

The telephone broke, screaming venomously, between them. Roger snatched off the receiver. In complete silence he let it slip back into its place. The face that he turned to Levier was colorless and fixed in expression like a mask.

"I'd forgotten. It's Elena. She's in Paris—here—coming up now. I'd given orders. What are you going to do, Levier?"

"What I'd intended to do," was the rough answer. "Get out. Try not to lose your head, Owen. You're the last to want a catastrophe."

He went swiftly to the door, but came back again. He took Roger by the arm, holding him with a hard, compelling strength.

"The elevator has just come up. I don't know—it might be her. I can't risk it. What is that other room there?"

"My bedroom."

"I'll stay there until she's gone. It's dark. I shan't make a sound. You can trust me."

Roger threw off the controlling hand.

"It's impossible! Have you no sense of fitness?"

"None—none. She's not to know. That's all either of us have got to care about."

"The thing's indecent!"

"Damn your decencies!"

Roger Owen's blue eyes were glacial.

"Take your chance. I've warned you. As far as Elena knows, we are to be married in a month. We love each other. Don't forget that."

Fremont Levier turned his back. "Do you think there's anything in life I can't stand?" he asked. He stood for a moment at the threshold of the inner room, looking toward the door as though with an intent and hungry anticipation of some vision. He added gently, almost pityingly, "If you had only loved her, Owen ——"

XVI

THE curtains fell smoothly in their place like the curtains on a stage scene and the room emptied itself of tragic conflict. If it had not been for the lingering smart of an almost physical humiliation, Roger Owen would not have believed in what had happened. His own figure, dimly reflected in the long glass opposite, seemed a denial of its possibility. The light was kind to him. He was still handsome, noble looking. It wasn't possible that a man like Fremont Levier should have made him feel mean and insignificant.

He lit a cigarette and threw it into the grate. No man of decent feeling, he reflected, had ever been placed in such a position. Levier was a blackguard without principles. He deserved to suffer. Yes, and he should suffer. For one moment Roger caught a clear glimpse of his own purpose. It was like a flash of lightning, illuminating a whole landscape. Fremont Levier had made him contemptible, and he would wring Fremont Levier's heart.

The door opened. A waiter fluttered like a black moth against the light of the corridor, mumbled a name and then vanished. A breath of warm, fragrant femininity was in the room. Roger Owen held out his hands.

She looked pathetically frail, and, as he thought quickly, almost old in her rich furs. He spoke her name, calculating what chord it would strike in that dead listener; but she did not move, but stood there looking at him, her hand pressed against her breast as though it hurt her.

"Forgive me, Roger. It wasn't very discreet of me, I know. But I couldn't bear it any longer. I had to see you."

"It was intolerable for both of us," he answered ardently. He wondered what it was like to be a ghost and to listen to the wooing of a woman who had been loved as Levier loved her. He dropped the hands that lay limply in his own. He put his arms about her. He could almost see Levier cringing and wincing in the dark. Even if he closed his eyes and ears, his imagination would illuminate the silence.

"Elena ——"

To his utter bewilderment she freed herself. She fought him off with a violence and a despair that overwhelmed his simulated passion. He stumbled back, stammering, outraged. She made a piteous gesture of apology.

"I'm sorry. I lost my head. I'm terribly unhappy. Please be gentle with me. Let us sit down."

Stiffly, in silence, he drew a chair to the fire and stood opposite her, leaning against the mantelshelf, his arms folded in the familiar attitude of strong self-reliance. His heart was beating thickly. It was like fear. But he had never been afraid.

He said, with difficult calm, "Aren't you going to explain?"

"Wait. Give me time, Roger. I'm so tired. I've been walking—walking, trying to clear my own thoughts so that I could make you understand."

"But I think I do. When I got your telegram I guessed. The separation was intolerable. You have come to marry me." Yes, and he would marry her; or, if Levier showed his hand, he would force her to run away with him. He was reckless. Reputation, scandal were as shadows compared to this desperate urge to re-create his own vision of himself—and to strike back at the man who had tried to shatter it. He bent over her tenderly. "Elena, isn't that it?" he asked.

She shivered. "No—no!"

"What is it then? Tell me."

"Don't you know? Haven't you felt what has happened? Can't you guess?"

"How should I guess?" he murmured uncertainly.

He wondered for one amazed moment if she knew. The face she lifted to his was so wan with misery.

"Indeed, how should you? Oh, Roger, you've been so faithful, so wonderful."

"Don't, don't! Let's leave that aside. I loved you."

"That's what's so terrible. You've given your life to me, and I'm failing you."

"Failing me?" he echoed.

"Dear, I'm trying to tell you. God knows how I shall find the courage, but I've got to. I'm failing you—because I don't love you."

It was as though she had struck him full across the face. He staggered and went white and she cried out in pity.

"Roger—oh, my dear, my dear! I can't bear it. I wish I had died first. It's been an intolerable burden of guilt ever since I realized the truth. It came to me that night you left me. I couldn't shut my eyes to it any more. The whole thing had been a dream, a fantasy."

He interrupted her violently. "You love someone—if it's not me, it's someone else. It's written on your face. Who is it?"

"I know that too."

She was crying. The tears ran unheeded down her cheeks. They were in her voice.

"Roger, one deceives oneself—all the time. We're all looking for something—perfection, God, perhaps—we don't know what. But we're always pretending that we do know and that we've found it. And then something else comes along and breaks up our make-believe and we begin again. I thought I wanted Fremont and I didn't. I thought I wanted children more than anything else in the world, and it wasn't true. I thought I'd grown to hate my husband for cheating me. But I'd cheated myself and him. And all this time, in the darkness of my heart, something else was growing up; something that hadn't anything to do with romance or passion; something I'd never thought of—the kind of thing that grows up between people who have lived together, who have suffered daily life together, who have learned, almost without knowing it, to rely on each other."

"Elena, it isn't true, it isn't possible."

"It happened, Roger; in ten years things do happen. Glamour, romance—they fade under one's hand; but the other things—the daily, absurd little things—they bind one; one doesn't know how much until it's too late. And then he loved me. No one has ever loved me like that, not even you."

"Elena, is that just?"

"He died for me," she cried out in sudden bitter anguish. "He knew everything—my love for you, my so-called principles—and he made the way clear. I wasn't to be unhappy. I wasn't even to soil my hands."

He hardly listened. He was oblivious even of the unseen witness to this final humiliation. The whole splendid pageant of his romance had been wiped out, made meaningless, ridiculous.

"You've deceived me—all these years."

"I knew, I knew!" She wrung her small, frail hands. "I can't forgive myself. I seem to have deceived everyone. And yet I can see how it all happened. Just as we want perfection for ourselves, so we want to be perfection to someone else. We want so much to be loved, not to be alone. And so we pretend; we deck ourselves out in all kinds of wonderful things that don't belong to us, as Fremont did, as I did—and then we get found out. We find ourselves out, too, and that's the worst of all. But underneath—sometimes—there is something real. Fremont was real. When it was too late, I found the real Fremont."

He did not interrupt her any more. He felt suddenly gentle towards her, as though she were explaining, as though she were making it tolerable for him to live. And she went on telling him of all that she had found in that pilgrimage through the dead man's life.

"It's no use now. But I won't cheat anybody any more. I won't cheat you. I don't love you. I love my husband. He'll never know. But I've got to live my love for him."

"Elena, if he had never died ——"

She did not answer. She held her hands to the fire and something came into her face that Roger Owen could not bear to look on—a heartbreaking tenderness. He turned away from her toward the silent room behind them. Its silence and darkness had become pregnant with a strong, fierce beating life.

And he himself was queerly satisfied; even whilst she had been speaking, a sense of relief had come to him. He was free. He could go back to the little apartment in the Rue des Marchands. He would ask her to marry him. He would say he was sorry and she would forgive him, as she had always done. The heroic pageant was over, but there might be something worth while in the quiet years.

He bent over the silent figure by the fire.

"Elena, I want you to be very brave. I want you to think of the most amazing, wonderful thing that could happen—that couldn't happen. Have courage to meet it."

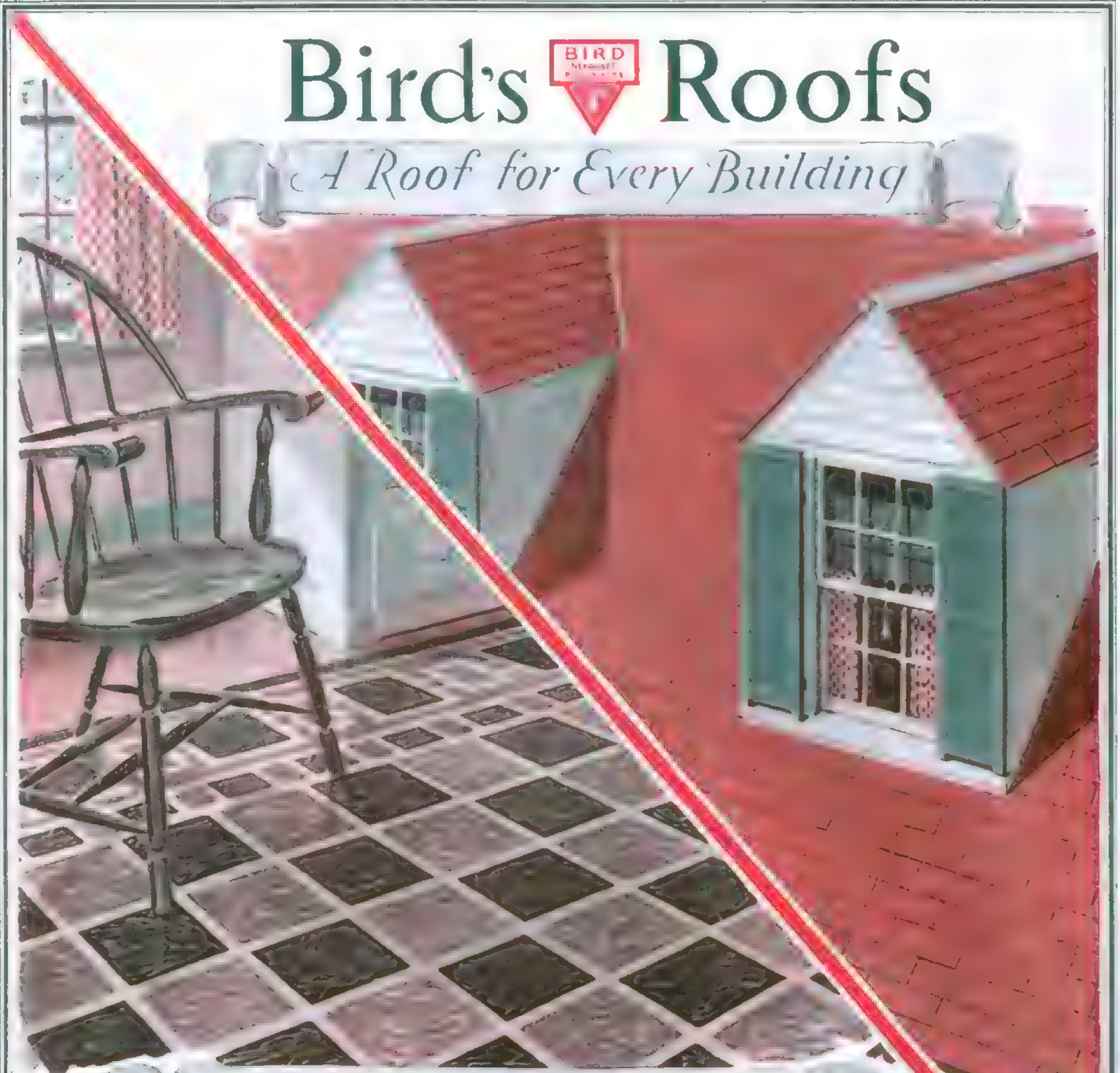
She looked up at him. She could not have guessed—could not have dared to imagine what lay behind his grave secrecy. And yet involuntarily she stood up with her hand pressed against her breast.

Roger Owen went toward the inner room. After all, it was a wonderful, dramatic business, a wonderful romance, and he had a fine part to play. He pushed the curtains aside. "Levier," he said, "your wife is waiting for you."

(THE END)

Bird's Roofs

A Roof for Every Building



A Rug for Every Room

Bird's Rugs

THRIFT products, made for the millions of men and women who wish to furnish and safeguard their homes economically.

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
Manufacturers of
Asphalt Shingles, Slate Surfaced Roll Roofings
Rugs and Floor Coverings
Corrugated and Sound Fibre Cases
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · *Warehouses in principal cities*

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

U N I T E D S T A T E S T I R E S A R E G O O D T I R E S

United States Rubber Company
Plantation Activities

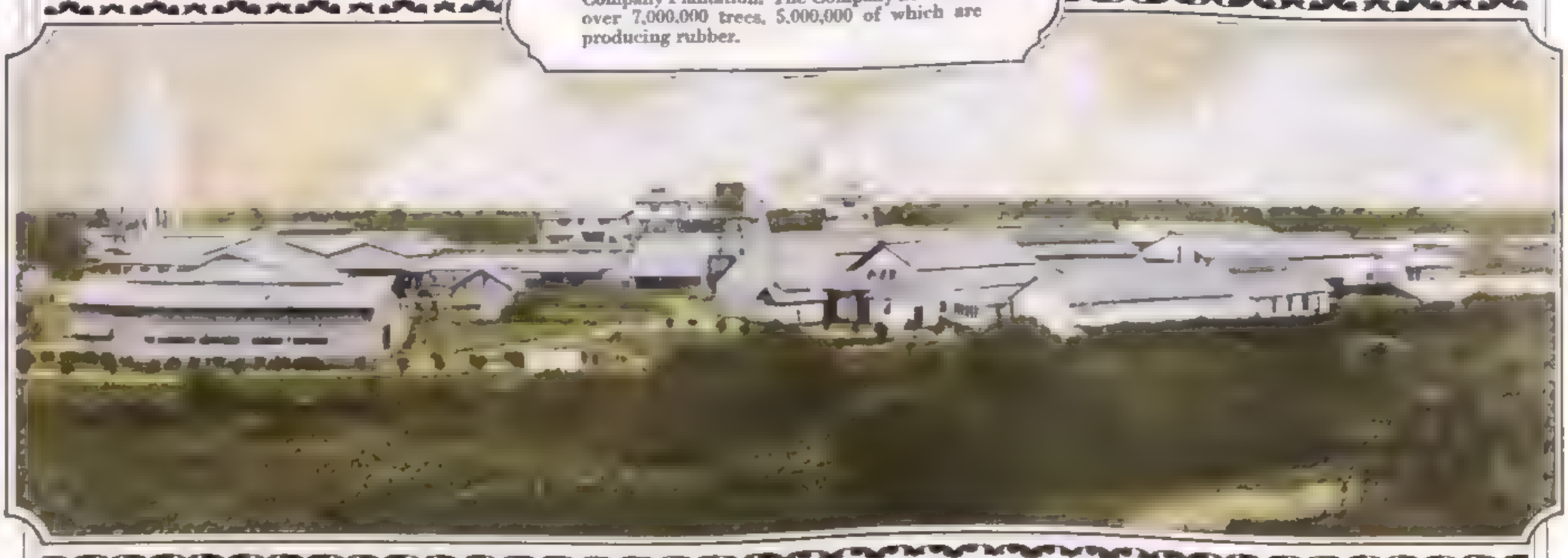
The Administration Building of the largest producing rubber plantation in the world, owned by the United States Rubber Company near Kisaran, Sumatra.

A train of latex tank cars on a U. S. Rubber Plantation. 60 miles of narrow-gauge Railway and 200 miles of motor roads have been built on the Company's properties.

Below—a group of factory buildings on a U. S. Rubber Company Plantation. Sprayed Rubber derived direct from Rubber Latex without the use of smoke or chemicals is produced right at the plantations.

Rubber producing trees on a U. S. Rubber Company Plantation. The Company now owns over 7,000,000 trees, 5,000,000 of which are producing rubber.

The United States Rubber Company regularly employs 20,000 people on its plantations in the Far East. These plantations comprise about 136,000 acres and produced 20,000,000 pounds of rubber in 1925.



UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Answering some more questions about the United States Rubber Company's Rubber Plantations

Q—When did the U. S. Rubber Company first start to grow its own rubber?

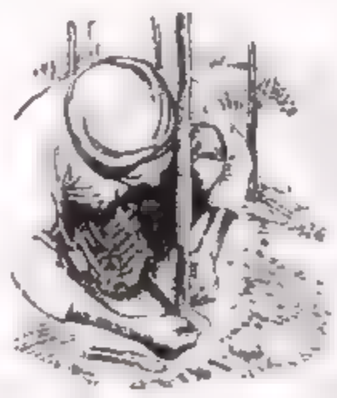
A—In 1911 the company planted 14,000 acres, or about 22 square miles in Sumatra. This represented then, and still does, the largest planting operation completed by any one company in a single year.

As new property has been acquired the work has gone steadily forward until today the company has 136,000 acres, approximately 60% of which are already planted.

Q—Does it take long to grow a rubber tree?

A—It takes about 4 to 6 years from the time a seedling is planted until a tree is ready to be tapped, and its initial yield is only small. Clearing the jungle, removing stumps, draining the land, breaking ground, growing seedlings from selected seeds, budding, grafting, transplanting and carefully tending the young plants, to say nothing of building roads, railways, wharves, storage tanks, and buildings to house power plants, equipment, and employees in a wild tropical country—all take time and money.

Q—Why did the United States Rubber Company make this investment?



A—The United States Rubber Company foresaw the time coming when in the interest of greater economy and better and more uniform quality it would be advisable for it to know all there was to know about rubber growing and to be producing a considerable portion of its own rubber. Recent events have justified this farsighted policy, and every man who buys a U. S. Tire or any other U. S. Rubber Company product is today benefiting by it.

Q—Is the United States Rubber Company Plantation well regarded by authorities on rubber?

A—Yes. Herbert Ashplant, the British Rubber Mycologist of Southern India, in his report entitled "Recent Developments in the Rubber Planting Industry", referring to the U. S. Rubber Plantations at Kisaran, Sumatra, says:

"Of all the areas visited, none produced so much useful information. Kisaran, the headquarters of these plantations, has become the Mecca of all planters who wish to keep abreast of recent rubber research. It is astonishing to find how many of the familiar problems of rubber planting have been satisfactorily settled during the last few years by the researches of the scientific staff."

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

Mr. Harry A. Miller, famous builder of special racing cars. Many world records have been made with cars he built. Many of the world's greatest racing drivers get Mr. Miller to build their mounts for them.

Tommy Milton traveling better than 150 miles an hour in Miller Special, setting world records at Muroc, Calif.

"The smoothest running stock car I have ever driven"

Harry A. Miller

This is not a paid testimonial. Its unusual importance is two-fold. 1. It is a voluntary tribute, the result of experience that all Auburn owners enjoy. 2. It carries authoritative weight because Mr. Miller is internationally famed as a master-builder of special racing cars.

When this expert, who is paid as high as $15,000 apiece for the special racers he builds, selects the Auburn for his personal use, it is the highest endorsement and proof of Auburn's mechanical perfection and performance leadership. Mr. Miller not only has the means to buy any car built in the world, but more important, he has an expert knowledge of their construction and comparative values. He *knows* automobiles, and *demands* more of a car than the average man.

His unlimited enthusiasm over Auburn's outstanding superiority is duplicated daily by the rapidly increasing number of Auburn owners. When you read the praise of this famous expert, you are also reading the verdict of Auburn owners everywhere. Mr. Miller says:

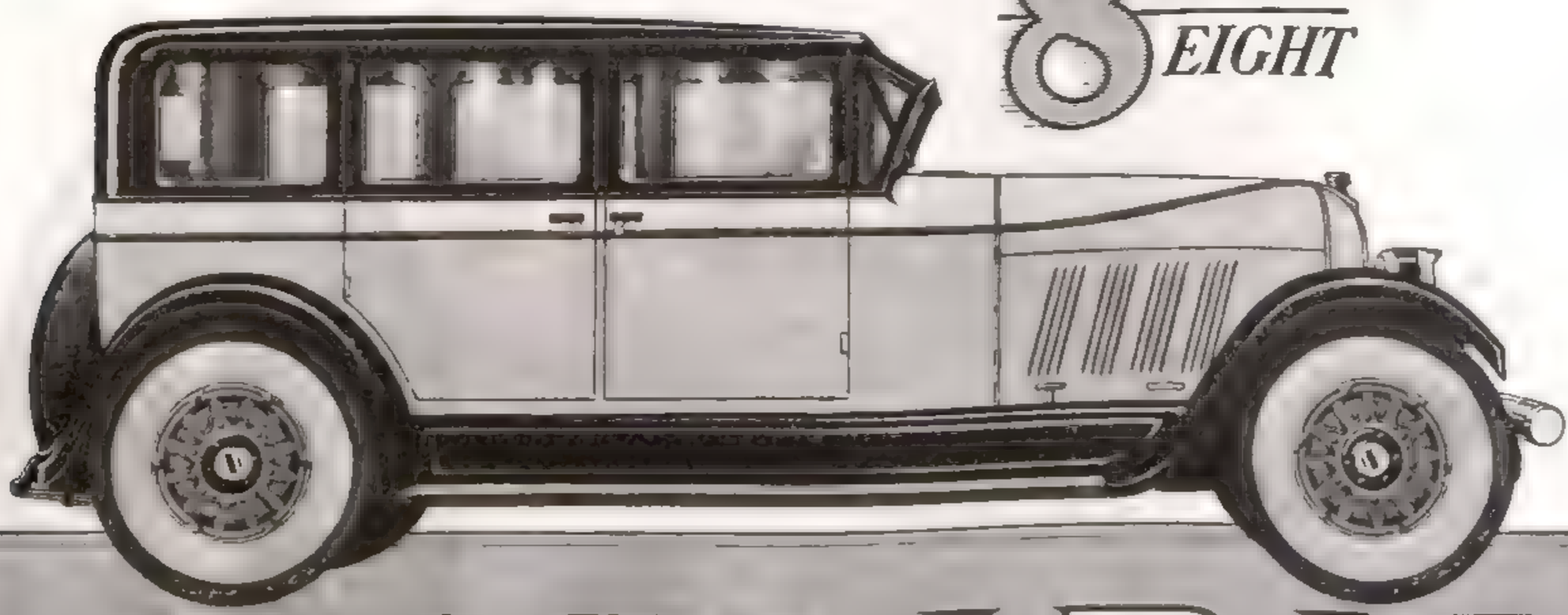
> "After driving my Auburn Sedan at all speeds from 5 miles per hour in high over grades to 70 miles per hour on the straight ways, I find it to be the smoothest running stock car I have ever driven.
>
> "The Auburn is so marvelously balanced and hugs the road so closely that I took turns at 60 miles per hour without it showing the slightest tendency to leave the road.
>
> "I think the Auburn Straight Line Eight with its 88 horsepower motor, balloon tire equipment and equalized four-wheel brakes, is the smoothest-running, easiest-handling and safest car with beauty and comfort combined for all kinds of driving."

Auburn's phenomenal sales increase is the result of our aim to build the very best car in every way. See the new Auburn, test and compare it—if it does not sell itself *you will not be asked to buy.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, IND.

8-88 Sedan $1995; 8-88 Brougham $1795; 8-88 Coupe $1745; 8-88 Roadster $1695; 8-88 Touring $1695; 6-66 Sedan $1695, 6-66 Brougham $1495, 6-66 Coupe $1445; 6-66 Roadster $1395; 6-66 Touring $1395; 4-44 Sedan $1195, 4-44 Coupe $1175; 4-44 Roadster $1145, 4-44 Touring $1145. Freight and Tax extra.

8 EIGHTY EIGHT



AUBURN

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 13)

market for it, and a gallon lasts a long time and makes heaven knows how many glasses of cherry phosphate. I'll drop it as soon as I strike something worth while.'

"Then we fumbled for the lunch check and I got it, and we went our ways.

"A week or so later I chanced on Opportunity Ike in the same restaurant, Sigurd's, that Scandinavian place, and I judged from his appearance that the million was as yet unmade.

"'Still hard at it?' I inquired.

"'Still hard at it is right,' answered Ike. 'They say there is big money to be made in alligator-pear ranches in Yucatan. I'm looking into it.'

"'How is Miss Chaney?'

"Again he gave me a vague look. 'Oh, her?' he said. 'You mean my secretary? Why, she's all right, I guess.'

"We had some food.

"'Ever think of marrying?' I asked Opportunity Ike, more to make talk than anything else.

"'Sure. Often,' he answered. 'There'd be no point in having a lot of money unless you had a wife to spend it on, now would there? I'm thinking of marrying a French girl.'

"'Congratulations. What's her name?'

"'How should I know?'

"'One usually does.'

"'I didn't mean any particular French girl,' Ike explained. 'I should have said some French girl. Now I don't mean one of those painted hotsy-totsies you see on magazine covers. I mean a sensible, well-brought-up, middle-class French girl.'

"'What's the idea?'

"'They tell me,' said Ike, 'that a French girl of that sort makes the best kind of wife, because she is shrewd and thrifty and takes an interest in her husband's business.'

"'Do you know any French girls?'

"'No, I don't. But next week I'm going to start to look round. It's possible,' he added thoughtfully, 'that I may have to go to France to find the right one.'

"'How's the cherry-sirup business?'

"Ike made a wry face. 'Don't speak of that,' he said. 'I keep it going along because it's a necessary nuisance. What I'm thinking about these days is the chance an enterprising fellow has in Yucatan raising alligator pears.'

"'You'd have to go down there and live,' I remarked, 'and from all accounts they have a lot more heat and bugs there than they have plumbing.'

"'I'm working,' said Ike, 'on a plan to do it all by mail.'

"When we next lunched some weeks later I discovered that there had been a change in the plans of Opportunity Ike.

"'Alligator pears are O. K.,' he informed me. 'Good money to be made in them. My paper profits the fifth year were well over forty thousand. But it's such a slow business I'm not going into it. You have to plant the darn things, and sit round and wait for them to grow. It would make me too restless, playing nurse to a lot of alligator pears. I want something big—and quick.' He grew confidential. 'And I think I've got it,' he said.

"'What is it now?'

"He glanced over his shoulder to be sure that Emil, our regular waiter, was not eavesdropping. Emil, as usual, was standing as impassive as a dummy, with a vacant look on his elderly wooden face.

"'I'll tell you,' whispered Ike. 'It's—insurance.'

"'You might have competition,' I said.

"Opportunity Ike chuckled. 'Not in my kind of insurance,' he said.

"'Your kind? What is it—life? Fire?'

"'No,' he said, 'it's wife insurance.'

"'Never heard of it.'

"'Of course you haven't. I invented it only yesterday. What'—he laid a hand on my arm and spoke earnestly—'is the biggest problem facing the American man today?'

"'Making more than he spends,' I hazarded.

"'No; it's divorce.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'I have statistics,' said Ike, and produced them from his pocket. He quoted them. I forget what they were, but they proved, according to Opportunity Ike, that divorce is increasing at an alarming rate. 'See here!' He was animated. 'Marriages used to last. Nowadays they nearly all go blooey. Man and girl get married. Made for each other. Everything lovely. Five years pass, maybe ten. Then—blam! The roof blows off Honeymoon Cottage. Battles. Divorce. Something must be wrong.'

"'No doubt about it. But what?'

"'I've got the answer,' said Opportunity Ike. 'My plan will solve matrimonial troubles and so end divorce. Something clearly is needed to keep modern marriages from breaking up. I'll supply it. Here's my idea in a nutshell: When a couple get married they take out insurance in the company I am going to form. They insure with me for, let us say, twenty years of happy married life. I charge them a fat premium, of course, because of the risk. Then it is up to my company to make that marriage last. My agents—all doctors of philosophy and trained psychologists—visit every insured family once a month. They talk things over with the couple, find out if either has any secret kick against his or her mate, and smooth things out. Suppose the husband is grumpy because he doesn't like his job. My company finds him a better one. Suppose there is dissatisfaction because the wife is a frightful cook. My company teaches her to be a good one. See it? Man, it's a smashing big idea.'

"'It would work all right,' I said, 'but for one thing.'

"'What's that?'

"'Human nature.'

"'I've thought of that,' said Opportunity Ike, 'and provided for it. My staff will be experts in human nature.' I wished him all the luck in the world. I had an idea he'd need it. 'I'm having a conference about it with some big insurance men tomorrow,' he said.

"'Found your French wife yet?' I asked him.

"'No. I looked into the matter, but found I was handicapped because I do not speak French. I've decided it would be better for me to marry a good, simple American type, from Kansas or out that way somewhere. You know the kind—a farm girl with a head on her shoulders and her feet on the ground. They make splendid wives, I hear. I may have to go to Kansas next month to look into a new silo that may have big possibilities in it. I'll look round while I'm out there.'

"A month or so later, I had to go uptown to the art museum to get some material for a booklet on the history of pianofortes, and whom should I encounter, ambling along Fifth Avenue like a great bony bird, but Opportunity Ike.

"'Been uptown seeing a fellow,' he explained. 'An inventor. Heard he'd worked out a remarkable nonskid horseshoe to keep horses from slipping on icy streets. Nothing in it though. The shoe works all right, but four of them cost more than a horse.'

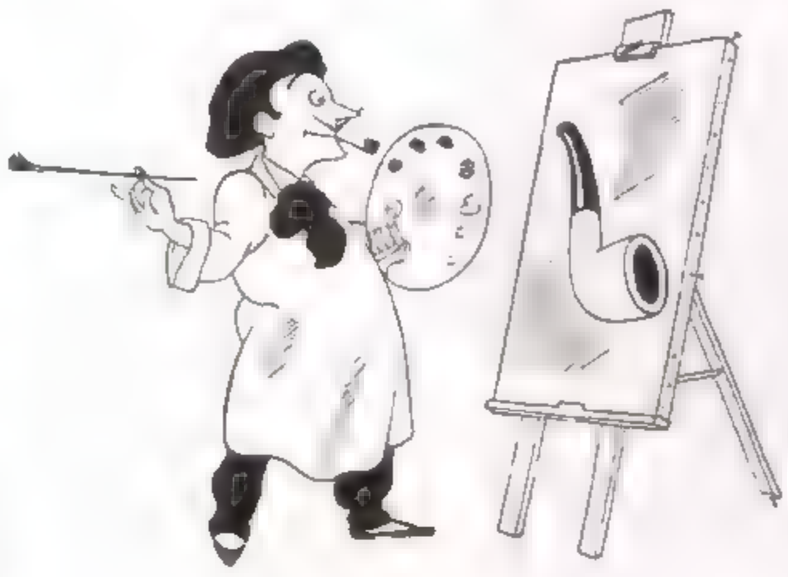
"'What's stirring in the world of wife insurance?'

"'Not a blooming thing,' said Opportunity Ike. 'The insurance men didn't seem to think very much of the idea. Didn't think it would catch on. I've put it aside.'

"'Come on in the museum for a few minutes,' I said. 'It will do you good to look at some pictures. I can get what I'm after in ten minutes. Then we'll have lunch.'

"'They say,' remarked Opportunity Ike as we climbed the broad marble staircase, 'that there's all sorts of money in pictures if you know the ropes. Only yesterday a

Coloring a meerschaum is really an art!



A PROPERLY COLORED meerschaum is indeed a work of art. . . a thing of beauty. . . a joy forever! Time was when the art was known only to a few old masters. . . but today any man who knows tobacco can color one to perfection!

For with all the hurry-up methods of coloring meerschaums, the connoisseurs still recommend the slow-but-sure way of "smoking" the color in. . . with a mellow tobacco that burns slowly and coolly, so that the color comes gradually and evenly.

Because it is these qualities that have made Granger Rough Cut famous as an all-pipe tobacco, men experienced in the art suggest Granger for meerschaums. It is mellow. Its large flakes burn coolly. It colors the pipe delicately, evenly, perfectly!

Granger Rough Cut *is* an all-pipe tobacco. Coloring a meerschaum, breaking in a briar or caking a corn-cob, it's the same cool, mellow, mild smoking. It's Granger. . . always!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

man paid four hundred and ten thousand dollars for a Rembrandt, and not a very big one at that. I've heard that sometimes you pick up an old painting for thirty dollars, say, and scrape off the first layer of paint and find a genuine old master worth thousands. I've tried it once or twice. I scraped and scraped, but all I ever found was bare canvas.'

"'Any luck in Kansas?'

"'Not much. The silo is a good thing for somebody. I wasn't interested, because it would take a lot of capital and time to put it over in a big way.'

"'How about the girls?'

"He looked discouraged. 'I saw one or two I liked,' said Opportunity Ike, 'but they didn't seem to think much of me.'

"'Why not try Hawaii next?' I said.

"'I'll think about it,' said Ike.

"I steered him into a room—the Dutch room, I think it was—and left him there. When I returned Ike was staring absorbedly at a picture—a head.

"'That fellow could paint,' he said. 'I wonder who did it. The tag with the painter's name seems to be lost.'

"'You might ask the attendant there,' I suggested. 'He ought to know.' I indicated a fattish fellow in the museum uniform, half asleep under a large white walrus mustache. Opportunity Ike addressed him.

"'Could you tell me who painted this picture?' he asked.

"The attendant blinked. 'Blessed if I know,' he said affably. 'You can get a catalogue downstairs, mister.'

"Opportunity Ike surveyed him curiously. 'You don't know?'

"'No, sir.'

"'How long have you been here?'

"'Man and boy, twenty years,' said the attendant proudly.

"'Have you been stationed in this room all that time?' questioned Ike.

"'Oh, no; only seven years. I used to be down with the statooary, but I was promoted.'

"'So you've been in this room seven years and you don't know who painted that picture.'

"'I'm after telling you I don't,' said the attendant.

"Opportunity Ike turned away, and as we made for the exit he broke out, 'Lord save us from sin! Think of that! Seven years, all day, nearly every day, sitting doing nothing in that room, and he doesn't know who painted that picture! Ten to one he spends his days surrounded by beautiful pictures, and at night goes to a flat full of near-beer calendars and rotogravure pictures of baskets of puppies.'

"We stopped at the information desk and found that the picture had been painted by Holbein.

"'Think of it,' Opportunity Ike kept saying all the way downtown; 'seven years in that room, more than twenty in the art museum, and I'll bet that fellow thinks when you mention Rubens you mean hayseeds. I'll bet, too, he wonders why he doesn't rise in the world.'

"We turned into Sigurd's restaurant. Meditatively Opportunity Ike eyed the menu. 'Now here,' he said, 'is a dish that interests me. I've seen it on the menu often, and I have no idea what it is.'

"'Which do you mean?' I asked.

"He pointed, and I read, 'Angels on Horseback—$1.25.'

"'That's puzzled me too,' I said. 'Well, there's one way to find out what it is—order some.'

"'I might not like it,' demurred Opportunity Ike. 'And a dollar and a quarter is a dollar and a quarter.'

"'Why not ask Emil?'

"Opportunity Ike beckoned for the waiter, who came out of his accustomed coma and bent solicitously over our table.

"'What,' inquired Opportunity Ike, 'is, or are, angels on horseback?'

"'Very nice,' murmured Emil. 'Very nice today, sir.'

"'I've no doubt of that, but exactly what is it?' Ike asked.

"Emil peered at the menu. He wrinkled his small quota of pink brow. He scratched his left ear.

"'Angels on horseback,' he repeated. 'To tell you the truth, sir, I don't know.'

"'You don't know? They are on the menu nearly every day.'

"'Well, sir,' said Emil, unabashed, 'nobody ever ordered 'em—not from me they didn't, anyhow—so I never did find out what they are.'

"Opportunity Ike looked at me and whistled. 'Tell you what I'll do,' volunteered Emil. 'I'll ask the chef what they are. He probably knows.'

"'Oh, never mind,' said Opportunity Ike. 'Please bring me some ham and eggs and coffee.'

"When Emil had lumbered kitchenward Opportunity Ike shook his head many times in a way which, I supposed, indicated that he was thinking this is a funny world. Suddenly he burst out: 'No wonder some men stay waiters all their lives! Look at Emil. He probably grumbles to his wife because they don't make him head waiter. He can't understand why some fellows have all the luck. He's seen angels on horseback on the menu nearly every day for years. He's been a waiter since he was a boy. Yet he never took enough interest in his job to find out what angels on horseback are!'

"It seemed my turn to say something, so I said 'I guess we're all a bit like that.'

"Opportunity Ike looked at me sharply. 'What do you mean?' he queried.

"'Nothing of any great weight,' I said, for I didn't know exactly what I did mean. 'I suppose we all have our dumb spots—our angels on horseback.'

"To my astonishment, Opportunity Ike leaped to his feet. 'Excuse me,' he said. 'I can't wait. Got to go.'

"'What's the matter?'

"'Just thought of something,' he called as he hurried away. 'See you later.'

"I did see him later, but it was a good deal later—not till the following autumn in fact. I was walking down Fifth Avenue one noon when my eyes lit on a motor car in front of one of the smart jewelry shops. I stopped. It certainly was a car to stub the eyes on. It was a monster eight-cylinder affair, with a shining aluminum hood and a special body—oh, a very special body. It had about six spare wheels and all the extra equipment the accessory-store man had in stock. The upholstery was done in crimson needle-point, and the car had a folding card table, a vanity case and just about everything but a Turkish bath. I was examining it and thinking that some day I'd like to have one like it if I ever got a break and had some luck, when I saw Opportunity Ike come out of the jewelry store and walk in my direction. He had had his hair cut fairly recently and his new suit almost fitted him. We shook hands.

"'How are you?' I asked.

"'First-rate,' he said. 'Can I take you somewhere?'

"'How?'

"'In my car.'

"'Good Lord,' I gasped, 'is this your car?'

"'Sure,' said Ike calmly. 'Like it?'

"'Don't tell me you've made that million!'

"Opportunity Ike grinned. 'Sort of,' he said.

"'How?'

"'Ever hear of the Cherry-Stinger King?'

"'The what?'

"'I,' said Ike, 'am generally known in the financial world as the Cherry-Stinger King.'

"'You are?' was all I was able to say.

"'Yep,' said Ike. 'Sole owner of the largest-selling soft drink in the country. I'd hate to tell you what my paper profits for next year are.'

"'I'd hate to have you,' I said. 'How did you do it?'

"Ike laughed. 'Angels on horseback,' he said.

"'I don't get you.'

"'Remember the day we had lunch in Sigurd's?'

"'The day you popped out without eating? Yes.'

"'Well, something hit me there.'

"'You acted as if it were a blackjack,' I said.

"'It was an idea,' said Opportunity Ike. 'It struck me all of a sudden that I was just as dumb a boob as the fellow in the museum who looked at the pictures all day but never saw them, or as Emil, who didn't know about angels on horseback.'

"'In what way?'

"'Think of it!' said Ike. 'I'd been spending my time daydreaming about alligator pears in Yucatan and silos in Kansas, and hadn't seen the big chance right under my nose. So I ran right back to my office, and that very day the Cherry-Stinger business was born. Here I had good stuff that people liked. All I had to do was add charged water to my sirup, bottle it, get a good name and advertise it. I did so and —— Well, come in and see my new offices. Two floors in the new Arcadian Building. Ought to be there now. Just stopped in here to buy a wrist watch for my wife.'

"'So you're married?'

"'Sure I am. And I'm the luckiest egg on earth. No need for me to take out wife insurance. Mine's wonderful. Why, it was she who suggested the name Cherry-Stinger!'

"'Whom did you marry? French girl or Western girl?'

"Opportunity Ike laughed. 'Another case of angel on horseback,' he said. 'I married my secretary, Miss Chaney.'

"With that Ike hopped into his limousine and away it purred. I've only seen him a few times since. He lives out on Long Island, in a house that ignorant tourists sometimes mistake for a hotel, and I hear he spends a lot of time playing golf at one of those clubs where it costs a dollar a minute. Our paths don't often cross these days."

Bettle cracked his knuckles.

"You see," he said, "Opportunity Ike was born lucky. He couldn't have escaped opportunity if he'd hid in the cellar and locked the door. Dog-gone it, I wish my chance would come along. I'm getting bow-legged waiting for it."

"By the way," I said, "what are angels on horseback?"

"Blessed if I know," said Bettle.

The Betsy Ross House in Philadelphia, the Sesqui-Centennial City

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

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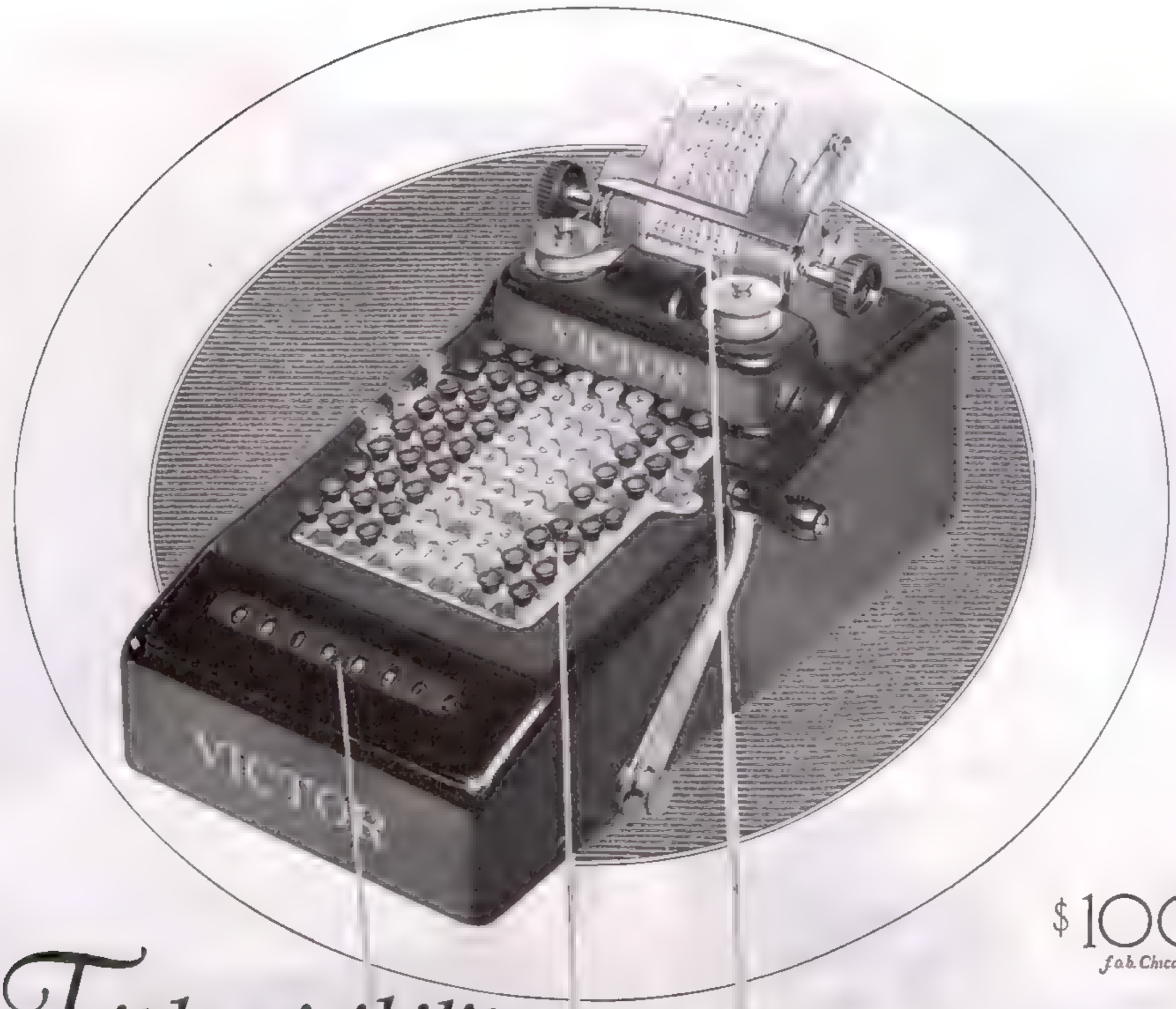
Coca-Cola is the shortest distance between thirst and refreshment. Enjoyed by millions because of its purity and wholesomeness

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY



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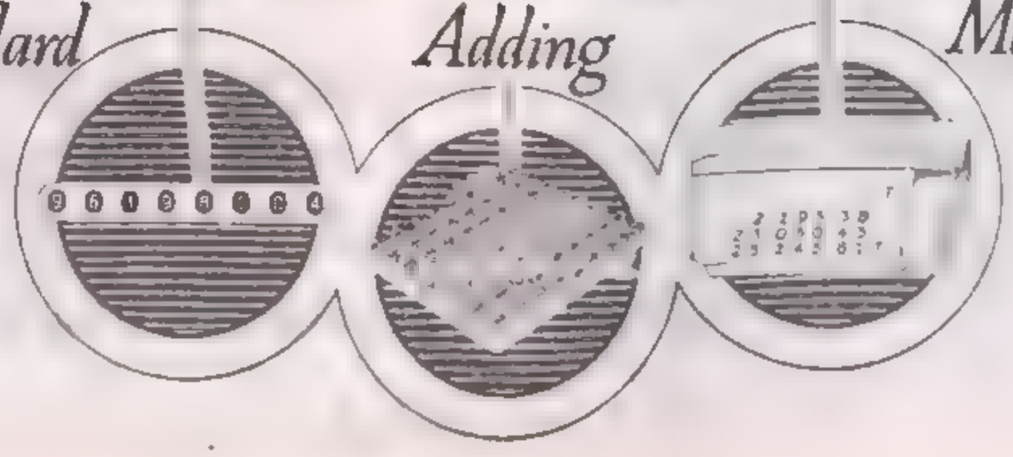
VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine



LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

(Continued from Page 17)

"I don't see no joke," says Bill. "I'm as good as he is."

"M'lad," says Bob, "w'en I 'ear a man say that, I give a guess that 'e's just a-trying to make 'imself believe it, but 'e's afeerd it ain't so. But I'll take your word for it. You can outrun 'im any'ow."

That set him off laughing again, and Bill walked out of the saloon, feeling a mite uneasy whether Bob wouldn't tell the joke to some of the other Cousin Jacks that was loafing around. He'd only got a few steps away when a sudden bellering seemed to indicate that Bob had told the joke and that his friends thought it was right comical. His last doubts about the matter was removed when he walked up the street the follering afternoon on his way to the superintendent's house to make his call; but it didn't faze him none. It was just their ignorance and enviousness. Here he was, a good inch over six foot in his socks, sound in wind and limb and no bad habits. The face that he had gone over twice with a good razor about an hour since wasn't no face to scare kids, nor yet females, according to what his mirror had showed. His mustache, s'far's he could see, was equaled by few and surpassed by none, and no barber on the round rolling earth could have got a straighter part on his hair or slicked it down smoother, and no millionaire in New York had a cleaner shirt than he was wearing, or more starch in it. He'd took a fresh paper collar out of the middle of a box he'd bought—not so much as a finger mark on it; he had on his tail coat and his shepherd's-plaid pants, and if there was anything wrong with his get-up, he'd thank you to tell him. Where was the joke?

At the corner of the street by the boarding house, he run into Bob Pengelly, and Bob stopped short and then staggered back and catched hold of one of the posts of the sign to s'port himself, limp as a rag.

"It's 'im!" says Bob, gurgling back in his throat. "It's 'im!" Bill was a-going to walk on, but Pengelly straightened up and caught him by the arm. "Wheer you b'long going, lad?" he ast. "Not to see the young lady! Don't tell me that!"

"Do I look like I was a-going to calcimine a ceiling?" says Bill. "Of course I'm going to see her. You give me a pain in the neck."

"A-walking blindfold to 'is doom!" says Bob, a-rolling his eyes. "Well, theer's one thing," he says, "Dick Tresidder was discharged out of the orspital this morning, and if the worst comes to the worst, you can 'ave 'is cot. You're lucky, so fur, m'lad."

Bill laughed. He couldn't get mad, it was so dog-gone foolish. But you couldn't expect no better of them foreigners that was used to crawling on their bellies and having dukes and kings and lords walk over them with their iron heels. I know just about the way he felt, and I glory in his spunk even if I despise his judgment—like Artemus Ward when the little bull put down his head and charged the locomotive. Anyway, Bill climbed the hill to the supe's house and knocked at the front door, and Tod Richards opened it. Tod had to take a second look at him before he reco'nized him.

"Miss Pettibone in, Tod?" Bill asked.

"What's that to you?" says Tod.

"Never you mind what it is to me," says Bill, firm, but pleasant and like a gentleman. "I ast you was she in," he says.

"We don't want nothing today," says Tod. "Go around back to the kitchen and ask is the cook in the next time." He made a move to shut the door, but Bill stuck his foot inside.

"Is Miss Pettibone in?" Bill ast him, a little louder, but still polite, and this time somebody hollers from an inside room to know who it was.

"It's the veg'tubble peddler, Mr. Pettibone," Tod answers. "I told him that we don't want nothing."

"Oh!" says the voice. "I thought I heard him asking for Miss Eveline. Would you mind asking him to be so kind as to step in here?"

Tod shook his fist at Bill and let him in, and then jerked his thumb at a door that was standing ajar. Bill walked through the hall that was all hung up with elk heads and Injun blankets and pictures and such junk, and into a real elegant furnished room, where Mr. Pettibone was a-setting in a big armchair with his feet up on another chair and a box of cigars on a little dinky table at his elbow. He got up when Bill come in. Bill didn't hang back none.

"The name is Torrance," says Bill, holding out his hand. "I seen you and your daughter yesterday when I was a-selling my truck on the street, and being as you was strangers, I allowed I'd be neighborly and call around."

"I remember you perfectly, and it's exceedingly kind of you," says Mr. Pettibone, just as nice as you please. "I appreciate the attention, I assure you," says he, "and so will my daughter, when she hears of it. Will you sit down?"

"Is she in?" asks Bill, plumping himself down in a chair. "I ast Tod if she was, but Tod's kind of held a gredge agin me ever since last August because I wouldn't sell him a watermelon for less than the market price that I was asking. Holds it agin me. Wasn't a-going to let me in, only I got my foot in the door, and when I do that it's hard to keep the rest of me out."

"I'm really surprised at Tod," says Mr. Pettibone, looking right grieved. "I'm very glad that you thought of that ingenious way of—er—circumventing him. I'd have been very sorry to have missed your call. May I offer you a cigar, Mr. Torrance?"

"I thank you kindly," says Bill, taking one out of the box and sticking it in his vest pocket. "I'll smoke it after dinner," he says. "Did you say that Miss ——"

"I'm interested in what you tell me about Tod and the watermelon," says Mr. Pettibone. "What was the market price at that time, may I ask?"

"Two dollars," Bill told him. "But some folks don't figger on the time it takes to grow 'em, and the upkeep of the dog and ——"

"—— the overhead," says Mr. Pettibone. "Yes, yes. I understand perfectly. I infer that you fix the market price yourself."

"Having the only truck patch anywhere around that's got water on it and enough level to plow—why, naturally I do," Bill answers. "I come mighty nigh havin' a cinch," he says.

"Splendid!" says Pettibone. "And having that cinch, you work it for all it's worth. Two dollars for a watermelon! Magnificent! Did Tod pay it?"

"He did," says Bill. "That's what's grinding him. I ast him if Miss Pettibone was in and he says, 'What business is that of yours?' Is she ——"

"And you had your foot inside the door!" says Mr. Pettibone, chuckling. "That's always the thing to do—get your foot in the door. And when you have a—er—cinch did you say? Yes, when you have a cinch, work it for all it is worth. Two admirable maxims! Make 'em pay—squeeze 'em—that's the idea, isn't it?"

"If you're careful how you squeeze," says Bill, winking at him. "That's where it comes in—to know just how much they'll stand before they freight in truck or go without it, or make it worth somebody's while to come in and run you out. You'll always find kickers, but you want to watch you don't get too many of 'em in a bunch. You've got to use judgment. Not that I'd take advantage," he says.

"Oh, certainly not!" says Mr. Pettibone. "I'm quite certain that you would be incapable of it, and I hope that you will allow me to express my admiration of your—er—acuteness and ability. And," he says, getting up and extending his hand, "I want to tell you how much I've enjoyed this little visit and the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Mr. Torrance."

"That's all right. It's mutual," says Bill. . . . "Is Miss Pettibone in?"

"I am—er—not quite certain," says Mr. Pettibone. "She spoke of having a rather severe headache and —— Oh, here she is! My dear, I present to you our neighbor, Mr. Torrance, who has done us the honor of calling. You will recall seeing him yesterday disposing of—onions, I believe, from his wagon."

Miss Pettibone had come quite sudden and unexpected into the room, and she was a-backing out again when her father spoke. Not that she wasn't dressed fit for company. I understand she looked as if she'd just fixed up to go and have tea with Queen Victoria, but maybe that's a lie of Tod's. Anyway, she dropped a curtsy into her skirts and smiled at Bill Torrance in a way that ought to have flabbergasted him worse than Johnny Lafleiche was a while ago; but didn't.

"How very charming!" says Miss Eveline. "Pray don't let me disturb you gentlemen though."

"Not at all, my love," says Mr. Pettibone. "Mr. Torrance is just going."

"Wherever did you get that idee?" says Bill, a-laughing. "Why, it was you I come to see!" he says to Miss Eveline. "I leave it to Tod Richards if I didn't ask for you the first thing when I come here. You was the real attraction."

"How very flattering!" says the lady, smiling again at him and then at her pa—who grinned too. "I'm afraid you are given to making pretty speeches, Mr. Torrance," she says.

"When I meet up with a pretty female, I do my best," says Bill. "But I ain't giving you no taffy."

They was all a-standing; but when Bill said that, Miss Eveline walks over to the biggest chair and sets down. Her pa kind of raises his eyebrows and then looks first at Bill and then at his watch.

"I'm afraid I have to see Archer," says he. "In fact, I'm ten minutes overdue now."

"Don't you let us keep you," says Bill, grinning at him. "We'll make out, I reckon, Miss Eveline and me."

"No, papa," says Miss Eveline. "You trot along and attend to your business with Mr. Archer while Mr. Torrance and I have a nice little chat."

"I must send Mrs. Archer down," says Mr. Pettibone. "She will be charmed to make Mr. Torrance's acquaintance, if she hasn't already done so."

"Please don't trouble," says Miss Eveline. "I just left her, and she's very busy. Besides, I'm selfish, and I don't want my taty-tate spoiled."

"Well, I'll reluctantly leave Mr. Torrance to your tender mercies then," says her pa, and he trotted off. But in a minute he put his head in at the door. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere ——" he begins, way down in his chest.

"Papa, you are positively terrible," says Miss Eveline, stamping her little foot at him. So he went out and this time he stayed away.

Bill Torrance left the house about an hour later with his hat to one side and feeling pretty dog-gone good. He'd have stayed later than he did, only Mrs. Archer, the superintendent's wife, had to come butting in, not having the good sense to see that she wasn't wanted. Bill never did have a particle of use for that female. Some liked her, but not Bill. A sort of a wet blanket, she was, and once she had told Bill that his prices was outragis. Not direct either. Just told the cook so, right out loud and right before Bill's face, as if he hadn't been within a hundred miles of where she was. It gave Bill a pain in the neck, he being just as good as she was and no reason why she shouldn't have mentioned it to

(Continued on Page 124)

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him if she had any kick. And this time she didn't act none too pleased to have him around or sorry to see him go, although she did speak to him; whereas you could see that Miss Eveline would have been glad to had him stay for supper. She as good as said that she wished Mrs. Archer wasn't there, shrugging up one of her slim shoulders when the old hen's back was turned and giving him a little twist of a smile that was plain as words, and when he was a-going she said, "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon again, Mr. Torrance."

"You bet your sweet life you will," Bill told her.

Mrs. Archer had just sniffed. That sniff was plain as words too. The words was "Good riddance of bad rubbish."

But that didn't dampen Bill's sperits none. The p'int was that he knew that there was people a-watching to see him come out of the superintendent's house that had watched him go in, and he wasn't a-coming out on his neck, like they had prob'ly expected. The p'int was that Tod Richards had seen how high-toned wealthy people made over him, and had prob'ly had his ear at the keyhole listening to him and Miss Eveline a-laughing and talking together. It was too bad that Bob Pengelly was at his house about then, eating the supper his missus had cooked for him before he went on the night shift; but Bob would get to hear about it, all right. The p'int was that in all his born days Bill couldn't call to mind any afternoon he'd wasted that he'd had such a good time.

As for Eveline—well, all I know is what I heard. I wouldn't say that Tod would have eavesdropped nor nothing like that, but he happened to be somewheres around when Mr. Pettibone come out of the office and told her that that was what she might have expected, and that another time maybe she'd be a mite more careful about stopping in the street and a-rolling her eyes at young men in a way to take their minds offn their business.

"Heavens! How you talk, papa!" says Miss Eveline. "And as far's that goes, I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much. Your friend is delightful! Faskinating! He thrills me to my bosom's core! I'd never have forgive you if you had sent him away without seeing me. I must tell Tod to be civil to him the next time he calls. I positively can hardly wait until I see him again. Ah, me! Can it be that I have met my fate? I think at least that he is no trifler. How rarely one finds in our hollow society a real man and one who knows so much of the real true culture—of cucumbers!"

"All right, my love," says Mr. Pettibone. "Go right ahead and break a country heart for pastime ere you go to town. But must you needs play such pranks as these?"

"You were awful!" says Eveline. "I was afraid he might understand. Funny, the name 'Torrance' riming with 'young Lawrence!' And did you notice the 'that about his neck'? A paper collar, wasn't it? Well," she says, "time is certainly heavy on a poor girl's hands in this picturesque region of yours. How much longer do you suppose we're going to have to stay here?"

"Two weeks at least, and poesibly longer," says Mr. Pettibone. "I told you how it would be, but you would come. Can't you teach the orphan boy to read or teach the orphan girl to sew?"

"There don't seem to be no orphans," she says. "I'm afraid the foolish yeoman will have to take his chances. He needs a good lesson, I think."

It took longer than Mr. Pettibone figured to decide about them shafts and the mill. He had heaps of confidence in Archer's judgment and estimates and surveys and assays, but he didn't take nothing for granted, and he run himself ragged over the hills, checking up, getting new samples and sending them to assay offices in Lead and Deadwood that he'd picked out himself previous. Bob Pengelly told me that he never seen a greenhorn that knowed so much about mining, and was so dog-gone anxious to know more, as Mr. Pettibone was. A mighty hard man to fool! Once Miss Pettibone got up early and went with him on one of his trips, but she never tried it again—and if she had wanted to, he wouldn't have let her. So she was most of the time indoors; and, like she said, time sure did hang heavy on her hands, and would have hung heavier if it hadn't been for Bill Torrance.

Time was money to Bill, and little enough of it for all him and the old man and his wife that was working for him to get through with what they had to do. Up early and hustling, Bill was. All the chores out of the way by sunup. Still, every other day enduring the week—which was his market days—he managed to make his little social call on Miss Pettibone. He'd made a dicker with Mother Pospychill at the boarding house to let him have the use of a room to shave and change into his good clothes after he was sold out. It seemed a shame to waste all that good daylight, and sometimes he couldn't bring himself to do it; but he was pretty regular, and it was almost worth the trouble and time and the garden truck he paid Mother Pospychill just to see how everybody in the camp opened their eyes and dropped their jaws when he went by, the first two or three times, on his way to Superintendent Archer's. After that, even, the camp couldn't hardly b'lieve it. Archer's house, which was the finest, and, excepting of the boarding house, the biggest in the camp, was set up on a knoll, with the porch looking right down on the street; and when the warm weather come with a rush, like it did, you could look up and see Bill and Miss Pettibone a-setting on the porch together. By jucks, the girl didn't make no bones about it at all! And one day the second week Bob Pengelly looked up and like to fell in a faint in dead earnest to see Bill and Mr. Pettibone a-setting there together and smoking their cigars, and Bill with his feet up on the railing. And you couldn't say that Bill was proud or swell-headed, because he waved his hand and hollered "Hello, Bob!"

Bob let on that he didn't hear him and went on his way, but it took him three schooners of beer hand running before he felt like himself again, and he couldn't talk of nothing else for days; and while he joshed Bill when he met him, it was respeckful sort of joshing, like everybody else's was. Bill took it all mighty good-natured and didn't brag none, like you'd have thought. Didn't say much of anything.

"Seems like you folks make a heap of fuss about nothing," he told 'em. Or, "Well, that porch is a good shady place to set, ain't it?" And he'd twiddle his mustache and grin.

There was several reasons why he didn't do his sparking evenings, like the most of us do. One of 'em was Mrs. Archer. As much as Bill had been there, she never once asked him if he had a mouth on him, although he could smell the supper a-cooking and hear 'em laying the table in the next room. Dinner, they called it, and made a great to-do about it. Once when he allowed he'd stay on and see if he couldn't shame old Vinegar Face into astin' him to set up and take potluck, it was Miss Eveline who give him the hint to go. She said that she had to dress for dinner. Bill was a little miffed, seeing that she was dressed a'ready; but just then he called to mind the talk that Mrs. Archer always put on a low-neck dress without no sleeves, which was a shame and a disgrace, before she set down to eat at night, and that Archer took off his corduroy clothes and wore a spike-tail coat with an open-face vest. They said that even Mr. Pettibone done likewise. All poppycock, slinging so much dog, but it was all in the way you was raised.

"You'll be here a-We'n'ad'y, won't you?" says Miss Eveline. "I'll be so sorry if you ain't. I've got a new song I want to sing for you. You know," she says, "I wish I could ask you to stay tonight, but I'm only a guest here. You'll come, won't you?"

"Sure! I'll be on hand like a sore thumb," says Bill, forgiving her.

After all, come to think it over, he didn't want to stay. There was the chores, and then Archer would be there, as well as Mr. Pettibone, and he wouldn't get much show in the crowd. Archer was always kind of glum. A hard nut too. If a man's work didn't suit him exactly, he fired him quicker'n scat, and not any aye, yes or no about it. A nod was about the best you ever got out of him. All Bill ever got anyway. No, it wouldn't have been no pleasant evening, although he would have give a pretty to see Eveline in one of them low necks they told about.

It was the morning after that Mr. Pettibone showed sintoms of putting his foot down, and, at the start, Tod Richards felt a heap hopeful.

"Eveline," says her pa, a little sharper than Tod had ever heard him talk to her—"Eveline, this thing has gone about far enough and I want you to stop it. I dislike to seem harsh, but don't you think, yourself, that it's rather hard on the rest of us?"

She was a-setting at the piano, strumming and humming a song sort of to herself, and she swung around on the stool when he spoke.

"Does it really sound so awful, papa?" she ast him, sweet and mild. "Very well, I'll stop it. But I always thought you liked my singing, dear."

"You know very well what I mean," says he. "Don't pretend that you don't. If that conceited yokel ——"

"Don't hurt my feelings and make me cry," she says. "I always thought you loved me too well to make me unhappy, and that's a cruel thing to say of Mr. Torrance—the man you yourself introduced to me. Who was it first made him trust his modest worth, I'd like to know?"

"You've quoted that confounded thing enough too," says Mr. Pettibone.

"And who started that?" she says, laughing at him. Then she says, real sober, "Dearest papa, if you only knew how exquisite he is, and the extent of his knowledge! Papa, I never even knew what cutworms was before yesterday afternoon, and I always supposed that brown leghorns was some sort of cows with extra-long legs. Nature was a sealed book to me before Bill come into my life. Dear, dear Bill! How s'prised he's a-going to be!"

"It's gone far enough, and I want you to stop it, or I will," says her father.

"Oh, don't say that!" she says, pleading. "You don't, you can't mean it! The world calls you hard and relentless, but I know you too well. You wouldn't cut me off with a dollar for wedding the man of my choice, even if he was but a simple son of the soil, would you? Remember that kind hearts is more than coronets, and you told me once that I could have a duke if I wanted one."

"You have prevailed," says Mr. Pettibone, heaving a deep sigh. "I'll take him back to New York with us and make him a full partner in all my enterprises. After all, he's a good business man, at bottom. Bless you, my child! But, in the meantime, I just want to say this to you, my dear love ——"

Tod was so cussed mad that he couldn't stay to hear no more. He'd have busted, if he had. As it was, he went out into the back yard and caught up the ax and pounded with the butt of it on a pitch-pine log until he was plumb out of breath and a-dripping with sweat.

Another week went by, much about the same, if not more so; and then, like hen's-egg-size hailstones out of a bright blue sky, come news that went around the camp like wildfire. Bill Torrance had give this here high-toned heiress to the Pettibone millions the mitten—just throwed her over, by Christmas! Yes, sir; yes, ma'am; he'd quit her cold, jilted her, blooming well chucked her, left her high and dry! And not only that but he'd married another girl—or if he hadn't married her yet, he was a-going to tomorrow, because he had said so himself

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If only she realized how absurd this effort makes her look!

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to half a dozen people. He'd went to Cataract over Sunday and come back last night with the girl and her mother and her father, and if you don't b'lieve it you can ask Mother Pospychill at the boarding house where they're a-staying. They'd been to the company store a'ready this morning and bought them both hats and a lot of other fixings.

Bertha Ganz, her name was. Her father had a claim near Cataract, and Bertha and her mother run it themselves while the old man worked in the sawmill for Kellerman at steady wages. Bill says she can plow a furrow as straight as a man and swing a hoe as well as he can; but they don't think nothing of a woman working in the fields in the old country, and she looks to be as strong as a mule. Bill met her a couple of years ago, and he's been down to Cataract two-three times since then.

By the time the noon whistle blew, I reckon everybody in the camp knew about it, excepting the folks at Archer's house. It was clost on to two o'clock when Tod Richards went down to get him some eating tobacco and heard the talk, and he like to broke his neck getting back. When he busted into the kitchen, the cook thought he'd gone crazy, until he told her what had happened.

"I'm a-going upstairs to get my gun," says Tod, when he'd got through. "I'm a-going to shoot that low-down, swaggering, double-faced, deceiving hound as full of holes as your nutmeg grater."

The cook was a big husky woman, and she just put a hand on Tod's shoulder and Tod sat down in a chair.

"That's what you're a-going to do," she says. "You're a-going to stay right there and cool off. What do you s'pose a young lady like Miss Pettibone cares who Bill Torrance marries?" She begun to laugh, and kept right on a-laughing.

"You don't know, and I do," says Tod. "She'll break her heart." He started up again, but the cook grabbed him and sat him down again with a hard jolt.

"Break fiddlesticks!" says she. "Anyway, if there's any shootin' got to be did, it's her father's place to do it, not yours."

"Where is he?" asks Tod, and she tells him in the office with Mr. Archer, and he wasn't to be disturbed. "And Mrs. Archer and Miss Pettibone went out at the front door just afore you come in at the back. They've gone to the store to get some sewing silk, but they'll be back pretty soon, and then you can prance in, pop-eyed, and tell 'em all that you're a-going to 'tend to their private affairs for 'em. They'll thank you. Now you set there until I tell you you can get up."

Tod done as she said, as he 'most always done. Finally he told her that he was cooled off good and it was about time he mopped off the porch, according to instructions, if it was going to be done, so she let him up and he got his mop and a bucket of water and went out; but as he passed the office door, he thought he'd make sure about the porch, so he knocked and asked if it was to be mopped or just swept.

"I thought I told you," says Archer. "Mopped. Take plenty of water, and when you've mopped it once, keep on a-mopping until Mr. Pettibone or I tell you to stop—and don't forget to souse the chairs. If Torrance calls ——"

"He ain't apt to," says Tod. "He's a-getting married to some Dutch girl he's brought up from Cataract—or fixing to—and she's at the boarding house with her folks, and he's with 'em, I reckon."

"What's that?" snaps Archer, and Mr. Pettibone looked up from some papers he was a-poring over. Tod told 'em the whole thing.

"Well; well!" says Mr. Pettibone, smiling his sad smile. "Well, well!" And then he picked up a blue print and fixed his specs to look at it.

"I guess you needn't be so particular about the porch," says Archer. "Just run the mop over it onces, and never mind the chairs. And shut the door."

Tod felt some disappointed, but a moment or two later he heard them both a-laughing. He says it was the first time that he'd ever heard Archer laugh. Pretty soon he went back to the kitchen after another bucket of water, and while he was there Mrs. Archer and Eveline come in. Him and the cook heard the office door open right away and the two men went into the living room, where the ladies had gone. The next thing they heard was Mr. Pettibone. He wasn't a-laughing; it was more like a rooster crowing.

"'Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that doats on truer charms,'" he squeals. "Whee-ee! Oh, my poor sides!"

"Give me that there book," says Miss Eveline, 's if she was good and mad.

"'At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I seen the snare, and I retired,'" says Mr. Pettibone, almost 's if he was a-crying. "No snatching, my love."

"Give it to me, I say!" says Miss Eveline.

"You needn't think it was any news to us," says Mrs. Archer, in her high, clear voice. "We saw the gentleman and the bride-to-be on the other side of the street. She was clinging to his stalwart arm, and, oh, if you could have seen her hat! And her ribbons! I will say that the fond lover had the grace to turn pretty red in the face when he saw us; but he honored us with an impressive salute, and you ought to have seen how very, very sweetly Eveline smiled and bowed to him!"

"Lady Clara ——" Mr. Pettibone begins, and then there was a scuffling sound and something like crock'ry had fallen and broke, and a lot of laughing. Tod just naturally let his cur'osity get the best of him, and picked up his pail of water and started down the hall, looking in at the door as he was passing just in time to see Miss Eveline haul off and throw a book at her father. Mr. Pettibone dodged and the book took Tod on the side of his head. When he picked it up, he seen that it was mushy po'try, but he says it felt like the Manual of Granitic Rocks on Archer's desk when it hit him.

Miss Eveline come a-running out to tell him how sorry she was, and hadn't meant to hit him, and then all of a sudden she busted out a-laughing too, and then she went upstairs to take her hat off. Tod took time to mop up the water he'd spilled on the hall floor, but all he heard was Mr. Pettibone say that now he'd got a club that would keep the young lady in order until Reggie Van Dunk-Opdoom, poor feller, took the job off his hands, which was a thing he'd been needing all his life. That didn't give Tod much light, and as the Pettibones left for New York a few days after that, he never did get his mind quite settled.

After a pause, Tip Yoakum said that he didn't wonder at it, and how come this Torrance turned down this here sweet Eveline? Did they have a spat, or what? And was he so stuck on this Dutch girl that he couldn't turn her down, or did her father load up the old shotgun and persuade him to keep his promise true—or what?

"I mighty nigh forgot to tell you about that," said the old bullwhacker. "It's about what Bob Pengelly ast Bill the same day. Bob was all worked up when his wife told him the news—which wasn't until he'd got his sleep out—and he didn't wait to eat until he had hunted Bill up. Bill wasn't hard to find. Bob finally run him down in

the boarding-house parlor, where he happened to be alone, waiting for Bertha to come down and go with him again to the company store for something she'd forgot to get the first time. It must have been when he was a-coming back from the store that he met up with Mrs. Archer and Miss Pettibone. Hows'ever, Bill grinned, as happy as you please, when he seen Bob, and told him he was just in time to get a knockdown to the future Mrs. Torrance that he was a-going on to Deadwood to wed, and when Bob ast him how come, he told him.

"'It's thisaway,' says Bill: 'Miss Pettibone and me is as good friends as we ever was; but me and Bertha had it all fixed up, date and all, long ago, and with me it's first come, first served. No reason why I shouldn't talk to no other girl than her, though, is there? And Miss Pettibone is worth talking to, and looking at, you bet. I was a considerable struck with her the first time I seen her, like I told you at the time, and I've had a heap of enjoyment in her s'ciety since. Pretty slick to set in a velvet chair in a tony house and gas with a girl like her, all fixed up the way she fixes herself! Gosh! Did you ever get clost enough to see what a fine white skin she's got? And her little white hands, all a-sparkling and flashing with them rings! Just to set and look at her and have her bend for'ard and get a whiff of that smellum-good she puts on her hair! Say, I bet she wore half a dozen diff'rent dresses, just the times I've seen her, and not one of the six or more but looked like it was spang new! And not only the fixings. You never heard her play on the piano. Well, you ought—and hear her sing. But you'd never have the nerve to take Mrs. Pengelly and go up and call on her and get acquainted.'

"'You'm right, m'lad,' says Bob. 'But look 'ere,' he says. 'If she took a fancy to you—and she seems to 'ave, though Lord knows w'y—and you took so much pleasure a-looking at her, and 'er comp'ny, general, w'y didn't you spunk up and ast her if she wouldn't marry you? You can't tell. I don't say that stranger things 'ave 'appened, but still she might 'ave and 'er father rich and all.'

"'He needs to be, to pay for all her finery,' says Bill. 'If I had to pay for it, I wouldn't take no pleasure in looking at her, I know dog-gone well. As it is, it didn't cost me a cent, cash money. And I wouldn't want her wasting time a-playing on the piano when she could be doing something that was some use to her husband. No, I figured all that out. I reckon she prob'ly did take a fancy to me, but I ain't to blame. I never c'mitted myself. Her father being rich didn't make me rich, and I wouldn't trust that slick-tongued old devil as far's I could see him. He's smooth people, but I ain't no fool. . . . Here's Bertha and her ma right now.'

"So he introduced Bob. Bertha wasn't by no means unpleasant looking, for all her sunburn and freckles and her hands and feet looking like they was meant more for service than ornament. Her mother was as broad as she was long and didn't speak good English, but she looked good-natured, and on the whole, Bob thought Bill had done a heap better'n he deserved."

"I'm that way of thinking," remarked the stock tender. "A derned sight better!"

"Only trouble was, he didn't," said the old bullwhacker. "Right after they met the ladies on the street, and Bertha had had a little chat with Mother Pospychill, she gave Bill the mitten and went back to Cataract. On top of that, about six weeks later, on instructions from New York, the Chrysolite Mining and Milling Company fixed up a big truck patch of its own, irrigated with a flume from the creek and run it in connection with the store, selling truck to the miners at cost."

"I b'lieve every word you've told us but the last two," said Tip Yoakum. . . . "Well, I wonder how Johnny Lafleiche is progressing with the little lady by this time."

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MASON
BALLOONS

THE TWILIGHT ZONE OF PROHIBITION

(Continued from Page 45)

Of course there are dozens of ways of beating the game. One of the simplest is to have a nice little open racking room connected up only with the near-beer vats, and a crew of men ready at instant notice to jump to the hoses and fill near-beer barrels in feverish haste when the inspector saunters in. Meantime, of course, the high-powered vats are connected by secret pipe lines to the secret high-powered racking room in the subcellar.

Over in Chicago, during the beer war, one enterprising little near-beer plant developed a very neat method of getting its 4 per cent safely out of the building. The brewery was a licensed dealcoholizer, blandly sending out an occasional and perfunctory truckload of near beer—an obviously inadequate output for a legitimate concern of even its modest size. When inspectors dropped in they were received blandly and courteously, and given the run of the place without hindrance or delay. The only queer thing was that the brewery was always very cold, the radiators seemed out of order. Everything else was in perfect shape; no H. P. in sight, except in the tanks, where it had a right to be, and no hoses or connections except from the dealcoholized vats. But the Government knew the plant was wrong, and the plant knew the Government knew. Carefully planned and sudden descents were useless; the protective tip-off system was too water-tight. An attitude of gentle raillery became the order of the day when agents appeared. "Where have you boys been? We expected you at 4:30 yesterday. Go right ahead up, and drop in for a cigar on your way out."

But you can't kid even a prohibition agent too far. One of them took it personally to heart and began to stay on the job night and day. Finally he had a bit of luck. An unknown voice called him on the telephone: "Have your car washed at the Halcyon Garage on X Street."

How Good Little Barrels Go Wrong

The Halcyon Garage was a block away from the brewery, on the street directly in rear of it. The agent drove in and asked for a wash and a polish. He was met with surly looks and hands in overcoat pockets. But his dander was up. He flashed his tin, which is to say, showed his shield; drew his rod, which is to say, pulled his gun, and jumped for the rear of the garage. He found two automobile washstands, equipped with the usual overhead hose arms. Under one stood a beer truck busily loading, and under the other stood a dilapidated touring car. The man on the hose looked up, convulsively switched his hose from a barrel to the touring car, where the lovely amber 4 per cent gushed and foamed over the muddy wheels.

That ended that. But the brewery end is interesting. The radiators were cold because they were full of cold beer instead of hot steam. A concealed pipe line led from the radiators to the beer kettle, thence to the boiler room, thence to the filtering machines and pumps in a secret subcellar, thence out and under the back yards of a city block and through the rear wall of the garage to the washing stands. The agent spent a few happy hours checking up on this unique circuit. Then he dropped down to the office and accepted a cigar.

What has been described so far is only one way of getting high-powered beer on the market. It is the direct method—the making of beer as it used to be made, only more hurriedly—followed by secret shipping and distribution, with its inevitable accompaniment of protection and corruption. But there are other methods, indirect ones, wherein chemistry and chicanery are cunningly teamed up to defeat the law. There's many a virtuous young barrel of near beer that leaves the brewery innocent of anything over .5 per cent, only to achieve wisdom and wickedness in its travels—to find guilty knowledge and 4 per cent thrust upon it in its alcoholic adolescence.

And the way of that is this: Several processes have been developed in recent years whereby the fermentation of beer may be halted just short of the unlawful point. These processes are known as arrested fermentation and check fermentation. To get an idea of how they work we must first understand some of the general principles of brewing.

Beer and ale are made from grain, usually rice or barley. The grain is sprouted and becomes malt, with a lot of sugar in it. Water is added to the malt, and hops to give the bitter beery taste. This mixture is then cooked, or brewed; then it is cooled and filtered, yeast is added, and it is allowed to ferment. At this point it is called wort. When it has reached its highest alcoholic expression, say in seventy-two to ninety hours, it becomes beer and is put away in a cellar—a lager—and permitted to age for a period of weeks or months. That is the way beer used to be made. Today it is sold green—as quickly as it can be rushed out of the brewery.

Nero Needling

Now, in the days when prohibition first settled over the land the only known method of making near beer was to boil the alcohol out of real beer. Hence the term "dealcoholizers," and the laws and regulations under which they still operate.

Presently, along came the critics who said that boiled beer was worse than no beer at all. So the laboratory people got busy and produced answer Number One—which was not to boil the alcohol out of finished beer, but to pasteurize growing beer at the legal .5 per cent stage of its career. Boiling at 212 degrees Fahrenheit cooked the solids and spoiled the flavor, they said, whereas a gentle Pasteur simmering at 144 to 149 degrees Fahrenheit was quite enough to kill the yeast organisms and prevent further fermentation. This was the first and the commonest method of arresting fermentation.

But even that wasn't enough. The beer lovers, and the bootleggers, said stewed beer was only less bad than boiled beer. Then up spake a man of science, Doctor X, with his patent yeast culture designed to arrest fermentation permanently without either boiling or pasteurizing. The thing was all the rage for a while, especially among honest brewers. But after a time it was found that subsequent exposure to heat started things up again despite the culture. And when two irate brewers got caught with 3 to 4 per cent on the market and suffered forfeiture the system rather flattened out.

The culture system gave birth to a new idea—check fermentation, the neatest trick of all. There had never been any trouble with the X culture, provided the beer was kept reasonably chilled. So the big beer brains went to work again, experimenting with different brews at different temperatures and under varying climatic conditions. At last they got it. They succeeded in checking fermentation at the legal point, but without permanently killing the yeast bacillus. They did it by brewing in a certain way and then bringing the beer close, but not actually down to the freezing point. Fermentation was kept in cool-storage suspension, so to speak—ready to start up again with the addition of a little sugar and prolonged exposure to warmth.

So it has come about that nowadays many and many a carload of near beer leaves the breweries in chilly innocence, traveling coldly and unresponsively to its destination in a saloon or speak-easy. If, then, near the friendly warmth of some big cellar stove, it thaws and becomes expansive and 4-per-centy, who shall cavil?

The third method of getting high-powered beer on sale is by "needling," as it is called in the East. "Shooting" in the Middle West and "spiking" in the Far West are synonymous terms. Needling, of course, is nothing more than fortifying near beer by the addition of alcohol. It may be and is done in a dozen different ways, and with any given amount of alcohol you may choose.

There is a popular myth to the effect that needling is accomplished by thrusting a hypodermic needle through the cork of a bottle, despite the facts that beer bottles don't have corks, and that the simple and obvious way to tone up a bottle is to remove the cap, add alcohol and recap. But the legend persists; even prohibition agents occasionally come in with picturesque tales of horse-syringe hypodermics pushed through the solid oak of beer barrels, and force pumps used to impregnate the sealed kegs under pressure. Hand pumps are undoubtedly used, not to obtain pressure, but merely because a hose is the easiest way to get alcohol through a bunghole without spilling any.

As a matter of fact, the term "needling" is authentic enough. But it derives from the use of the old soda fountain or barroom needle jet which shoots a sharp stream of carbonated water into your soda or highball to give it a head. Very early in prohibition, bartenders learned that bottled near beer was a highly popular beverage—especially if they had the old ball-topped needle jet at work under the bar, with the tank well filled with carbonated alcohol. Two squirts for two bits was the usual tariff to the right-looking customer.

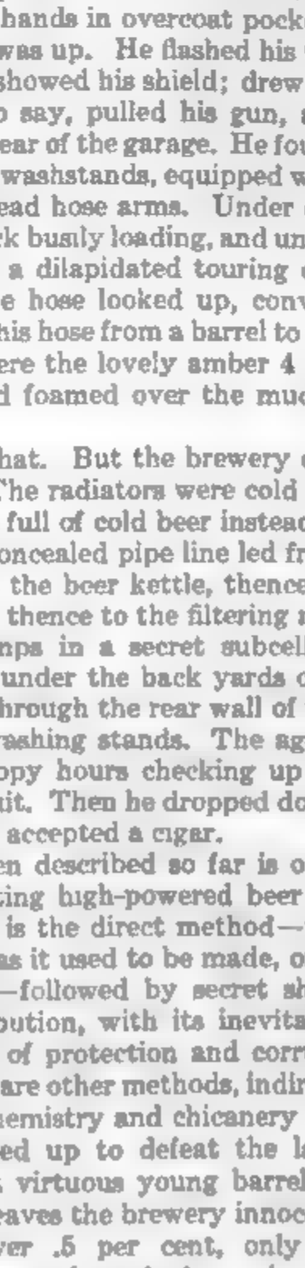
The Art of Home Needlework

But nowadays this last-minute needling is on the wane. This because there is a lot of natural 4 per cent to be had, and the beer needler seeks to conceal the synthetic origin of his product. Moreover, there has come into being a new industry in some of the larger cities—an industry which the underworld refers to as "home needlework." The home needleworker in beer corresponds to the bathtub bottler of wine and liquors. He buys his "Nero" at the corner grocery, takes it back to the flat, removes the cap, adds a tablespoonful of alcohol and sells it for 4 per cent beer—which it is. With a gallon of alcohol, and his near beer—costing ten or twelve cents a bottle—he can make some twenty dozens of husky 4 per cent beer.

Perhaps 35 per cent of the unlawful beer sold today is needled. That is the loosest sort of estimate, because no one really knows. How the other 65 per cent is divided up between check-fermentation stuff and genuine bootleg beer brewed to its full alcohol strength is even greater guesswork.

It matters very little either way. Taking all the bootleg beer of every description, the

(Continued on Page 133)



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Temple of Sinawava, Zion National Park, Utah

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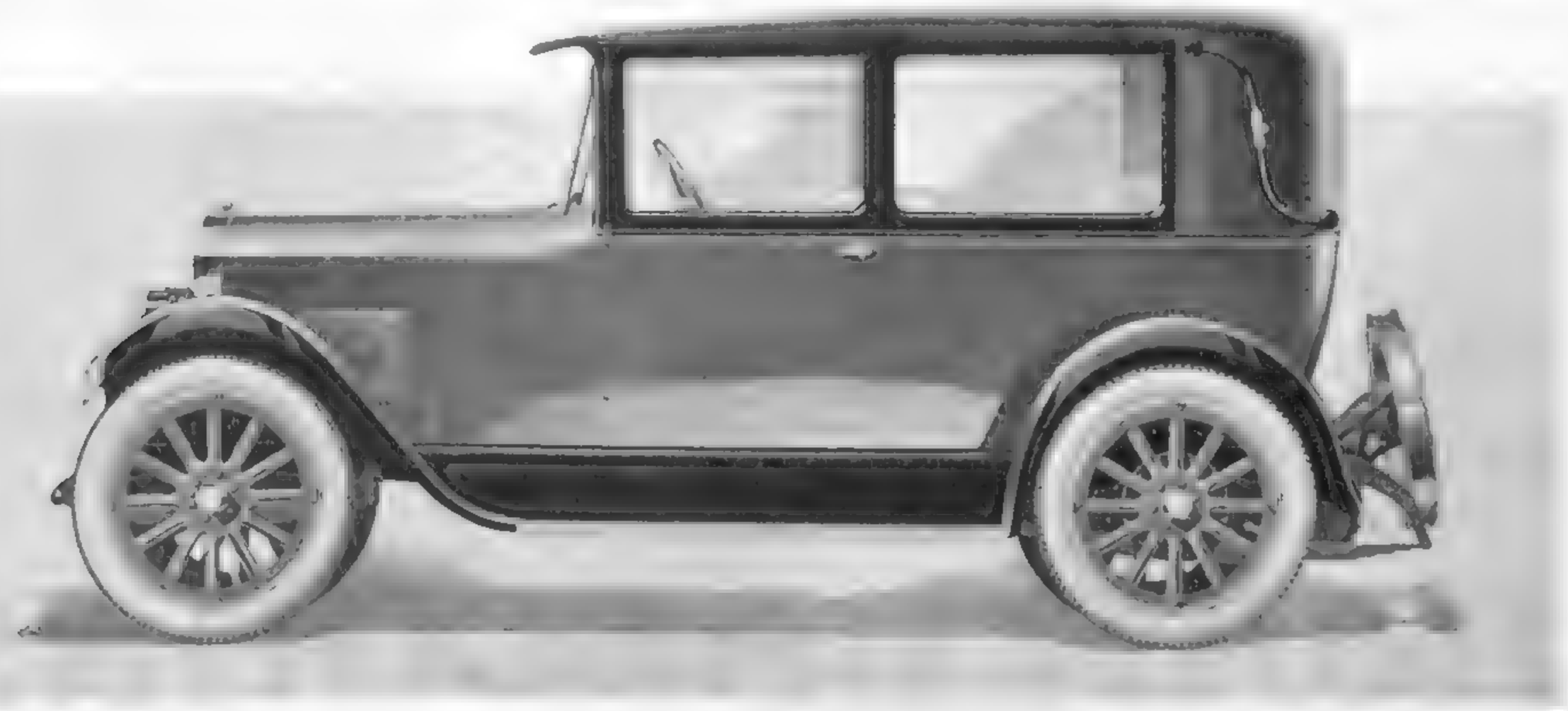

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AJAX BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 129)

worst you can say is that a little of it is fairly good, most of it is green and bilious, and a lot of it is harmlessly needled. None of it apparently, except in extremely isolated cases, is actually poisonous, as is so much of our denatured-alcohol liquor.

Granted that the product of the outlaw brewery is relatively innocuous, that the volume and distribution is nothing like so great or so pervasively sinister in its social effects as bootleg liquor, yet the defiant brewery is a continuing challenge to government by law as opposed to the rule of appetite.

And now as to wine. There is a good deal of wine sold, and a good deal more made and consumed, and a truly astonishing amount of wine grapes grown in this country. But wine distribution itself is a relatively minor factor. Bootleg-liquor rings and outlaw-beer trusts involve huge criminal organizations to defeat the law. Not so with wine. Bonded wineries, it is true, do a lot of cheating on the side, and the diversions of sacramental wines have been an open scandal. But, taken by and large, wine is essentially a fireside crime, an individual and venial sin of the householder and the small restaurateur. It is largely a sin of the cities, with the foreign-born element predominating in the manufacture and consumption.

In the year 1925, there were 739 bonded wineries and 61 bonded storerooms in the United States. This represents a falling off of nearly 100 wineries from the previous year; but there was no corresponding decrease in grape shipments. On the contrary, grape shipments from the two leading states, California and New York, have shown a steady and uninterrupted rise from a round total of 17,000 carloads in 1917 to a round total of 77,000 carloads in 1925.

Home Brew in Foreign Quarters

In the meantime, withdrawals for medicinal and sacramental wines have remained practically constant during the past five years. If, therefore, the commercial wineries have decreased, while the consumption of grapes has actually increased more than four times, it is a not unreasonable inference that most of that increase goes straight to the home wine maker. In fact, one of the great vineyards recently volunteered the statement that two-thirds of its product went directly to the individual consumer.

If you are still disposed to question this conclusion, take a walk through the foreign quarter of any great city, say through the East Side tenement districts of New York. You will see grapes everywhere—on push-carts, in groceries, in fruit and produce stores, on carts and wagons and trucks. Not table grapes in bunches or in baskets, but wine grapes in crates, by the truckload and by the carload!

And here we may note a curious and significant development. In the first warm flush of prohibition, many personal libertarians fiddled around dutifully with baby stills and home-brew outfits. But with the perfecting of criminal organizations by the big liquor rings and wildcat brewers, these fumbling amateur practices fell into disuse. Not so with wine making, which has shown exactly the opposite tendency. Though bootlegging has been centralized and professionalized, wine making has been definitely amateurized; brought home to the people to the tune of hundreds of thousands of tons of grapes each year. If this be treason, let the damps make the most of it.

Time was, two decades ago, when American made wine was eyed askance by the bibulous élite. California claret used to find its way into the punches of frugal-minded hostesses, and New York champagne, well wrapped in napkins, enjoyed a surreptitious vogue among young gentlemen undergraduates with chorus-girl tastes and beer-garden pocketbooks.

But that was long ago. Then came prohibition—to do for the American wine industry what no protective duty could have done if Senator Aldrich himself had built a tariff wall high enough to reach from here to Mars. California was made, and made again; vineyards blossomed overnight; production increased by leaps and bounds and carloads and trainloads. So insistent was the home demand that a few years back wine grapes in the Eastern markets sold up to $2.50 and $3.50 a crate. And then came overproduction and dumping. Not so very long ago, some grades of wine grapes could be had in New York as low as forty cents a crate, and a twenty-five-pound crate of grapes will make two-thirds of its weight, or about two gallons of wine.

Along with the fourfold increase in quantity came a diversification of the product. You can get an astonishing variety of wine grapes in this country today, and excellent grapes at that. To name a few among the red-wine grapes: The Alicante Bouschet, and the Mataro grape, which produces a wine of the Burgundy type; the Petit Syrah—baby grape—and the famous Zinfandel, which hails originally from Hungary and which yields an acceptably dry table wine of the claret type. From these comes the *vin ordinaire* of the hole-in-the-wall table-d'hôte—the so-called Red Ink of near bohemians—though more aptly known to the underworld of alcohol as "Dago red."

For white wines we grow Rieslings and Burgers, which give a Rhine wine of the hock type, and the celebrated Mission grape which the padres brought from Spain to California by way of Mexico, and which, fermented with the skins on, produces port, and without the skins, sherry.

Then there is the white muscat. The first crop is used for raisins, while the second crop produces a highly popular and very sweet white muscatel.

And last there is the Catawba, which fermented without skins produces champagne; and here we really must go into a little detail, if only to see why true champagne is so expensive and how it is imitated.

In making champagne we start with any dry white wine made from skinless grapes. The wine is bottled, with enough sugar added to get up six atmospheres of pressure—whatever, exactly, that may be—which produces the carbon dioxide that distinguishes a sparkling from a still wine. But that is only the beginning. It is now set away for from twelve to eighteen months. Then the bottles are placed, cork down, on the cleaning tables, where they remain for another two or three months until all the sediment has settled down on the corks in the form of a dusty mud. This process is aided by the daily *remuage*, which is a twisting motion given to each bottle at the hands of the workmen. Then the bottle necks are frozen and the corks are twisted out by hand, bringing the sediment along. This last operation is known to the French as *dégorgement*.

The workers wear heavy gloves and masks, and the loss by explosion and breakage runs from 10 to 15 per cent. After this the bottles are filled up again and the champagne is ready for aging.

Easier to Make Than to Fake

Right here we must puncture another popular myth: The prevalent belief that a lot of fake champagne is made from carbonated cider. Carbonated hard cider is just that and nothing more. It is made from apples and it tastes of apples, and it can't be made to taste like grape wine.

There is a lot of beautifully labeled imitation champagne on the market, but it is not made from apples. It is made from practically any still white wine which is charged with carbon-dioxide gas at a fairly low temperature. It is carbonated just as any soda water is. That is all there is to it. Then it is neatly and tightly corked up, and sold on the bootleg market at fifteen dollars a throw.

Champagne, and its rosy sister, sparkling Burgundy, are really the only wines which it is profitable or necessary or possible to imitate. With practically all other wines the easiest way to fake them is to make them.

"That's what Oil Dilution does to your motor"

It causes excessive cylinder wear —faulty engine performance

PRESENT day gasoline does not vaporize completely—only a part of it explodes. The unburned gasoline passes down between pistons and cylinder walls—breaks down the protecting oil film between them—dilutes the oil in the crank case.

Soon the oil film between pistons and cylinder walls becomes too weak to sustain pressure. It is then that metal rubs metal —excessive engine wear occurs—overhaul jobs become necessary.

Changing oil every 300 to 500 miles helps to retard excessive engine wear—but dilution builds up between the most frequent oil changes. Sooner or later even the motorist who changes oil regularly has to pay the high cost of a complete overhaul job, *or accept a big depreciation when he trades in his car.*

Dilution Can Be Stopped

In cars equipped with the Skinner Oil Rectifying System *dilution is stopped at its source.*

Operating on an exclusive principle the Skinner System intercepts the unburned gasoline on its downward journey to the crank case *before it can break down the oil film between pistons and cylinder walls*—draws it off, together with water vapor, acid fumes and excess oil.

This mixture goes to the Skinner Rectifier where exhaust heat separates the volatile gases from the oil. The gasoline returns to the combustion chambers—the rectified oil to the crank case.

Thus the Skinner System *keeps raw gasoline out of the crank case*; maintains perfect motor lubrication; prevents excessive engine wear; *more than doubles engine life*—all without the necessity of changing oil under 5,000 miles.

Truly modern cars are equipped with the Skinner System—nearly 60,000 of them are today in use. Send the coupon today for booklet and complete information.

SKINNER OIL RECTIFYING SYSTEM

SKINNER AUTOMOTIVE DEVICE CO., INC.
1635 Lafayette Boulevard, W., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me your booklet telling what the Skinner Oil Rectifying System does and how it operates.

Name _____ Make of Car _____

Street _____ City _____ State

Bartlett Sims gives a public demonstration proving that watering with Electric Garden Hose is not an old clothes job

No need of hip-boots and overalls when you use Electric Garden Hose. It puts the water where you want it—season after season. It grows none of the leaks that so often make hose-using a wet, disagreeable job.

Electric Hose stays leak-proof because it cannot kink. Kinks ruin hose. Break it down. Crack it. Soon make it leaky and useless.

But Electric Garden Hose is made to baffle kinks. Seamless layers of live rubber are built up on jackets of sinewy, braided sea cord. Then a super-tough, ribbed-rubber tread. All vulcanized inseparably together to give the sturdy, supple body that keeps Electric Hose sound and tight through season after season.

Every foot of Electric Hose is inspected repeatedly. It is backed by the guarantee of the world's largest makers of braided hose—specialists who have been producing fine hose, and nothing but hose, for more than twenty-five years.

Go to your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store today and get Electric Garden Hose. The genuine has the name moulded in on every length. If your dealer does not carry it, write us and we'll arrange to have you supplied

Blackfin Garden Hose

Blackfin is a lighter, lower-priced hose that's made the same way as Electric. It, too, is non-kink and is a mighty serviceable hose. For maximum service and longest life we recommend Electric Garden Hose. But if you want a lighter weight, popular-priced hose, get Blackfin. You can't beat it for the money. The ⅝-inch size costs 16 cents per foot at all good hose dealers'.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO., Wilmington, Delaware

Hose specialists—makers of water, garden, pneumatic, rock drill, air, steam and spray hose, and industrial hose for every purpose.

But if the crooked wine dealers do little cheating in their product, they do a lot of cheating in other ways. A favorite method of diverting wine in transit is to remove half the wine from the barrels, bootleg it, fill up the barrels with water and let them proceed demurely to storage. Another neat little stunt is to have a large glass tube filled with wine extending from the bunghole of the barrel clear through to the other side; the rest of the barrel contains water. The Government gauger thrusts his measuring instrument into the tube, and credits the winery with a legitimate shipment of so many barrels of wine; which, of course, has already been diverted to the bootleg market.

The cold-storage check-fermentation process has also been used on wines. In this case unfermented grape juice is shipped out and kept reasonably cold. Then, later on, the same old unholy alliance of heat and sugar sets up fermentation again.

Such are some of the tricks of a tricky trade. But they are mild and gentle tricks compared to the organized deviltry of the rum rings. It is in the transportation of their unlawful product that the rum rings and beer trusts come into their sharpest conflict with the law. The dangers of this conflict they minimize by wholesale corruption and bribery. There is no wine transportation problem as such; for what is transported is grapes, and there is nothing unlawful in that. You can't indict 1,000,000 room dwellers for pressing a few bunches of grapes in the bottom of the bathtub. And at worst, the wine demand is not as one in a thousand to the whisky craving.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Major Green. The next will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 36

The gold-headed cane that the Rotarians gave
me in their benignity
Will be interpreted as symbolizing my imperial dignity.
Their military remarks on golf clubs, boxing
gloves, foils and a set of brass knuckles
Should be good for a lot of chuckles.
My watch chains, lapel buttons, cuff links,
studs, scarf pins, campaign badges and
rings
Will be accepted as part of the regular outfit of
kings,
Though the gold-mounted tiger claws and elk
teeth will call forth true observations
On the atavistic savagery of the ancient civilizations.
The inscriptions on the jewels of Greek-letter
societies
Will engender philological conjectures of all
varieties.
My tennis cups, rococo and Colonial,
Are sure to be associated with some religious
ceremonial,
And the three-handled ones are certain to
evoke an abstruse asininity
On their evident connection with the Trimurti,
or Hindu Trinity.
As for the jams in the jars—those will puzzle
them;
They'll marvel how anybody ever could guzzle
them.

So please execute my last instructions with
punctilious sincerity.
And we'll have another lovely little joke on
Posterity. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Sesqui-Centennial

TO ALL you good Americans this brings
an invitation
To come to Philadelphia to a birthday
celebration.
From June until December
Is the date you should remember,
For then it is the Sesqui will be open to the
nation.

'Twere futile to endeavor to depict the great
event,
Or detail all the dollars and the time that have
been spent
To get the countries of the earth
To celebrate this nation's birth
By joining our exhibit of what liberty has
meant.

In architectural palaces of monumental size,
The history of progress will unfold before your
eyes.
Science and industry and art
And trade and commerce will take part
With every up-to-date machine that runs on
wheels or flies.

Before the Court of Honor will stand
Independence Light,
To show electric progress since Ben Franklin
flew his kite.
While dramas, screen and oral,
And extensive programs choral,
Will fill the mighty audience with marvel
and delight.
Old High Street come to life again will be on
exhibition,
Where collectors of Colonial will find new
ammunition.
While in the stadium there'll be
Athletic feats of rivalry
And on the river and lagoon aquatic
competition.

And as one feature of our vast accomplishments material
World-famous aces will present new wizardry
aerial.
While revolutionary days
Will live again before your gaze;
The first installment of our great American-made serial.

So all you good Americans, when planning
your vacation,
Remember Philadelphia and the Sesqui
celebration,
And whether you are near or far,
Hop on the train or crank the car
And come to help commemorate the birthday of our nation.

—*Adelaide W. Neall.*

Back to Philistia

AS HIGHBROWS continue abusing the
Babbitts
And sneering at all that they do,
Their Puritan Morals and Standardized
Habits,
Their Sordid and Smug Point of View,
I find that my temper grows rather contrary
At Intelligentzian jokes,
I find myself leaning toward plain, ordinary,
Provincial, phlegmatical,
Seldom erratical,
Smug, unecstatical
Folks!

It's getting so everyone tries to be clever
For fear he'll be thought to be dumb.
It's too great a strain, too intense an endeavor,
And therefore I wiggle my thumb
At all the Sophisticates, Wise Guys and
others
Whose scorn has kept most of us cowed.
I hereby rebel, I'll be one of the brothers
Who make up the pacified,
Dull, middle-classified,
Standardized, massified
Crowd!

So here's to placidity, self-satisfaction
And unashamed comfort and ease,
This scorn of the Babbitts has led to reaction,
I'll be just as smug as I please.
If Chambers of Commerce and such things
amuse him
That doesn't prove Babbitt a dub,
For he's a good fellow. Though cynics abuse
him
I'm one of his coterie,
Frankly his votary,
Boosting the Rotary
Club! —*Berton Braley.*

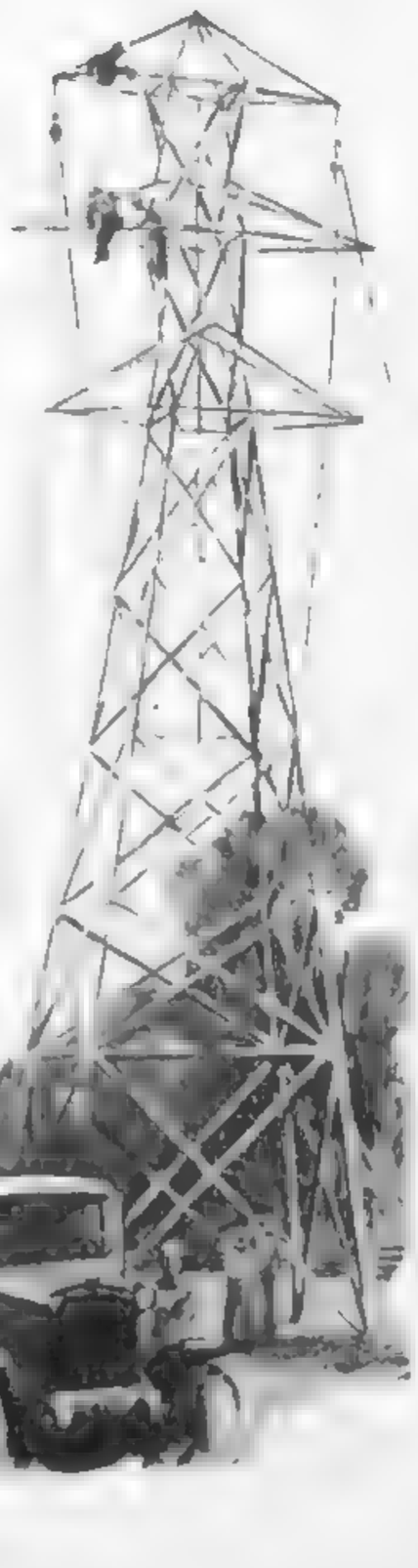
Super-Power Line Builders Choose International Trucks

FROM Maine to the Gulf to the far West go the crews and trucks of the Hoosier Engineering Company of Indianapolis. Their work is the erection of the electric transmission lines that stride in all directions across the nation.

During the past year or so the Hoosier Engineering Company extended high tension towers and lines over ten scattered states. In Wisconsin alone we find them marshalling six hundred men and forty motor trucks. In Florida and Arkansas half as many more. Their daily work is the kind that tries the mettle of trucks—and after six years the result is *heavy-duty standardization on Internationals!*

Summer and winter this Hoosier fleet has lived up to the International reputation for power, dependability, and low-cost operation. And always, wherever duty called the trucks, International service was waiting for them, ready for any emergency. *International Trucks are serviced by the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world.*

The good work of the International Trucks in the Hoosier Engineering fleet is a good reference for any man with loads to haul. On every hand, in every business, International Trucks and Service have been building that kind of record for over twenty years.



Mr. F. H. Miller, Vice President in charge of operations for the Hoosier Engineering Company, states: "We have always considered the ability to obtain satisfactory service in any location as a major reason for standardization. We have never had cause, from any standpoint, to regret having chosen International as our standard."

The International line includes the Special Delivery, 1-ton and 1½-ton Speed Trucks, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton maximum capacities, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Write for complete descriptive literature.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

International has 120 Company-owned branches in the United States and 17 in Canada

Mother's Day

Sunday May 9th

AVIATION COMES OUT OF A TAIL SPIN

(Continued from Page 5

of light-traffic lines for the handling of way or package freight only. A large part of this is in the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh districts.

Less-than-carload freight carried over short distances rarely has been profitable to the railroads. The tonnage per train mile of way, or peddler, freight trains is very low. They move slowly and their handling of shipments is unavoidably complex and expensive. Moreover, it has never been possible to establish tariffs for such traffic that would leave a profit.

In recent years the way-freight traffic, particularly in highly developed industrial and residential sections liberally provided with improved highways, like the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh districts, has been heavily cut into by motortrucks, operated in some cases by the industries to handle their own materials and supplies, and in other cases for hire. This development reduced gross earnings still further, but left expenses practically untouched. It was the situation thereby created which led the Pennsylvania to turn to the use of trucks as a supplementary form of service for the handling of way or less-than-carload freight.

Busses for Short Hauls

It has been the company's experience that material benefits have been achieved. Among them has been relieving important lines of the slowest-moving traffic, thus facilitating the movement of through freight and passenger traffic. A reduction of approximately 50 per cent in loss and damage claims, on the traffic involved, has been achieved, owing to the more careful and less complicated handling possible with trucks. Another benefit has been elimination of the crossovers necessary to reach stations on both sides of the track; and, finally, expedited service is bringing in increased business.

In addition, at certain important terminals, including Philadelphia, Baltimore, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis and East St. Louis and the New York Harbor district, the Pennsylvania Railroad, in some cases individually and in others by coöperation with other lines, has established interstation and interline transfer of less-than-carload freight under trucking contracts. In some instances demountable-body trucks are used and in others trailers are pulled by trucks. This is resulting in cheaper and much faster interchange of freight in the terminal districts, with elimination and reduction of interline and interstation switching, and a correspondingly greater efficiency and economy in the terminal operations.

Secure in the conviction that steam rails must continue to be the inevitable highway for the bulk of all land traffic, the Pennsylvania, in common with a number of the other large systems, takes the enlightened attitude that wherever another medium of transportation can render a specialized form of traffic more cheaply or to greater advantage, the railroad in such instances should, in its own larger interests, be content to waive that traffic and concentrate on the steadily growing and profitable bulk that must and will move by rail. It does not, except as a matter of necessity, wish to operate these auxiliary services itself, because they are technically foreign to railroading, and because, as a general proposition, private individuals or unrelated corporations can do it more successfully. This policy, built up upon what has been learned by actual contacts with bus and trucking enterprises, is now dominating the Pennsylvania's attitude toward air transport.

The new contract air-mail routes are being operated by individuals in some instances, by strongly financed corporations in others, but with one exception the contractors have pioneered in the business of flying in the healthy expectation of making money out of it. The exception is Henry Ford. Mr. Ford's interest in aviation, which led him to buy the aircraft manufacturing industry of William B. Stout, of Detroit, and to bid in the two Detroit services, is partly experimental and partly a desire to leave something more than a great fortune and an unparalleled success in the motor-car industry as a legacy to his son Edsel. He may contribute enormously to the development of commercial flying, but that help will be a private subsidy.

Pacific Air Transport, Inc., which is operating the long drag from Seattle via Portland, Medford, Sacramento, San Francisco, Fresno and Bakersfield to Los Angeles and return, is financed by capital made in motor-bus transportation on the Pacific Coast.

Charles Dickinson, contractor of the Chicago-Twin Cities route, is a wealthy Chicagoan who is employing his own capital.

The Chicago-St. Louis and the Elko-Pasco branches are largely individual enterprises. Reed M. Chambers, one of the sixty-three aces of the Army Air Service during the war, is the leading spirit in the Florida Airways Corporation.

The Men Behind the Planes

The remaining contracts are being carried out by heavily capitalized corporations with a wide distribution of stock among very wealthy men. W. Irving Bullard, president of Colonial Air Transport, is vice president of the Merchants National Bank, of Boston. Governor John H. Trumbull, of Connecticut, and Stanley H. Bullard, president of the Connecticut Chamber of Commerce, both manufacturers; Howard Coonley, president of the Walworth Manufacturing Company, and a former president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; and Lorillard Spencer and C. V. Whitney, of New York, are among the stockholders.

The Colonial is flying Curtiss Larks, powered with 200 horse-power Wright Whirlwind engines.

Among the names in Western Air Express are Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles Times; J. Dabney Day, Malcolm Crowe, R. I. Rogers and William Rhodes Hervey, four Los Angeles bank presidents; B. L. Graves, Pacific Coast representative

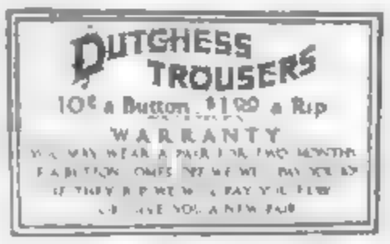
(Continued on Page 141)

Bill didn't win the flag rush, not personally, but he did accumulate a black eye, a broken finger, some lurid scratches and assorted bruises in sundry locations, also a little more glory than is good for any freshman. He limped out of the mêlée at the pole when the battle was over, with his long-suffering Dutchess collegiates still protecting his boyish modesty, and 'most everything else hanging in shreds

Naturally, Bill's been keen about Dutchess Trousers ever since (note his immaculate flannels) even if the trousers didn't give him a chance to collect a much needed dollar on the Dutchess Warranty. (*)

The Curtiss Carrier Pigeon, Said to be the World's First Cargo Plane to be Produced to Commercial Order for the Work of Earning a Profit in Regular Operation Without Subsidy

Originally, "10 Cents a Button: $1 a Rip" was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.



DUTCHESS

Trousers & Knickers

POUGHKEEPSIE - - NEW YORK

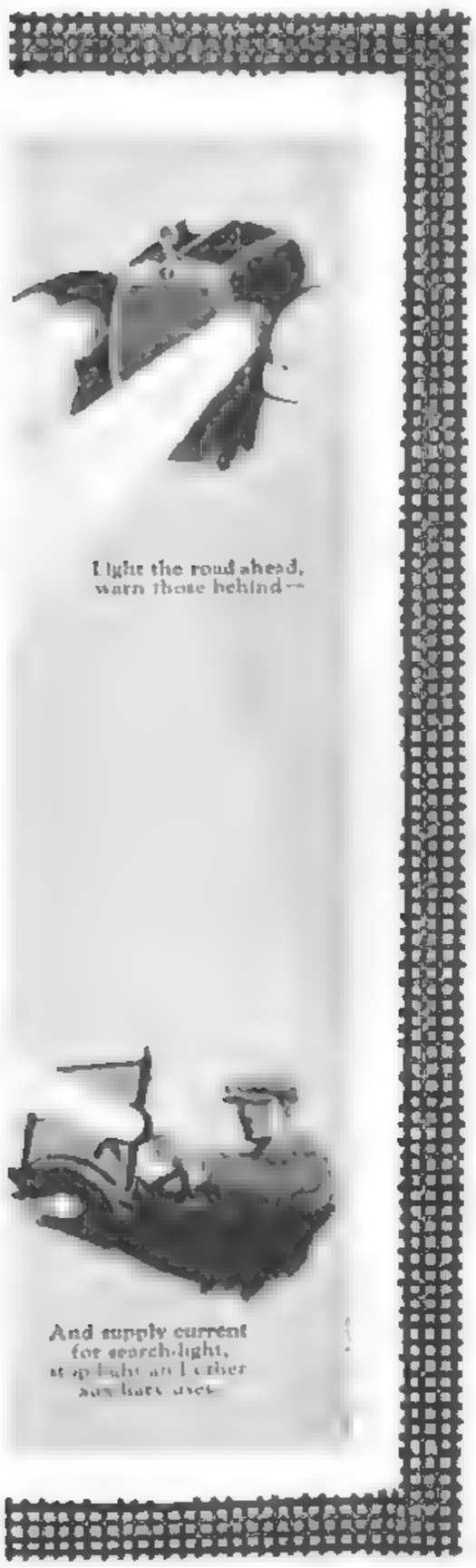
(*)*This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include*

"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"Tireless Business Man of 25" in FLANNELS
The Head of the Works" in BREECHES
Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
"He'll be Voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOYS' KNICKERS

"The battery's part in

The Willard

motor car satisfaction



The Willard Battery in your car—depend on it to do all of the important jobs a battery is ever called upon to do in a motor car. And to do each job well.

—and our part"

Depend on us for convenient, thorough inspection—the normal care your more reliable Willard Battery should receive to insure its living up to the very letter of its reputation—a fuller measure of useful life in the owner's car.

These cars and trucks are equipped with Willard Batteries by their builders

PASSENGER CARS

Ajax (Export)
Case
Chevrolet (Partial)
Chrysler
Cunningham
Davis
Dodge
Franklin
Henney
Huffman
Hupp
Jewett (Export)
Jordan
Kissel
Lexington
Mercer
McFarlan
Nash (Export)
Oldsmobile
Packard (Export)
Paige (Export)
Peerless (Partial)
Pierce-Arrow
Reo
Rickenbacker
Studebaker
Stutz
Wills Ste. Claire
Delling
Oakland

TRUCKS

Acme
American La France
Atterbury
Bridgeport
Buck (Former Krebs)
Case
Caterpillar (Former Holt)
Caward-Dart
Century
Chevrolet (Partial)
Clydesdale
Columbia
Commerce
Day-Elder
Defiance
Denby
Dodge
Four Wheel Drive
Fulton
Garford
Gotfredson
Graham (Export)
G. M. C.
Hahn
Hercules
Huffman
Independent
Indiana
Kankakee
Kissel
Little Giant
Meteor
Menominee
Master
Nelson LeMoon
Oshkosh
Olds
Pierce-Arrow
Rainier
Red Ball
Rehberger
Reo
Riddle
Ruggles
Sayers-Scoville
Seagrave
Selden
Standard
Stoughton
Studebaker
Stutz
Tiffin
Traylor
Twin City
United
Ward La France
White
Wilson Truck

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards
for All Cars—for Radio, too.

Battery men

They never stop to think about their shoes

But here are boys' and girls' shoes that know how to take care of themselves. They save you money.

It wouldn't be so hard . . . if boys and girls could only appreciate how many much-wanted things a devoted mother must often deny herself in order to keep her children "respectably dressed."

But they will race and tear . . . battering their shoes into early repair bills. Or, worse still, necessitating another trip to the shoe store all too soon.

Here's the way out: Put the youngsters in shoes made to stand hard wear—Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls.

These are tested shoes

Endicott-Johnson shoes are designed from direct, practical observation of what they're up against on the turbulent feet of active boys and girls. The leather in them is specially tanned in our own immense tanneries. We make our own rubber soles and heels. And the workmanship is the best that long experience can give.

Yet these shoes are comfortable. Fine-looking. Correctly shaped for growing feet. And made in scores of styles—for dress, school and play.

Millions of mothers already know and buy these shoes

To supply the tremendous demand, we make more than twelve million pairs of boys' and girls' shoes a year. This vast production enables us to save a lot in manufacturing costs. The saving goes to those who buy them.

Are you still unacquainted with these unusual shoes? Step into one of the 50,000 stores selling Endicott-Johnson shoes. Examine them. Try a pair on each of your children. Consider the very reasonable prices, and figure what you can save in a year.

If you don't know where there's a nearby store selling these "Better shoes for less money," write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City, N. Y., or St. Louis, Mo.—Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50, according to size and grade. Smaller sizes still less—$1.50 to $2.

1. Sterling—Boys' golden tan Oxfords. Comfortable stylish Blucher pattern. Live boys are keen for the snappy triangular brass eyelets, doggy "balloon" last and nobby cork welt
2. Lady Endicott—Parchment, the season's latest leather, in a D'Orsay pump trimmed with India tan. 10/8 heel, Cameo last—just right for growing girls.
3. School Chum—Beautiful one-strap pumps, out of patent leather with champagne trim, for the little girl who likes neat, dainty style.
4. Hi-Kick—Real shoes for real boys! Lace-to-toe type. Sturdily built for outdoor sports wear Look for the E-J trade-mark on the sole

Endicott-Johnson

Better shoes for less money

(Continued from Page 137)

of Henry Ford; Harris M. Hanshue; J. A. Talbot, of the United Oil and the Western Pipe Co., Los Angeles; and Tom Hearns, owner of the Salt Lake Tribune.

Western Air Express is flying Ford-Stout all-metal monoplanes on its desert route, each powered with three 200-horse-power Wright Whirlwind motors.

Howard E. Coffin, of the Hudson Motor Car Co., a leading figure in our wartime air-craft effort, is president of National Air Transport. C. M. Keys, president of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Co., is chairman of the executive committee. Charles L. Lawrence, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, is first vice president.

This company is capitalized for $10,000,000, with $2,000,000 paid in on the day of incorporation. Its list of stockholders is an impressive one. The New Yorkers include William Rockefeller; Jeremiah Milbank, of Allis Chalmers and Southern Railway; Leonard Kennedy, engineer and associate of Dillon, Read & Co.; Trowbridge Callaway and Stuyvesant Fish, of Callaway, Fish & Co.; Glenn H. Curtiss; F. Trubee Davison, son of the late H. P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co.; and Sherman Fairchild, of the Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation.

Detroit contributes Mr. Coffin, Roy D. Chapin, president of Hudson; Fisher & Co., of the Fisher Body Co.; Walter Briggs, George M. Holley, Eugene W. Lewis, William B. Metzer and Harold H. Emmons, president of the Detroit Board of Commerce.

The Chicago roster includes the sons of most of the great business names of the city—Reynolds, Mitchell, Armour, Marshall Field, Wrigley, Thompson, Jelke—and Wayne Chatfield-Taylor, Charles F. Glore and Robert P. Lamont, president of American Steel Foundries Co.

Philadelphia stockholders include Harold F. Pitcairn, of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., and Pitcairn Aviation Co.; and C. T. Ludington, son of the vice president and treasurer of The Curtis Publishing Co. John Hays Hammond, of Washington; John W. Pattison, of the Union Central Life Insurance Co., of Cincinnati, and C. F. Kettering, of the General Motors Research Corporation, of Dayton, also are stockholders. Needless to add, none of these three companies is selling stock to the general public, and commercial aviation is not yet an investment for the public.

Timid Human Freight

With such financial backing, and with Col. Paul Henderson, father of the air mail, directing its operations, National Air Transport either should succeed or demonstrate conclusively that aviation is not yet a feasible commercial enterprise.

The first and only previous commercial effort in the air was made by Aeromarine Airways, with passenger services between Key West and Havana and between Detroit and Cleveland, backed by private capital and the best equipment on the market in 1920. Both physical locations were excellent. The steamer passage between Key West and Havana is a day's or a night's voyage over a usually choppy sea. The Aeromarine flying boats made the same journey in ninety minutes, with no seasickness. The rail distance between Detroit and Cleveland is 173 miles and takes six hours. The steamer time for the passage is ten hours. The Aeromarine course of 117 miles was flown in ninety minutes.

But the Aeromarine hauled passengers and thereby started commercial aviation off on its left foot. The enterprise was launched on the theory that the public was ready to fly, and the public was not, and still is not, in numbers. The normal human being is distrustful of air travel for himself, and all the comparative fatality statistics that can be compiled cannot be expected to get him off the ground for a while yet. The Aeromarine had the enormous resistance of human fear to overcome at the outset.

Not only are letters and express packages immune to human fears but they will pay more per ounce and ride in much less space than passengers. The Aeromarine charged forty dollars to fly a passenger from Detroit to Cleveland. Mr. Ford now is flying mail over the same route. If the passengers averaged 160 pounds in weight, Mr. Ford is getting $204.80 for carrying a like weight of mail at eight cents an ounce. Where the passenger enforced roominess and a nice consideration of his personal comfort, the mails are paying more than five times as much for plain transportation and no extras. Considering the wasted space in passenger planes, the revenue ounce for ounce probably is seven times greater in a mail or express plane if a capacity load is carried.

Speedy Even for Pigeons

Ten Curtiss Carrier Pigeons, a new type developed for the Post Office Department, will be flown by N. A. T. over its route from Chicago to Moline, Davenport and Rock Island, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth and Dallas. These, thirty-five Liberty motors and equipment, represent an initial investment of $300,000. The Carrier Pigeon has a revenue load of 1000 pounds, a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour for five hours, landing speed of 50 miles, and weighs, fully loaded—pilot, gas, oil, water and a capacity load of mail and express—5064 pounds. The fuselage is welded steel, fabric-covered, with wood and fabric wings, the upper and lower wings, ailerons and elevators all interchangeable; an all-metal propeller, and a 400-horse-power Liberty motor, easily accessible and virtually fireproof. The equipment includes landing and navigation lights for night flying, a pressure fire-extinguishing system and parachutes.

Two planes are flown each way daily over the route and six held in reserve. E. P. Lott, a former army pilot and later chief pilot for Fairchild Aerial Surveys, is in charge of operations, equipment and personnel. He has under him eight pilots, eight field managers, twenty mechanics and twelve helpers at the eight landing fields. Each field is equipped with a motor car and truck, the latter having a detachable fuel tank. Division operating headquarters is at Kansas City.

As insurance against bad weather and the short days of winter, powerful electric beacons have been set up at four points. For fifty miles southwest of Moline a string of flashing gaslights has been installed, and again between Oklahoma City and Dallas. From Chicago to Moline the company's pilots will fly the lighted government transcontinental airway. Each field is equipped with powerful flood lights and all hangars and other field buildings are illuminated.

The Carrier Pigeons fly the route at a speed, including station stops, of more than eighty-five miles an hour over a region in which passenger-train speeds average from one-quarter to one-half slower than on Eastern trunk lines. The twenty-hour trains between Chicago and New York are on a fifty-mile-an-hour schedule, but the country-wide average of through mail trains is more nearly twenty-five miles; of freight trains, only eleven miles an hour.

The set-up of the N. A. T. is patterned after railway practice; there are operating, legal, fiscal, engineering and traffic departments. Like the railroads, the traffic department has established divisions. R. W. Ireland is division traffic manager for Illinois and Iowa, with headquarters in Chicago; C. E. Fleming, for Missouri and Kansas; L. G. Matthews, for Oklahoma and Texas. Both Mr. Fleming and Mr. Matthews maintain their headquarters, by invitation, in the offices of the local chambers of commerce.

Late last summer, before National Air Transport had entered a bid, Mr. Bell visited every city on the Chicago-Dallas line, and in every city—Moline, St. Joseph,

EVERYWHERE NOW!

Gates Distinctive Seat Covers
Save Money for Car Owners

NO WONDER Gates *Distinctive* Seat Covers are so popular. They cost but little. And they save more than they cost—by protecting your upholstery and your clothing, too. And in addition to economy, the beautiful materials and excellent fitting qualities of these seat covers add a distinctive touch to the finest car.

Now—before your upholstery shows signs of wear—is the best time to put on Gates *Distinctive* Seat Covers. And when your car finally is traded in you will find that they have more than earned their cost in the extra allowance you will receive. If your upholstery has already become soiled or worn these seat covers will make the interior of your car appear like new again—and you'll be satisfied to drive it longer.

GATES *Distinctive* SEAT COVERS

These seat covers will add materially to your summer driving comfort, too. They do not become excessively hot, and do not pull or wrinkle the clothing. Travel dust is easily brushed off—and it is easy to remove them for occasional dry cleaning.

Gates *Distinctive* Seat Covers are tailored from fine fabrics by the oldest maker of seat covers in the country. You will like their fit and beauty. And you will be surprised to learn that they are not expensive. Where only seats and backs are to be covered they may be had for as low as $9 to $15 for most cars—only slightly higher for side and door panels also.

To get Gates style, fit and beauty you must insist on seeing the name Gates on the buttons and neat silk label. Gates *Distinctive* Seat Covers are sold almost everywhere. Any dealer can get them for you through a nearby jobber. If you have trouble obtaining them, mail the coupon.

The Gates Line also includes Glass Enclosures for Fords, Chevrolets and Overland Cars; Tire Covers and Top Recovers.

GATES

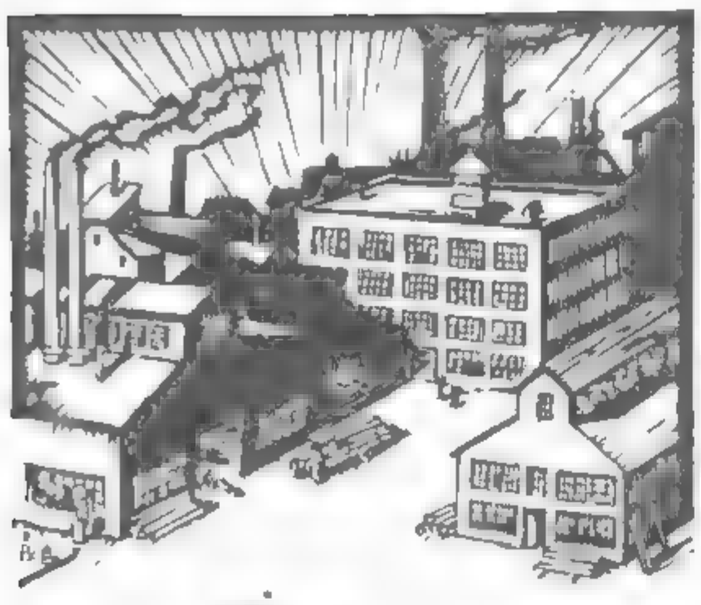
GATES MANUFACTURING CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Please send me full information about Gates Distinctive Seat Covers and have your jobber in this territory advise me of the nearest dealer.

Name _____ Make of Car _____

Street _____ City _____

If a Dealer, Check Here ☐



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helps you to get the most for the least

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The Alliance Agent, because he is a specialist in fire insurance, can render the property owner very valuable assistance in the planning and placing of his protection. Yet this service costs the policyholder nothing.

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Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth and Dallas—public air ports were established and hangars erected by the municipalities and these facilities turned over to N. A. T. free of charge for one year. In addition, traffic guaranties were given the company, so that, in effect, responsibility for the success of the route is shared directly by every important city served. Physical facilities thus generously provided spared N. A. T. a cash expenditure of $100,000. Traffic guaranties constitute a pledge of good will which the company values more than it would a cash subsidy.

Despite this demonstration of faith on the part of the commercial clubs along the line, National Air Transport had spent nearly $600,000 for planes, tools and other equipment before it turned a propeller on the Chicago-Dallas route.

The six contract services east of the Rockies, excluding the Florida service, have created a twenty-four-hour delivery belt 2500 miles long and from 200 to 800 miles wide, in coördination with the government line. Letters mailed one day in a region extending from Boston to Dallas, Minnesota and Eastern Wyoming, and including all but eleven of the larger cities of the country, now can be delivered the following morning or earlier at any point in the belt.

By careful coördination with railway schedules, a thirty-six-hour delivery zone has been created that embraces virtually all the eastern half of the United States, excepting the extreme south central. With mail trains averaging thirty miles an hour, this thirty-six-hour delivery is available to anyone living within a rail distance of about 325 miles of a station on any air-mail route east of the one-hundredth meridian, the vertebra of our geographical skeleton.

A shoe dealer in San Antonio or Houston, for example, mailing a letter in the red-white-and-blue air-mail post box outside his shop at the close of business Monday, can have that letter in the office of a Boston manufacturer on Wednesday morning. The railroad will deliver the letter overnight to Dallas.

Clipper Ships of the Air

Up from the South at break of day, the clipper ships of the N. A. T. will wing their way over the old Chisholm Trail, by which 10,000,000 Texas Longhorns plodded north to the railroad. Fort Worth at eight A.M., Oklahoma City at 10:10 o'clock, Wichita at three minutes of noon, Kansas City at 1:57 P.M., St. Joseph at 2:40 P.M., Moline three hours later and Chicago at 7:20 P.M. There the postal air service will take the letter, fly it by night to New York, transferring it early Wednesday morning to the Colonial Air Transport Co., which will deliver it to the Boston post office before nine o'clock that morning.

The same letter, proceeding by train, will not be delivered in Boston until Friday morning. This gain of forty-eight hours costs the San Antonio merchant twenty-five cents an ounce, as against two cents. The air-mail charge is ten cents an ounce for each contract route employed, with an additional five cents an ounce for each government zone or part of a zone traversed. The additional rail transportation is covered by the air postage.

The advantage in express traffic is greater. Railroad express traffic not only moves more slowly but at less frequent intervals. The Post Office Department pays $250,000 a year to put the mails on the Broadway Limited, but this train carries no express. Monday's express originating in New York does not reach Chicago until Tuesday night and is not delivered until Wednesday morning. The National Air Transport expects soon to deliver express overnight between the two cities, at a greater speed than the business man can travel by extra-fare train.

The railroads transported something like 6,700,000 tons of express last year. From 300 to 400 cars of express move out of New York City alone each day. If only one-tenth of one per cent of the business between New York, Chicago and points on the Dallas route is of such a nature as to be attracted by the high-rate, high-speed air service, that amount, negligible to the railroads, would be more than the N. A. T. could haul with its projected flying stock.

The confidence of the management in the safety of air traffic is indicated by the fact that express shipments are insured automatically for a valuation up to fifty dollars. The air express also will offer the pick-up service at point of origin, delivery at street destination, and direct responsibility from shipper's door to consignee's door that is a part of the existing railroad express service.

To the Coast in Eight Chapters

The story of the United States mail to the Pacific Coast divides into eight chapters, beginning in 1848 with a contract for an irregular delivery by sailing vessel around the Horn to San Diego, Monterey and Astoria, Oregon, a passage of months.

The discovery of gold in California opened Chapter Two, with the appearance of steamships on the route. A monthly mail was transported to Panama by steamer, carried across the Isthmus by the government of New Granada—now Colombia—and relayed by steamer again to San Francisco. There were no roads through the Panama jungles; the government of New Granada moved with true Latin-American lassitude, and the mails sometimes were three months en route. With the building of the Panama Railroad in the 50's, the service became faster and more regular.

The first overland stage mail, the Butterfield line from St. Louis and Memphis via El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco, a semiweekly service, began the third chapter in 1857. The contract was let to John Butterfield, of Utica, New York, William G. Fargo, of Buffalo, and others, on September 16, 1857.

Operation did not begin, however, until after a year's labor of mapping and road building.

The first stage, a Concord drawn by four horses, left San Francisco at ten minutes past midnight on September 14, 1858, and arrived at the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad at Tipton, Missouri, at 9:05 A.M., October ninth. A train delivered the mail in St. Louis at 8:45 P.M. The time in transit was twenty-four days, eighteen hours and twenty-six minutes. The Memphis and St. Louis sections first joined at Little Rock, Arkansas, later at Preston, Texas. The Government paid Butterfield and his associates $600,000 a year for the service.

In 1860 the Pony Express cut the through time to San Francisco to something like twelve days. The first Pony Express left the railhead at St. Joseph, Missouri, at 6:30 P.M., April 3, 1860, and arrived at Sacramento at 5:30 P.M., April thirteenth, delivering the mail to a river steamer which laid it down in San Francisco shortly after midnight. Seventy-five horses were used on the relays. The fastest time made between St. Joseph and Sacramento was nine days, but the winter schedule was fifteen days, and the riders often were unable to keep to it. That was Chapter Four.

The Pony Express letter rate at the outset was five dollars for one-half an ounce, in addition to the ten cents government postage. This was reduced gradually to one dollar a half ounce. The number of letters carried west rarely exceeded ninety a day, the eastbound traffic two or three times that.

The Pony Express lasted only nineteen months and was killed not by the railroad but by the completion of the through telegraph line in October, 1861. In July of that year the overland stage had been shifted from the southern route to the central, and the first daily mail to California inaugurated. That was Chapter Five.

The completion of the Union Pacific Railroad in May, 1869, opened Chapter Six, which lasted until 1921. Despite the enormous advance in railroad transport

(Continued on Page 145)

What do Americans want? They find it in Jacksonville, Florida

Come to Jacksonville and enjoy all the things that make life worth while. Write now for free booklet.

AMERICANS, more than any other people, want opportunities to work and prosper . . . play and recreation . health . . . education . . . the priceless association of friends . . . roomy and beautiful homes . . . wealth. Americans demand those as their right.

Jacksonville, Florida, more, perhaps, than any other city in the world, offers all these things. As a fast-growing new city, the business capital of Florida and the new Southeast, it offers financial opportunities that cannot yet be measured. Its rare climate—buoyant and stimulating in winter, mild and delightful in summer—offers year-round play and recreation. When the North is covered with snow and ice, Jacksonville's citizens are playing golf and tennis. When other sections of the country are suffering from sunstroke and drouth, Jacksonville is being cooled by showers and ocean breezes

Jacksonville is the meeting-place of people from all of America. Its citizens from other states can choose their friendships from their own or other sections. No spot in the world offers more beautiful locations for homes than the St. Johns River country. New subdivisions and hotels on the river show the trend of winter and summer tourists and travelers.

And those who are succeeding here feel that no other city offers so many opportunities for success. To think of a branch factory or distributing house for Florida and the fast-developing Southeast is to think of Jacksonville, the seaport and rail center. If you have money to invest, if you would open a new business, if you have a useful trade or occupation, you should, by all means, investigate the needs for it here. We suggest that you come and make a personal study. A visit to Jacksonville may well be the most important trip you ever made.

Write for the free booklet that describes the city and many of its opportunities. Be sure and come here for your vacation. When traveling in Florida, make Jacksonville your headquarters. Write for free booklet—address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

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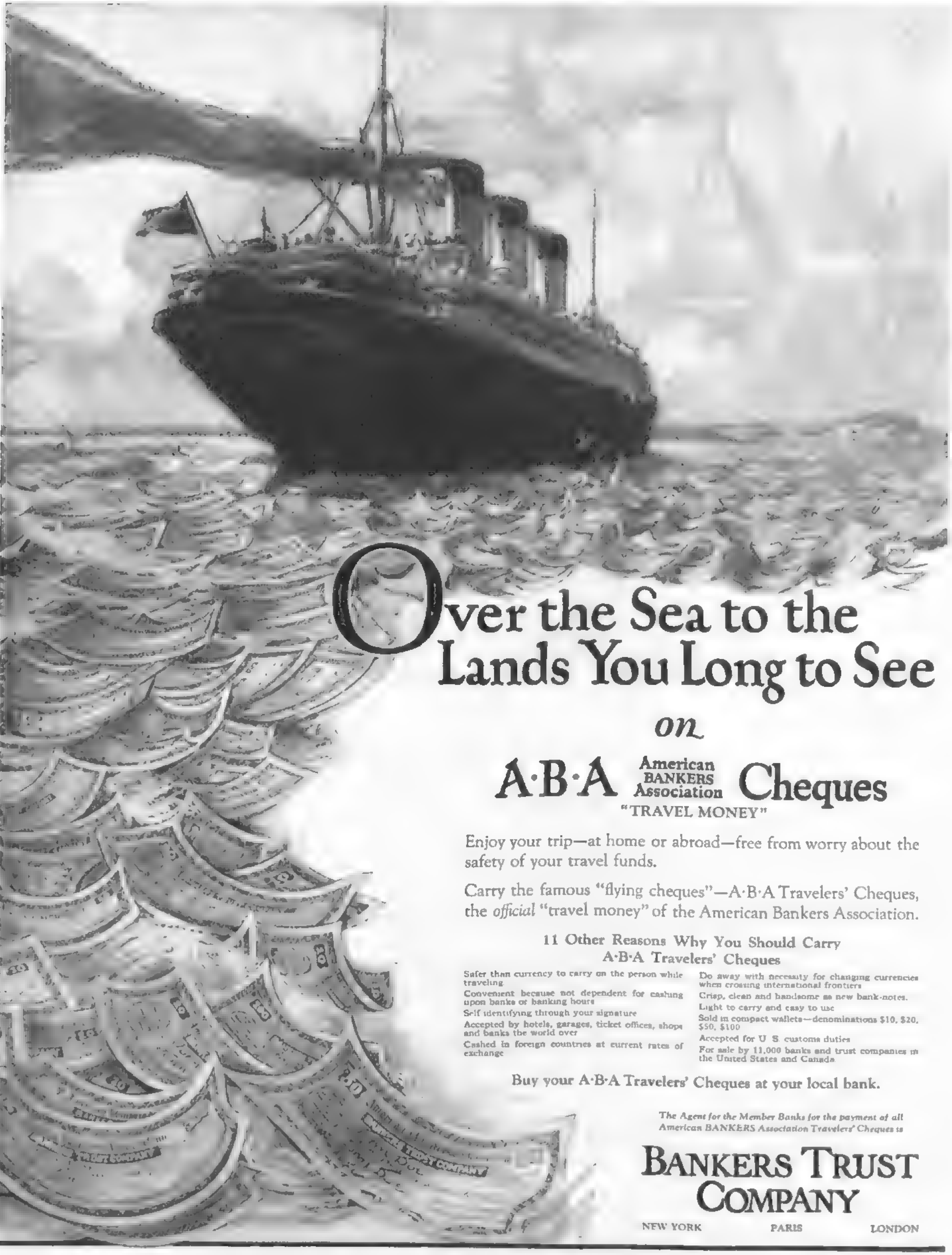

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Sold in compact wallets—denominations $10, $20, $50, $100

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Buy your A·B·A Travelers' Cheques at your local bank.

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NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

(Continued from Page 142)

since 1869, the train time to California has not been very materially reduced since that time.

The beginning of the air mail with an ineffectual relay service on and off trains in 1921 opened the seventh era of the transcontinental mail. The last chapter began with the inauguration of a continuously flown night-and-day service of thirty-two hours between New York and San Francisco on July 1, 1924, a winged Pony Express charging only about one one-hundredth of the original Pony Express letter rate, estimating the 1926 dollar to be worth about forty cents as compared with the 1860 dollar.

Meanwhile, what has gone on in Washington and elsewhere in the fourteen months since the last review of the aircraft situation in these pages?

A primary obstacle to the progress of civil aviation has been its lack of any legal status. In This Aviation Business it was recited that: "There is no legally compulsory inspection or registry of planes, or licensing of pilots. No one may drive a motor car without a license. Every ship must pass the scrutiny of steamship and insurance inspectors before it puts to sea, and the men on the bridge and in the engine room must have served years and have met rigid tests. But anyone may call himself an air pilot, patch together a rotten old hulk with baling wire and take up passengers. . . . Because of this, insurance premiums are prohibitive, and without insurance there is no business today."

A further difficulty was set out: "Commercial flying requires proper airways, including regular and emergency landing fields, navigation lights and supply stations, just as the motor car demands good roads, well marked, and frequent gas and service stations; or as the merchant marine requires piers, dredged channels, navigation lights, accurate charts and meteorological reports." The Morgan Line was not to be expected to build and maintain a lighthouse at Jupiter, Florida, and a lightship at Diamond Shoals because such navigational aids were essential to steamship service between New Orleans and North Atlantic ports.

These points have been met in a House bill reported favorably on March thirteenth, adding to the duties of the Secretary of Commerce the encouragement of civil aviation under regulations he may see fit to prescribe. The bill is a modification of Senator Bingham's measure passed recently by the Senate, and probably will be sustained in conference.

Giving Our Aviators a Lift

Specifically the department is empowered to build and operate airways, emergency landing fields, light and signal structures, radio compasses; to chart airways and issue maps and bulletins; to register eligible aircraft; to examine and rate aircraft, pilots and all air navigational facilities periodically; and to establish a commercial aviation code, including regulations for taking off and alighting, signals, altitudes of flight, the identification and marking of aircraft and the keeping of logs.

The ultimate transfer of the Post Office Department's air facilities to the jurisdiction of the Commerce Department is provided for, and Mr. Hoover is authorized to coöperate with the Department of Agriculture in the issuance of special weather reports for air routes. The department is prohibited from granting anyone the exclusive use of any air facilities maintained by the Government, and penalties of fine and imprisonment are stipulated for the violation of regulations, interference with signals or forgery of licenses.

Other things have happened. France has remained supreme in the air in the number of military and civil planes. No other aircraft factory in the world has a production comparable with that of the Bréguet plant near Paris, which is turning out three planes every working day, with orders booked ahead until the spring of 1927. The Bréguet plant exports every third machine and sells the two others to the French Government and its subsidized air lines.

Our Coast Guard has begun the organization of its air service to operate from five bases between Florida and Maine. Protection of shipping and coöperation with the Navy and Army in time of war, as well as prevention of rum running, are intended.

Discrimination as to pay and promotion, depriving fliers of the opportunity of high command and refusing to recognize the extra hazards of the air branch, continues in both services, with resultant discontent and shortage of competent pilots. The House Military Committee finally is drafting a general revision of rank and pay conditions, increasing the number of officers, cadets and enlisted men, as this is written.

Even Tolerance in Moderation

General Mitchell first was relieved of command of the Army Air Service and reduced to a colonel, then court-martialed and suspended from the Army. Thereupon he resigned and his resignation was accepted.

We all speak highly of tolerance and moderation and agree that intolerance is a hateful thing; but just what is intolerance? Toleration of your neighbor's peculiar opinions is one thing, toleration of the drainage of his sewage into your water supply is another. Tolerance is a comfortable quality to live with usually, but few of the world's cruelties and injustices have been cured by a broad-minded, calm, dispassionate consideration of all sides of the case. That is not the way we won our independence or the way we have preserved it. We are not here altogether to tolerate, as Froude said; we are here to resist, control and to vanquish withal. It took a Billy Mitchell to put aviation on the front page.

We have had the reports of three more investigating committees, following upon nineteen previous investigations since 1917. The first of the three reports, that of the House committee headed by Florian Lampert, a La Follette Republican, with Randolph Perkins, an administration Republican from New Jersey, as chief examiner, was foreshadowed in This Aviation Business. After exhaustive inquiry covering every phase and viewpoint of aeronautics, recorded in six volumes of printed testimony, this committee brought in a verdict against the Army and Navy.

Then, at the solicitation of the General Board of the Navy and General Staff of the Army, the Secretaries of War and Navy sent a joint letter to the President in September asking him to appoint another investigating committee for "the purpose of making a study of the best means of developing and applying aircraft in national defense and to supplement the studies already made by the War and Navy Departments."

The President named a conservative body having Dwight W. Morrow, a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., as chairman. Disregarding the six volumes of testimony before the now-completed House investigation, the Morrow board made a quick examination of ninety-nine witnesses and reported on November thirtieth, politely suggesting improvements.

The third investigation, conducted by the Hoover committee, limited itself to the civil phases of aviation alone. The most pretentious effort to create a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics having failed, largely through public ignorance and the confusion growing out of the military aviation row, when the Sixty-eighth Congress adjourned in March, 1925, without having passed the bill sponsored by Representative Winslow, of Massachusetts, Secretary Hoover took action himself. In June he appointed a committee in collaboration with the American Engineering Council, with J. Walter Drake, assistant secretary, as chairman.

The committee's recommendations, returned last November, are embodied substantially in the House bill previously outlined.

The one point upon which all three reports agreed unanimously was the necessity of encouraging commercial aviation by every legitimate aid. More vehemently than the Lampert-Perkins body, and with greater clarity than the Hoover board, the Morrow committee demanded for commercial flying everything that its advocates have asked. It said in part:

"The importance of the aircraft industry in relation to national defense is obvious. The size of the air force needed in the event of a great war always will be far beyond anything that it is economically feasible for any government to maintain in times of peace. The rapidity of the development of the art of design, rendering flying equipment inferior for service use against a major power within a few years after design, prohibits the gradual manufacture and accumulation of material and its storage for use in any future emergency."

The keynote of the Morrow report, however, is struck in this paragraph:

"By our fortunate geographical position we have heretofore been freed from the heavy burden of armament which necessity seems to have imposed upon the nations on the Continent of Europe. If one thing has stood out sharply in the past century, it has been the great danger of defensive movements of a nation being interpreted by their neighbors as offensive movements. This has naturally, perhaps inevitably, thrown most of the countries within the European orbit into the vicious circle of competitive armaments. We are all in accord that the United States must at all times maintain an adequate defensive system, whether it be surface ships, submarines, land armies or air power. But let us not deceive ourselves. This new weapon, with its long range of power not only for defense but also for offense, is subject to the psychological rules which govern all armament. Armaments beget armaments. It has been our national policy heretofore to oppose competitive armaments. The coming of a new and deadlier weapon must not result in any change in this policy. The belief that new and deadlier weapons will shorten future wars and prevent vast expenditures of lives and resources is a dangerous one, which, if accepted, might well lead to a readier acceptance of war as a solution of international difficulties. The arrival of new weapons operating in an element hitherto unavailable to mankind will not necessarily change the ultimate character of war. The next war may well start in the air, but in all probability will wind up, as the last war did, in the mud."

The Real Issue in the Air

This is a sane and thoughtful statement with which most Americans will agree. But it is what logicians call a *non sequitur;* it is beside the point. It destroys a straw man and is the more dangerous because of its plausibility.

No one, barring a few professional enthusiasts, wishes the United States to enter a race with Great Britain, France, Japan or any other power to see which can build the most and deadliest fighting planes.

The issue at Washington for seven years has been whether the army and navy high commands, the department executives and the older officers of the services think of the airplane as an invention that already has changed tactics fundamentally and may revolutionize strategy, or whether they have for it something of the bored complacence of a 1910 livery-stable keeper surveying the increasing number of automobiles snorting around town.

"The horse'll still be here for a while, I reckon," surmised the livery-stable man. He was right. The horse still is very much here—but the livery stable and its proprietor aren't. And he knew the livery business from bit to crupper too.

The issue, again, is whether the Army and Navy have starved the aircraft industry, on which they must depend in time of war, while expending a good part of the

(Continued on Page 149)

ALL FOR FUN

THE world's leading comedians are sought to make you laugh in *Educational's* comedies. You see the best of the new stars as well as the finest established favorites in these short, amusing pictures.

Lupino Lane and Billy Dooley made their appearance in *Educational Pictures* last Fall, joining such popular veterans as Lloyd Hamilton and Bobby Vernon. Today they, too, are recognized as among the screen's foremost funmakers.

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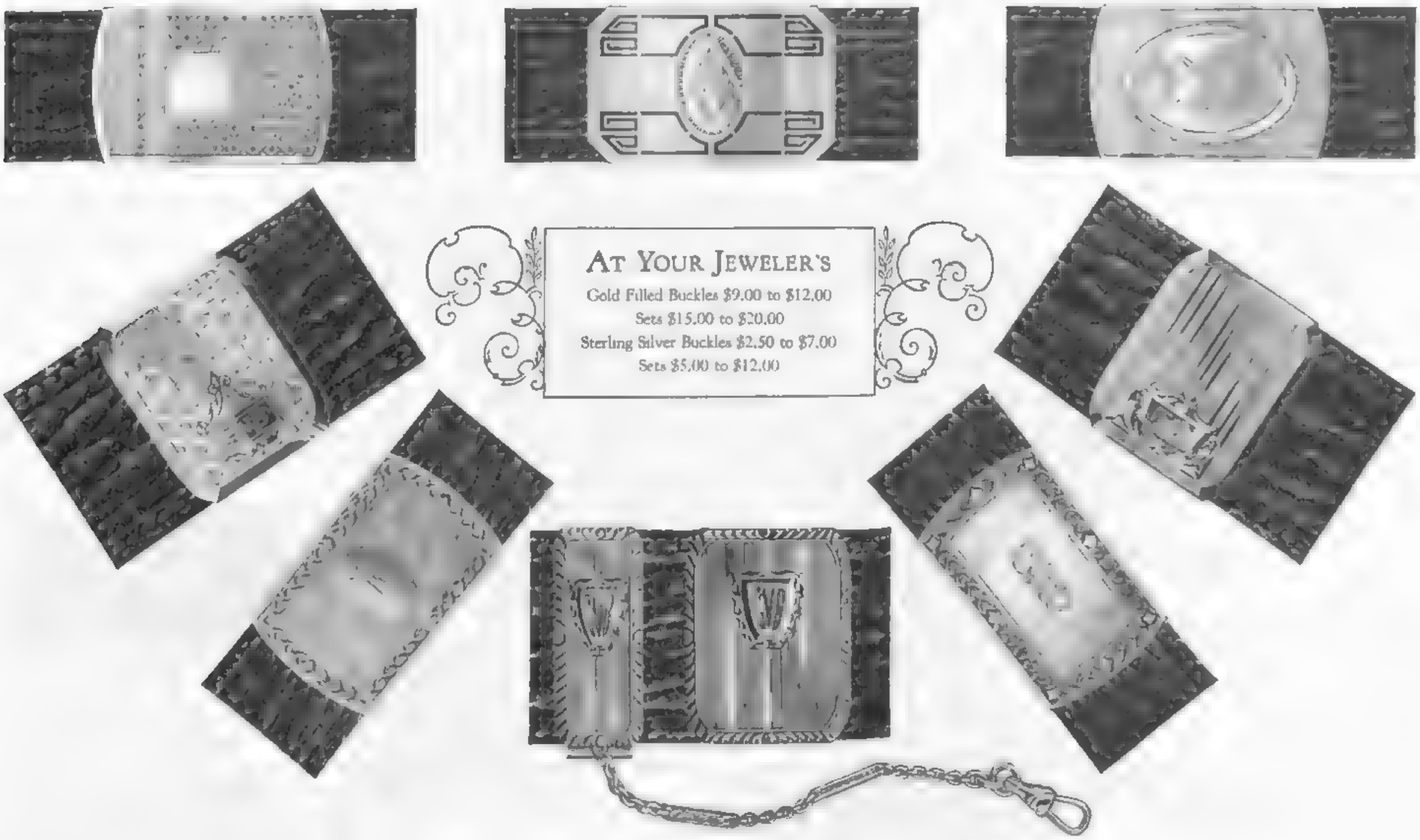

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Gold Filled Buckles $9.00 to $12.00
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At all good jewelers' --this new kind of belt buckle

DESIGNED by the same artists, carefully fashioned by the same skillful craftsmen, made of the same beautiful and lasting materials!

Everything you take for granted in your watch case, when you buy a movement of good make, you will find in this new kind of belt buckle.

For its makers are the makers of Wadsworth Watch Cases. And for more than thirty-five years America's leading watch manufacturers and importers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases to dress and protect their finest movements.

The Wadsworth Gold Filled Buckle will not tarnish. It is made of 14 kt. white or green gold filled, with all the beauty of solid gold at only a fraction of the cost. It will wear and keep its beauty as long as a good gold filled watch case.

Constructed to exacting watch case standards, the Wadsworth Belt Buckle can not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

The Wadsworth Belt Buckle is a gift worthy of the man you wish particularly to honor. Any good jeweler can show it to you in a large and pleasing variety of designs. Also available in sterling silver for both regular and wide belts.

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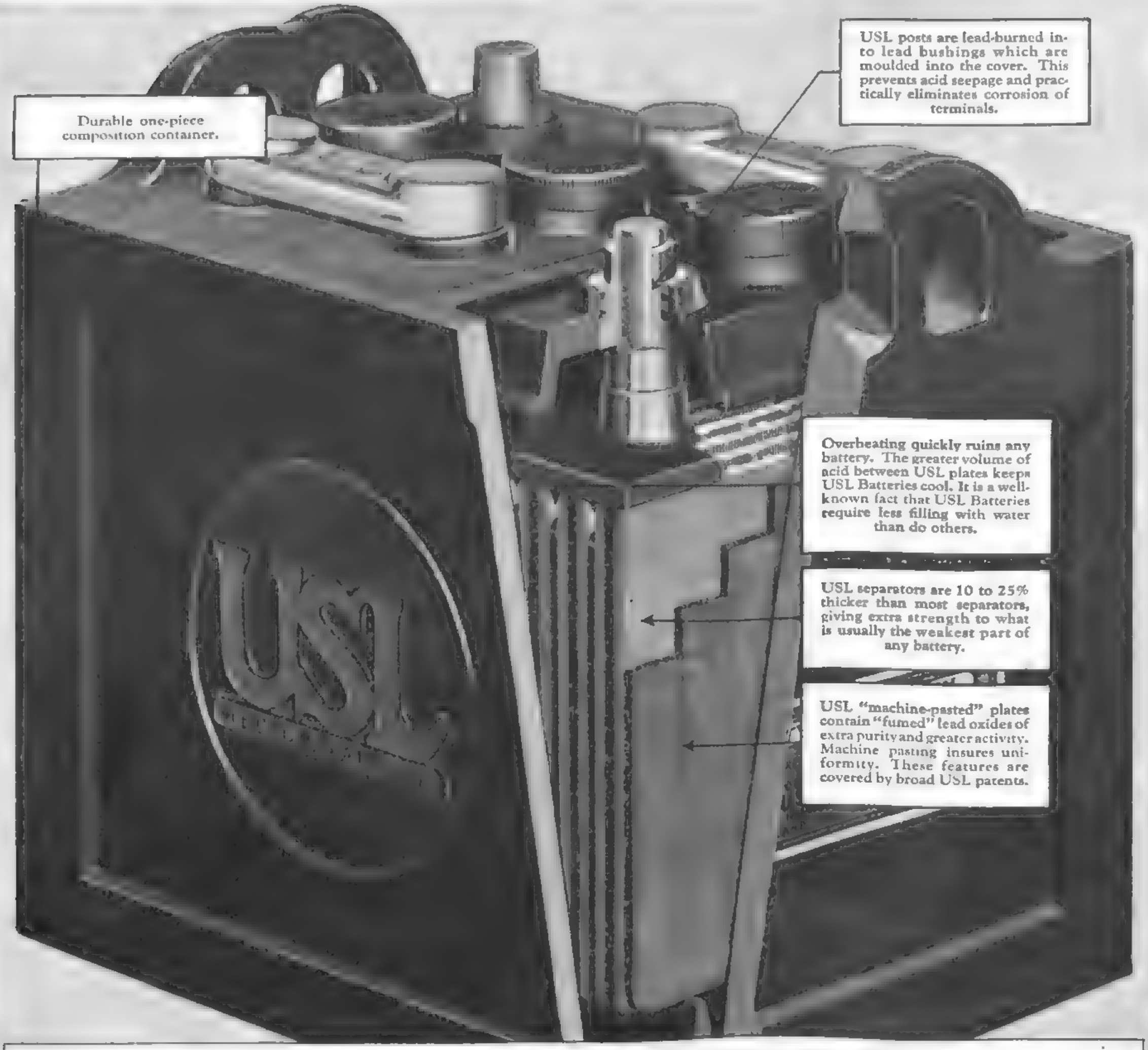
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(Continued from Page 145)

nearly $500,000,000 that Congress has appropriated for an air defense since July 1, 1919, on experimentation.

The issue is whether, if the United States had to go to war, the Army and Navy are intelligently preparing themselves to make the most of this new and deadlier weapon.

The most notable of the earlier aviation investigations was made by the Lassiter board, appointed from the Army itself. Its report, returned unanimously in 1923 and concurred in by the chief of the Air Service, declared: "The committee finds our Air Service to be in a very unfortunate and critical situation. Since the World War aviation has come to play an increasing part in military operations, but measures have not been taken in our country to keep step with this evolution."

The Lassiter board recommended that remedial legislation be prepared at once. When Secretary Weeks appeared as a witness before the Lampert-Perkins committee last year, he was asked if this had been done. His answer was:

"That legislation has not been prepared—at least, it has not been presented to Congress," he said. "There were some differences between the Army and Navy about this subject, which have not been ironed out. When the report was available and had been examined the Secretary of the Navy was having some troubles, or did soon thereafter; or anyway, we never got to any agreement about what should be done."

The comment of the Lampert-Perkins report is: "The Lassiter report was a fundamental document. It said that our air services were in an alarming and critical condition. It said that measures had not been taken to keep step with the evolution in aviation. It recommended that legislation be presented to Congress. More than two years have elapsed, and no such legislation has been presented. The Army and the Navy never have agreed on a definite air policy."

The legislation now being drafted by the House Military Committee, embodies Secretary of War Davis' five-year air program, with a total appropriation of $150,000,000 to be spent at the rate of $30,000,000 a year for the purchase of 2200 airplanes and maintenance of additional officers and men. But that, to repeat a hopeful prediction, is not so important, now that the airplane has got an overalls job that will support a family.

THE PROSODY OF OLD AGE

(Continued from Page 35)

school. Not nearly so much difference now between the good scholars and the bad ones. We acquire a terrific dignity of the mind which enables us to stare a great man in the face as if he were the little Smart Aleck who had skinned the cat that day in his arithmetic class.

We have settled down in that great knowledge to which not one jot or tittle can be added or subtracted. We are farther along in the book than he is, because he is not yet old.

The queer thing is our apparent stupidity. If one of us undertakes to defend miracles as the signs of the will of God he becomes ridiculous. The old man who was a power in the legal profession or a distinguished student of philosophy has lost his cunning, and the old woman has lost the asperity of her rational wits. So they drop back into that last incontestable dignity of old age. But they know more than a man in his prime can ever know. One who was ignorant then can let out a sentence like a spark which sheds the light of truth upon something that is shrouded in darkness for you. He can do it without adding a single dusty argument to obscure his meaning. He has been simplified. He is like those old ones in the Scriptures who prophesy without setting down the footnotes of inferior authorities to prove their contention. You may blow with your wind of words against his little candle of inspiration, but you leave him still flickering with that truth he offered in vain. When we are very young or very old we do actually approach God, not by nature, but by our very condition. The rest of the time we lift ourselves by the bootstraps of faith. A heavy business!

Something like this run the rules governing the prosody of old age, losing those qualities of prose and power that made us men, passing from strength to weakness, being confirmed again in the same bright illusions which enchanted the children we have been. Changing from the evils we have practiced to those visions of goodness no man accomplishes—not by repentance, but by some beneficent dissolution of the faculties, which reduces them to involuntary innocence.

But while these old prisms of the Lord are treading the measure of their memories and dreams, they are stripped of their glories in the minds of people who are still in their prime. They have grown childish, irresponsible. Nobody suspects the wisdom of innocence which lies below their worn-out faculties. If someone claps a laurel on the old man's brow it is to humor him, not to honor him. He has outlived his grand deeds, even his rhetoric. As for the old woman who brought us into the world, fed us and warmed us and said her prayers for our benefit, never taking a thought for her own fate, we may be kind to her, but to others we frequently refer to her as "such a care." Not until after she is quite cold, stretched out with her little old face turned up like a pair of withered hands clasped in prayer do we shed a few tears and cross two palms from the florist over her breast.

It is not what old age is, it is what we do to old age that makes it a calamity. We account for them with a sentence: "They have outlived their usefulness." They become tedious guests in a busy world, the dizzy old orphans, or the stepchildren of their own children. They grow timid, not on account of their physical infirmities, but because they have been demoted. They have outlived the comprehension of those about them and are reckoned silly because they stumble over the dates and facts of this prosaic world—no market in it for the original wisdom of seers.

I knew a woman like that once. She had been an admirable wife, then she became a fine upstanding widow and wore her weeds like a decoration. Toward the end she lost all her titles. Very few people knew she was still living, except that on warm sunny days she was sometimes to be seen sitting beside the window like the warped old figure of a dream, with her Bible open on her knees. Nobody ever saw her reading it. I doubt if she could read. She simply wore it, as fashionable ladies wear their diamonds and dinner rings. When I can first remember her she had a presence, that indefinable charm of personality. She was the busybody of goodness and tuneful righteousness in her community for nearly half a century. The church and the poor battened on her. She had a mind to the heathen in the uttermost parts of the earth. Meanwhile, she brought up one of those devastating things, a successful family. Her daughters married well—too well, as matters turned out. Her sons came up rich and powerful. They had perverted her best qualities to the business of acquiring wealth and influence. About the time the second generation was showing up, doubtful and profligate, this sublime old woman faded out. For the past ten years she has been sitting like the ghost of wisdom in her daughter's house, old and deaf, always silent, but with the dim, sentient look of those who win back to childhood by treading the circle of their years. She has long

What is style?

ANY GARMENT, no matter how beautiful, is a lifeless thing until a woman puts it on. Then, if she wears her clothes well, if she carries herself gracefully, you say she is smart. For style is a personal thing. It cannot exist apart from the woman herself. That is the reason why some women look well in almost everything they wear. Short or tall, they have a certain vibrant grace—their posture is good.

A graceful, easy carriage has its foundation in the feet. It is almost impossible to have the straight shouldered, flat backed figure of present day fashion if your feet are "shoe-bound" and uncomfortable. So style, that elusive thing that women seek, is as much a matter of proper shoes as it is of clever designing.

There are shoes that will free your feet, encourage you to stand and walk gracefully and permit you to wear your clothes with greater effectiveness and style. These shoes are trade marked Cantilever and are known the country over for their wonderful comfort.

The Cantilever Shoe is shaped just like the natural foot and it permits the foot to be natural. Like the foot it is flexible from toe to heel. The snug, high arch fits up snugly to the arch of the foot and harmonizes with its action. With every step your foot muscles gain new spring and strength through exercise. The heel of the Cantilever is never so high that it causes awkward bodily tenseness.

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Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within shopping distance of most readers of this publication. If you do not know where you can conveniently buy Cantilever Shoes write the Cantilever Corporation, 408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. They will send you the address of a local Cantilever store and a new, free booklet showing photos of the latest Cantilever models.

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since forgotten the church and her heathen. She has given up the poor, being now so poor herself. She no longer remembers her own garden or the good of the community; but if you are alone with her for a moment she may refer to something rather shocking that Isaiah said, as if this old prophet was a friend of hers with whom she has just now been conversing. She has migrated, you understand—become an inhabitant of the Scriptures. This is one of the changes of residence these old children frequently make, because the topography of that country, laid off by the mind of the Almighty, seems safe and familiar to them. But never a word now about her sons and daughters. They are foreigners no longer related to her. If one of them died, she would have to drool back into her memories of the child he used to be, to feel any real grief. Something has happened to her which she does not understand, but whatever it is it has removed her far from the men and women they are.

When her daughter comes in dressed in the chemise costume of a modern society dame, vibrant with the latest ideas of the sex problem and begins to pass the cocktails of the present period in social life, the old lady falls silent. But since she is deaf, the daughter brings her into the conversation without lowering her voice: "Mother is wonderful! So well preserved for her age—past eighty. But such a care!" A woman who can bridge the chasm of the ages and gossip with Isaiah is sufficiently psychic to know when she is being backbitten, whether she hears the remark or not. So this is what has happened which reduced her to that last dignity of silence.

Thin Dimes of Old Age

It so happens that this writer has never been present when a man or woman actually grew old. As near as I can make out, one of them disappears now and then and seems to take a course in old age. Then he reappears after you have forgotten him, blurred, like a great image that has lain a long time in the dust. Or, if it is a woman, she may remind you of a small bright piece used for years to buy little things, dropped piously into the contribution box. How many women I have known like that! Whirling through the years out of sight, then turning up a quarter of a century later, still thrifty and busy, trafficking in their little deeds and little charities. Ten-cent pieces of old age, still shining, but worn very thin.

I remember a man prominent in this state many years ago. We were so much in need of great men then that we recognized his worth. We loved him and trusted him as if he had been the very priest of our fallen fortunes. He was sublime in his devotion to his people. When at last he was sent to represent us at Washington, in the Senate, he performed prodigious services; our tongues rang with his name and praise. If he had died in the heyday of his power the record of his works and achievements would have been published beneath blazing headlines. But he did not die. He simply faded out of the news of the day so quietly that I suppose very few people missed him. Years passed, then one day I recognized him on the streets of Atlanta, moving feebly through the crowd with that vacuous expression of extreme age. He had been covered up and forgotten by our younger years.

When I spoke to him he did not recognize me. He was only graciously anxious to place me according to his recollections: Did I remember Alexander Hamilton Stephens? I was obliged to demote myself in his hopeful regard by confessing that I came up too late to know this great man. You will observe this: That nothing will keep a very old man or woman orientated in the current age of affairs. If they cannot take refuge with Moses and the prophets in the Scriptures, you will find them prancing around with their comrades who have become the heroes of history. For them there is no present tense in time. This is one reason why they are so pathetically lonely with just us to keep them company.

Too Much Idealism

A few days later the notice of his death appeared in an obscure column of a morning newspaper. "He was at one time prominent in the political affairs of this state," the account read, but the emphasis was placed upon the funeral arrangements. Short shrift! Not much news value in the record of a man who had survived most of his constituents.

I thought of poor old Azariah, sometimes called Uzziah. He reigned fifty-two years in Jerusalem, and the record proves that he was a great war-loving monarch who still loved husbandry and all the arts of peace. He conquered the Philistines, broke down "the walls of Gath, and the walls of Jabne and the walls of Ashdod," and built cities about Ashdod among the Philistines. There is no clear record of what he did to the Arabians and the Meunims, but enough to make the Ammonites flatter him with gifts, no doubt to save their own walls. His fame spread as far as Egypt. And he went on strengthening himself exceedingly. He built towers at three gates in Jerusalem and fortified them. He also built towers in the desert and "digged many wells" for his cattle—nothing against him in all these enterprises, until at last one day, being greatly puffed up with his own importance, as often happens with men who have accomplished great things, he took upon himself the offices of a priest and went into the temple to burn incense to the Lord. The priests "withstood him." The scene which follows is a drama of the appalling rarely surpassed in human history. "Then Uzziah was wroth, and had a censer in his hand to burn incense; and while he was wroth with the priests, the leprosy even rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord, from beside the incense altar . . . and all the priests looked upon him, and, behold, he was leprous in his forehead, and they thrust him out from thence; yea, himself hasted also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him."

With such terrors of faith as this did the ancients curse themselves in the name of the Lord. My own notion is that Uzziah had the fever of the disease upon him or he would not have risked the presumption of acting the priest. We have always before us examples of the same glorified impudence in men suffering from egotism and the neurosis brought on by inflated idealism or the exaggerated sense of their own greatness. The human constitution cannct endure the strain of too much idealism. I have rarely known even a saint who enjoyed good health. An excessive sense of personal greatness is frequently fatal. It becomes a fever which consumes the victim and brings out a rash or that malady of death that is waiting in us all.

However that may be, Azariah performed prodigious services for his people If he had died sooner, he might have had a whole book in the Old Testament named for him. As it was, the poor old leprous king lost even his greater name, Uzziah, and he gets about six and a half sentences in Second Kings as a record of his reign. The seventh is devoted to his funeral. No reference to his childhood or youth. These harsh old chroniclers were great poets, but no sentimentalists. They set down who begot a man and let it go at that. They were concerned only with the prayers, curses and deeds of their prophets and kings, and they were strong on burial scenes. Azariah reigned fifty-two years in Jerusalem and suffered great tribulations for his one transgression. All he got out of it at the end was a biography of a hundred words and an obituary of one sentence:

> "So Azariah slept with his fathers;
> And they buried him with his fathers
> In the city of David."

The Country of Old Men

Nothing in it about his virtues, as we write epitaphs, but it flows, like the history of all peace and quietness, back to the dust. The light of ages shines upon it. No windy weather in the minds of men can disturb the legend of that grave. The majesty of the Scriptures infold it forever and we cannot find it.

This is the country of all old people, whether kings or common men. They find in it the rhythm of their own minds. They can scan it as we do the artificial poetry we make with words. It is tuneful and still—no wars, reforms or disturbances such as we make. It consists in those years and centuries behind the clock where time ceases and there remains only the silent harvest of the ages.

A Scene in British Columbia

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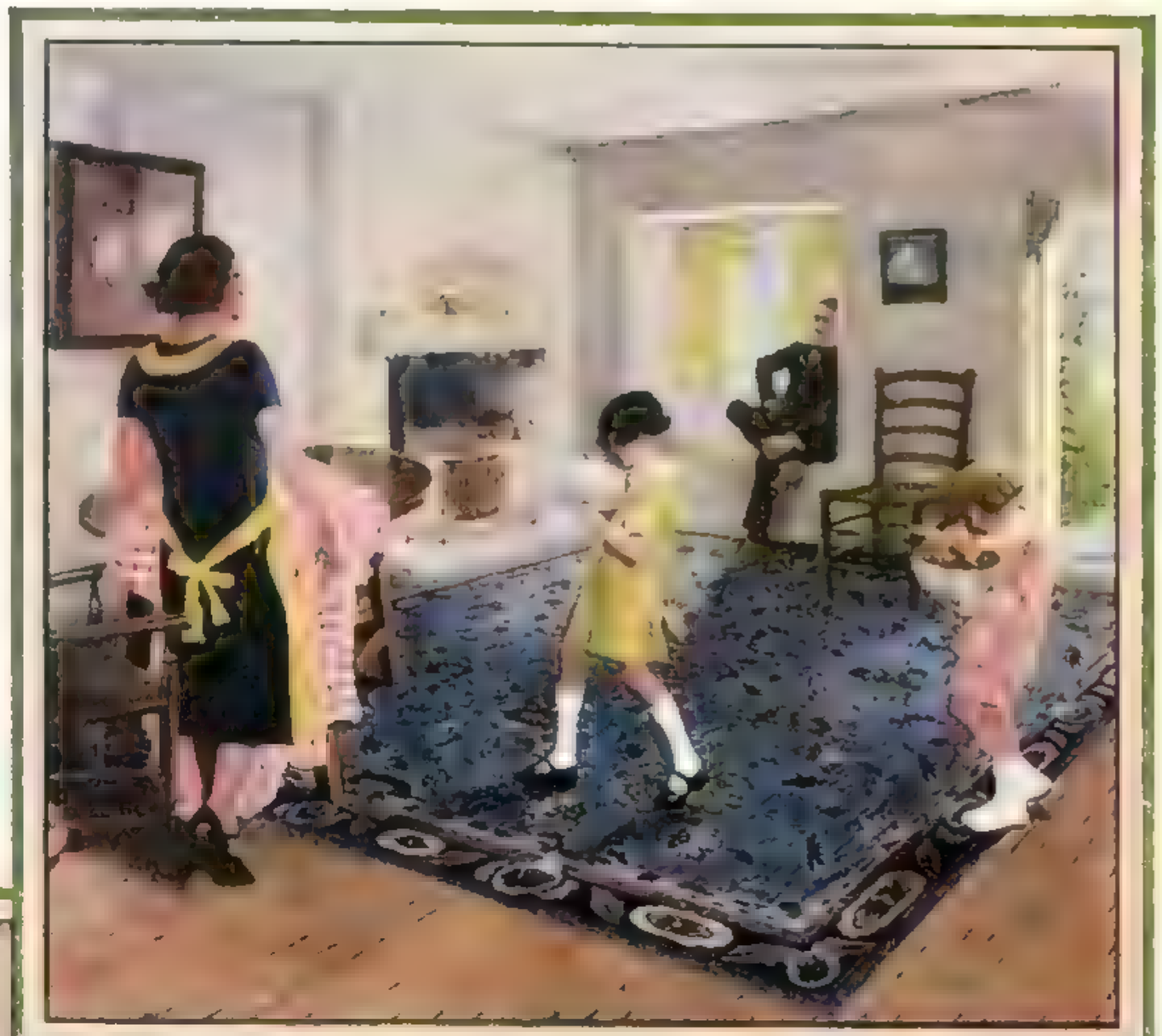

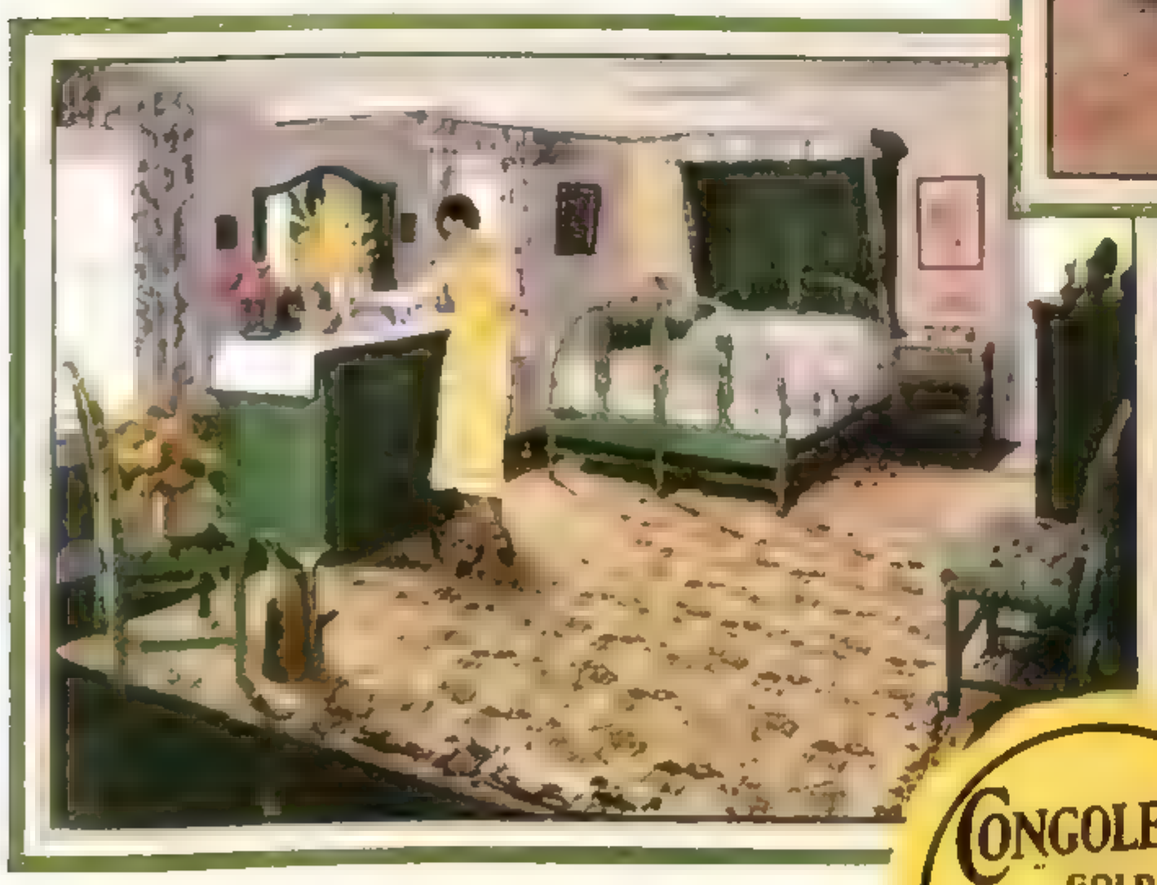

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THE BLUNDERER

(Continued from Page 7)

Mrs. Daigle, Hackey thought, hesitated for an instant, with a glance at her husband almost appealing. He wondered if she were reluctant to be alone with Kurr. But Daigle was already in the car and she was forced to consent to the arrangement with a smile. The guide put her in the bow of the boat and Kurr sat just behind her, while Hackey poled across the current to the beach where Fitts and Bunker waited. Kurr greeted Fitts by name, and Hackey introduced Bunker to his employer.

"The guide I hired," he explained.

"Competent, I hope," Kurr commented, looking at Bunker with an impersonal eye.

"Oh, yes," Hackey averred.

Kurr nodded indifferently.

"Very well," he agreed, and turned to Mrs. Daigle. "We'll go along," he suggested.

So they walked away across the intervale, following the curvings of the casual wheel tracks, and Fitts and Bunker and Hackey were left behind. Hackey started at once to recross the river for the dunnage, and when he was out of hearing, Fitts said to Bunker:

"Right pretty woman."

Bunker nodded. "She looks nice," he agreed.

Fitts chuckled. "Kurr can pick 'em," he said. "Yes, sir, I've seen some pretty ones up here. I can set here and watch 'em go by, and after a spell I watch 'em come out again. They don't come back much. The same ones. Except that cousin of his. She didn't come this time."

"I'd ought to be helping Fred," Bunker remarked.

"Guess her husband don't care," Fitts commented. "Leaving them start off alone that way." He looked after the two figures now halfway across the intervale. "Look at him talking to her," he urged.

Kurr was indeed talking eagerly to Cynthia Daigle. She said little, but she enjoyed—had always enjoyed—listening to this man. She was attracted by his poise, by the distinction of his bearing; found him a man of wide interests, with a keen sense of beauty, and an ability to discuss intelligently those things which attracted her. She had met him some six weeks before, at a studio tea given by one of Daigle's friends, and Kurr since then had paid her much attention. He remarked on this now.

"You've never guessed," he suggested with a smile, "the real reason why I asked Daigle to come up here with me."

"To do some landscapes for you," she reminded him and he chuckled lightly.

"I'd never even heard of him as a painter," he told her. "Not till I met you. Then, naturally, I wanted to know more about this husband of yours. He'll enjoy it up here. The lake is really beautiful." He hesitated, added with a curious eagerness in his tone which she found charming:

"There's something about it, the blue water ruffling in the wind and the sun, and the rocky shores, and the mountains all wooded, that I find very lovely. I'm sure he will too."

"Most men aren't so frank about beautiful things as you," she suggested. "They seem—ashamed to be."

"I'm not ashamed of loving beauty," he told her, and her eyes met his for a moment before turning aside across the pleasant valley. They were approaching the farmhouse; they passed it and took the way through the bars and the orchard beyond.

"I went to see Daigle," he continued, as the forests received them. And he chuckled again. "He's not the sort I usually like," he confessed. "He's a loose-jointed individual; a bit unkempt, isn't he?"

"Like a boy," she agreed.

"But they told me he was good," Kurr continued. "They tell me he'll go far. And landscapes are his line."

"He was so pleased," she commented. "He came home that night radiant. Bob and I like fishing; we try to get away to the woods in the summer, when we can. But it isn't often possible to combine work and play this way. And Bob has to keep working, you know."

"Not happy without it?" he asked.

She smiled. "No bread and butter without it," she corrected.

"You're not the sort one associates with—poverty," he suggested and she laughed a little.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "Bob and I don't think of ourselves as poor."

"He has an amusing way of ingratiating himself with the servants," he remarked in a colorless tone; and she found herself, to her own irritation, apologizing for her husband.

"You mean his taking the car back? He just meant to help."

"I like to spare my guests that necessity," he explained. And then laughed a little. "But, of course, if his taste runs that way." The ascent had become stiffer; a heavy growth of hardwood lay about them, and somewhere in the ravine below a bird note rang. "Listen!" he murmured.

She came to a halt, panting and flushed by the effort of the climb. "Let's rest a minute," she suggested. "I'm not in condition."

"Sorry," he said quietly, and they sat down on a bowlder by the trail. "You must be a great help to him," he remarked a moment later.

She shook her head. "When he's working, he doesn't want me around at all," she corrected.

"I meant, you must bring him a great deal of business," he explained. "I'd never have looked him up, if it hadn't been for you"

"You'd have been sure to hear of him," she said defensively. "If you started looking for a landscape man; if you wanted these things done up here. Everyone has heard of Bob."

He said gravely, watching her:

"I don't care about the landscapes. Except as they bring you here."

She hesitated for a moment, her head bowed as though considering this. Her heart was pounding faintly; she was uncertain what to say, what rejoinder to make. At last looked at him with steady eyes.

"Why did you want me to come up here?" she asked.

"I wanted to know you better, to have you to myself," he replied.

"Bob is here," she reminded him, and though her words had a suggestion of coquetry about them, her accent belied it and he answered carefully:

"I mean simply that I wished to see your reaction to the spot. I—love it, you know. I like watching new people enjoy it for the first time."

She nodded. "I see. That is true; the fun of seeing others enjoy the things you enjoy. Yes." She remained a moment silent.

"Particularly—people we like," he suggested; and she did not meet this word. But after a moment got to her feet.

"I'm ready to go on now," she said, and they resumed the climb.

The way they followed was more than a trail and less than a road. Over the four miles from river to pond, it led at first steeply up hill, where Fitts' two horses could only draw their six-hundred-pound load with frequent rests; then flattened out to a more gradual ascent. But always the way ran through thick woodland where the hardwood served as shelter to seedling spruce and pine and hemlock, where the coverts were thick on either hand. Within the wood deep silence lay; a silence accentuated by the occasional bird song, the occasional scurry of a red squirrel among the leaves or across a swaying branch. And through this silence came now and then to Kurr and Cynthia the sound of voices from below them.

"The cart's catching up with us," Kurr said at last. "Let's sit and wait for them to go by."

She was tired again, and accepted the suggestion; and so presently Fitts and his horses came upon them on a ledge above the road. Fitts did not stop his team to breathe them there; he averted his eyes from Kurr and Cynthia with a care which she found disturbing, and he went on his way. A little behind the cart, Hackey appeared, his great pack basket riding lightly on his shoulders; and Bunker and Daigle were on his heels. Daigle saw Cynthia and Kurr and called boisterously:

"There you are! Played out, Cynthia?"

"Just resting, waiting for you," she explained.

Hackey had gone on, but Bunker and Daigle had stopped below them and Daigle mopped his brow.

"This sweats it out of a man," he declared. "Good for you, I'd say."

Kurr ignored him, spoke to Bunker.

"You'd best go along, Bunker," he said quietly. "Hackey will need you to handle the stuff."

"He's been telling me about the fishing," Daigle explained. "I'll go along with him. Don't make us wait too long, you two."

"Stay and walk with us, Bob," Cynthia suggested in a tone she tried to make casual. But her husband laughed good-humoredly.

"You're too slow for me," he retorted. "I like to do a little work; get steam up. See you by and by." Bunker had already moved off, and Daigle followed him, waving his hand to them where the path wound out of sight in the wood. Kurr looked at Cynthia, his eyes faintly smiling; and after a moment, without meeting his glance, she slipped down to the trail again.

"Let's go on," she said.

"Do we have to—get into a sweat, because your husband does?" he asked softly.

She hesitated, then smiled a little. "Why, there's really no hurry, is there?" she agreed. "But we'd better—start at least."

They moved now at an easier pace along the more level way, and once they stopped at a trickling spring beside the path and he bent a birch-bark cup from which she drank. In the act of dipping water his hand slipped off a stone and his sleeve was wet, and Cynthia was startled at the swift grimace of distaste which twisted his countenance.

"You don't like getting wet, do you," she commented, when they went on again.

"I've something of the cat in me," he agreed.

She smiled. "There's cruelty in a cat," she suggested; and he laughed in a quiet fashion.

"I can be kind," he said.

She found the simple words curiously disturbing; found her pulses quickening a little. Thought, for a moment, that it might have been better if she had not come up here with Bob at all. Something about Kurr confused her, made her senses blur and fog. But—Bob was here. On ahead. Unconsciously she quickened her steps; and Kurr, a little at her heels, smiled faintly under his small mustache. He was content just then, to say no more.

III

THIS lake, toward which they were bound, lies in a deep valley among the rugged hills, like small mountains, packed together in the great curve of Bear River. The heights, few of them attaining to the dignity of a name, are nevertheless full of a distinct and individual beauty. The loftiest peaks are perhaps twenty-five hundred feet above the river; and even some of the valleys, narrow and tortuous, which lie among them, are better than a thousand feet above that stream. A good many years ago lumbermen exploring the locality with an eye to business emerged from the first-growth spruce on the shore of the lake. At the point where they first came upon it near the outlet, it was shallow and full of water growths, and its farther reaches were concealed by jutting points on either hand. They called it, descriptively, Reedy Pond; and, though the dam which they subsequently built raised the water high enough to drown the reeds and rushes above the outlet, the name clings to it still.

Kurr's camp was on an island two miles up the lake, an island perhaps half a dozen acres in extent. The establishment included an ice house, a storeroom, a cabin for the accommodation of guides and cook, and the main building itself. These structures had been built of spruce logs, blending into their background; but within, and especially in the main camp, they wore an air of ordered and fastidious luxury which Daigle and Cynthia found astonishing. Kurr heard their first exclamations silently; warming to Cynthia's praise, concealing the annoyance which Bob's exuberant tributes awoke in him. He installed his guests in the westerly wing, in a suite which included two bedrooms and a small sitting room with a fireplace built of stone.

"I've had Hackey fit up one of the little camps for you, Daigle," he explained, "on the north point. So that you can work indoors if the weather's bad. You can live there if you'd prefer, but Mrs. Daigle will find it more comfortable here."

"We're not used to the luxury of separate rooms," Cynthia remarked, faintly uncomfortable. "I shall want Bob near me at night."

Kurr nodded. "If you wish any change made, pray tell me," he directed. "I want you to be—happy here."

Cynthia stayed to change her garments, but Daigle, happy as a boy in these new surroundings, went to inspect the cabin which had been prepared to serve as his studio. Kurr sent Bunker with him.

"Bunker'll look out for you," he explained. "He'll take you anywhere you want to go. I'll try to give Mrs. Daigle some fishing while you're at work."

"I'll be doing some fishing myself," Daigle exclaimed. "Bunker seems to know every fish in the lake by its first name."

"They don't always answer to their names," Kurr suggested. "But you can take fish anywhere on a good day."

When Daigle returned at the luncheon bell, he found Cynthia and Kurr in the big living room, where Kurr was preparing tackle; and that afternoon while Daigle in Bunker's canoe sought fitting vantages from which to survey the beauty of the lake, Kurr and Cynthia went fishing. Hackey rowed them in a sponson canoe which Kurr preferred for its stability. During the succeeding days, this routine became habit; and while Kurr and Cynthia trolled for salmon and squaretails or took somewhat more extended excursions to whip the outlet of the pond or some one of the tributary streams Bunker and Daigle were continually together.

Between these two, a definite friendship was not long in developing. The good-natured guide day by day put Daigle's easel and paint box and his fishing tackle in the canoe and paddled the artist to some jutting point or broad promontory where Daigle could establish himself for a morning's work. In the afternoons they usually fished, sometimes trolling, sometimes seeking out the particular brook toward which Kurr and Cynthia had that day turned their way. And through the long days together, Daigle found it pleasant to lead Bunker to talk about himself, found in the other man's simplicity something surprisingly appealing. While Daigle sat before his easel his vision all absorbed in the task of catching upon the canvas the elusive beauty of the scene before him, Bunker would sprawl across a ledge at his side, or sit with his shoulders against the base of a great tree, or come to stand at Daigle's shoulder and offer approving comments

(Continued on Page 154)

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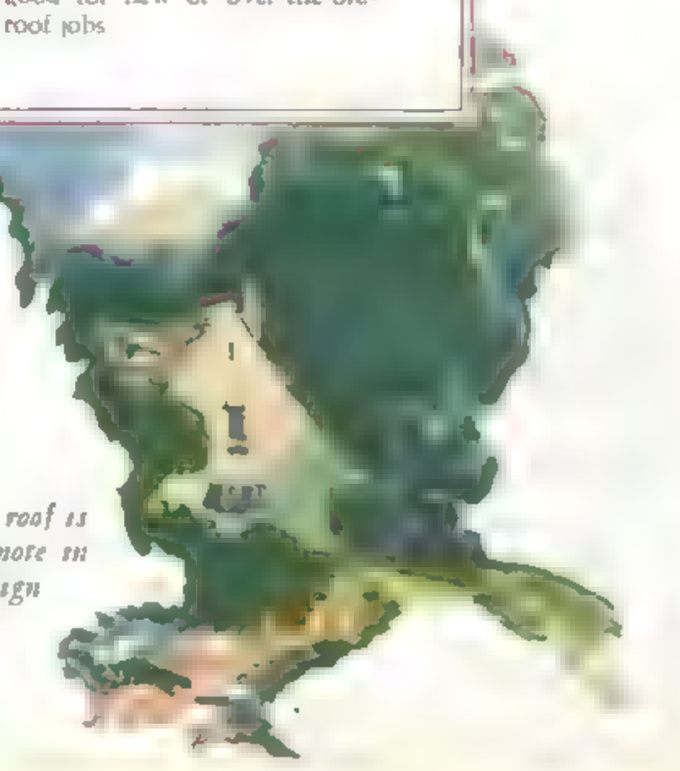

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The barber shop is a service station for men who care to keep well groomed.

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(Continued from Page 152)

upon the other's work. The quality in them which most appealed to him was veracity. The highest praise which he could offer was to say:

"That's pretty near good's a photograph." Daigle never quarreled with these tributes, but took them as they were intended; and after a time he began to find a definite pleasure in even Bunker's uncultivated appreciation.

They had, from the beginning, one strong common interest. Daigle, one of those fishermen who are so unfortunate that the opportunities for actual fishing do not often come their way, had gratified his love for the sport by supplying himself with the best possible gear and tackle. His trolling rod, stiff enough to support without undue strain the weight of heavy copper line, was at the same time sufficiently pliable so that when he hooked a fish the resulting play was worth watching. When they visited one of the brooks he used a longer rod, little more than a wand, yet in his hands an instrument of delicate precision and of skillful combat.

Bunker, from the beginning, assumed personal care of this beautiful gear. When they were finished with the day's fishing he made it his business to take down the rods, and wipe them dry, and rub the ferrules with a drop of oil and stow them in their cases. Back at camp he scrupulously dried the lines which Daigle had used and the flies which had been wetted in the day's fishing. He saw to it that the trolling gear was kept in order, the hooks sharpened, two or three extra ones always soaking so that their snells might be pliable and ready for the business of securing the minnow. And he took care that in Daigle's minnow bucket there were always the largest and choicest baits.

Daigle, watching one evening the tenderness with which Bunker handled the light fly rod, remarked to the other man:

"That's a good rod; don't you think so?"

Bunker held the delicate thing in reverent fingers. "Yes, sir," he said. "It's the best I ever seen."

"I had that built to order," Daigle explained.

"He's as good as there is," Bunker commented and he added simply enough:

"I've had a mind I'd like to get me a rod like that myself. Three years ago I did write to Boston, and had them send me a pretty good one. Heavier than this though. But second time I used it I struck a fish too hard and busted it right at the butt, and I've never got around to get it fixed since then. Stick to a steel rod now."

"May've been a flaw in it," Daigle commented.

"I don't know," Bunker said. "It didn't look as pretty as this rod of yours. The bamboo in this one hasn't got any of these black spots on it."

"Those spots are left where the joints of the bamboo were," Daigle explained. "They burn them off, you know. Of course the best bamboo hasn't got so many of them."

Daigle liked Bunker more and more, in spite of that awkwardness and general unfitness for the work required of him, of which there could be no doubt. When at noon, day after day, the guide prepared to make coffee and cook their lunch, the fires which he made were large and unskillful. They never seemed to burn properly. They were either so hot that Bunker had difficulty in approaching them, or they smoldered in a dull and lifeless way. His coffee refused to clear. If he fried fish they were either underdone or burned to a crisp. And when on one occasion he undertook to make fresh biscuits the result was distressing.

Returning to the camp one evening, Bunker gave even more tangible proof of his capacity for blundering. In the process of unloading the canoe, he managed to put his foot through a canvas which Daigle had that day brought almost to completion, and the resulting wreck was good for nothing save to be thrown away. Daigle himself would not have reported this mishap, but Kurr and Cynthia were on the float at the time and saw what had happened, and Kurr said in a dry tone to the guide:

"That's inexcusable, my man."

Bunker had picked up the ruined canvas and was trying hopelessly enough to fit the torn edges together again. He spoke apologetically.

"Why, I'm right sorry," he said. "I wouldn't have had that happen for a good deal."

The artist had been in the first moment as angry as Kurr, but Bunker's abject submissiveness mollified him.

"That's all right, old man," he said heartily. "I wasn't satisfied with it anyway. I ought to have destroyed it myself, but I didn't have the nerve. I can do a better job if I tackle the same thing again."

Kurr looked at him with a cold resentment and with a little smile, though in a tone quite without a smile he said to Cynthia:

"Your husband is better natured than we have any right to expect of him."

If there was an edge to his tone, Daigle seemed not to perceive it. If he recognized a double meaning in the other's words, he ignored the implication. But Cynthia, for no apparent reason, colored a little; and she came quickly to Daigle's side and kissed him almost ostentatiously, so that Kurr smiled again, a certain wise satisfaction in his eyes.

It was after dinner that evening that Kurr spoke for the first time of the projected trip to Fish Pond. The fishing in the lake and in the near-by brooks, he reminded them, had proved disappointing; and he only smiled at their disclaimers.

"I want to give you an idea of what excellent sport this region does afford," he explained.

"I'm already satisfied of that," Cynthia protested. Nevertheless he persisted in his proposal.

"This little pond I speak of is up behind the southern shoulder of Red Top," he explained, pointing across the lake to the west, where through the thin screen of trees they could see the dark bulk of the mountain against the moonlit sky. They were on the broad veranda of the camp; Kurr with a fragrant cigar, Daigle with the offensive pipe to which he clung.

"It's only a little pond," he continued. "But I went in there three years ago and in about two hours we took a dozen trout of two pounds or better. It's a hard climb, in wild country. There's not even a trail. I don't know that I could find it myself; but the guides know where it is."

"Far?" Daigle asked.

"About four miles," Kurr told him. "We'd get an early start, but we could have three or four hours' fishing and still get back to the lake by dark."

In the end the project appealed to them so strongly that Daigle decided to put aside his work for a day in order to make the trip. It was arranged that if the weather served they would go on the second day following.

But in the time intervening one of Bunker's awkwardnesses made it impossible for Daigle to go. He and the artist had spent the day upon the summit of a rocky headland from which Daigle got a panorama which pleased him. Daigle worked till mid-afternoon before deciding that he had done enough. The descent to the canoe was a scramble over large bowlders, a succession of leaps from a higher to a lower one. The artist went first and both men had their hands full of gear. What happened was that Bunker followed too closely on the other's heels, and in jumping down from one bowlder to another below, on which Daigle had momentarily paused, his left foot descended upon the back of Daigle's leg just above the heel. Daigle was thrown off balance and fell, catching himself with his right hand. The result was that both this wrist and the ankle which had received Bunker's weight were badly sprained, and by the time they got back to the camp, the members were definitely swollen.

When they reached the float Cynthia and Kurr were there; and Cynthia saw her husband's helplessness and made a move to assist him. Kurr—since Hackey was not about to take a hand—perforce stepped forward, and he and Bunker half lifted Daigle from the canoe. In the act of doing so, Bunker lost control of his craft, and the result was that he went into water to his waist, catching with his arms on the edge of the float.

Kurr controlled his anger until Daigle, apologetically enough, explained his mishap.

"This cuts me out of the trip tomorrow," he confessed. "I could never walk four miles on that." And Cynthia said swiftly:

"We'll wait till you can go."

Then Kurr swung to Bunker with a word that cut like a knife, and Daigle interposed jocosely:

"Lay off of him, Kurr. It was an accident."

Kurr looked at the artist with narrowing eyes. "Be so kind as not to interfere," he said curtly.

"I won't have you riding Bunker," Daigle insisted, coloring faintly at the other's tone.

"I insist that you do not interfere with my handling of my servants," Kurr repeated.

"I'm the one to kick if anyone does," Daigle protested stubbornly.

"May I remind you that I am paying you for your time," Kurr said harshly. "I brought you here to paint, not to nurse a sprain."

He heard Cynthia's low exclamation, and he saw Hackey coming swiftly down the path. It was too late to check his word, but instantly, before Daigle could speak, controlling himself, he made what amends he could.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was irritated."

Daigle hesitated and Cynthia watched him, and abruptly Daigle laughed.

"Why, that's all right," he exclaimed. "But I'll give you your money's worth, old man."

Cynthia found herself in the grip of a cold rage, not so much at Kurr for his insolence as at Bob for refusing to resent it. She turned abruptly aside, leaving Hackey and Bunker to help Daigle to the main camp. And Kurr, quick to catch her mood, was equally quick to make the most of it.

"I'll have Hackey take care of your husband after this," he told her. "He's a good man. We'll take Bunker tomorrow. Then I can keep him under my eye." Her lips were white, but she said steadily:

"I'm sure you need not be distressed."

He said in a low tone:

"I can't help being a little grateful to Bunker."

She must have understood, nevertheless asked softly, "Why?"

Kurr's hand moved in a deprecatory gesture.

"I'm sorry Daigle was hurt, of course. But it will be—ever so sweet to have such a day with you."

He had, since they came to camp, said such things as this to Cynthia before; but at first there had been something whimsical in his tone, so that, though she found her blood quickening at his words, she had still been able to take them as a jest. But she was angry with Bob tonight, and Kurr's tone was not in the least whimsical, and she found herself very far from laughter.

So she was silent, trembling a little, uncertain what to say.

IV

KURR warned Cynthia that night that they must make an early start in the morning.

"We may have to come home in mid-afternoon," he explained. "Hackey says there'll be a change in the weather. If there is, it means two or three days of rain and we want to get back before it sets in. I don't want you to get a wetting."

She smiled a little. "That's one of your weaknesses, isn't it? You don't like to get

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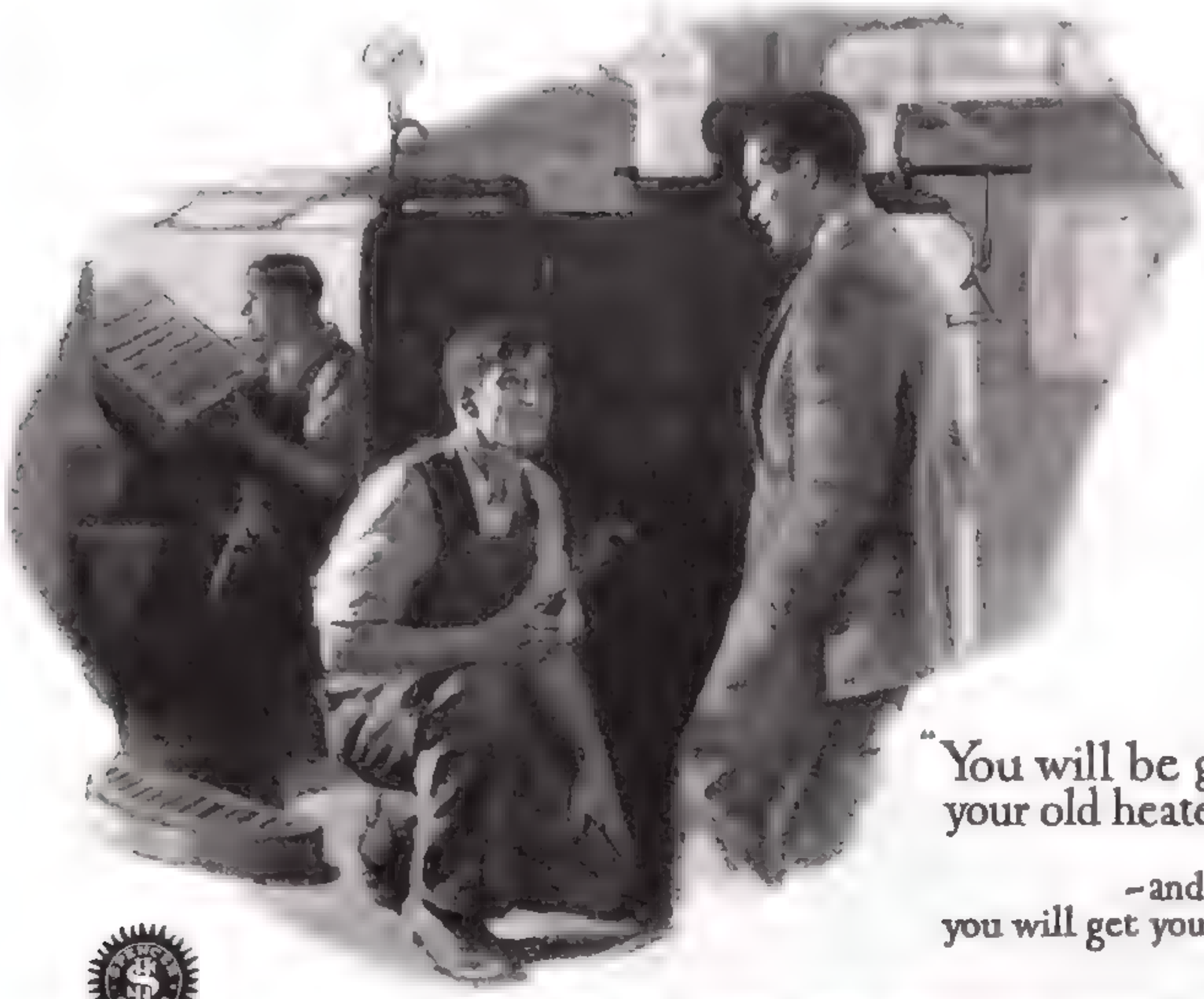

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The property owner who is facing the necessity of replacing his present heater has the same opportunity as the prospective builder to obtain better, much cheaper, and more convenient heat than he has ever before experienced. This broad statement is one he can easily prove for himself.

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Subtract the price in your locality of No. 1 Buckwheat from the price you are now paying for the egg, stove or nut anthracite you are using. The difference (which over the country normally averages about $6 per ton and even more in times of shortage of larger sizes), multiplied by the number of tons you use gives you one sum you are sure to save every year with a Spencer.

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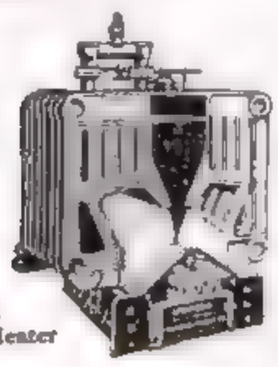

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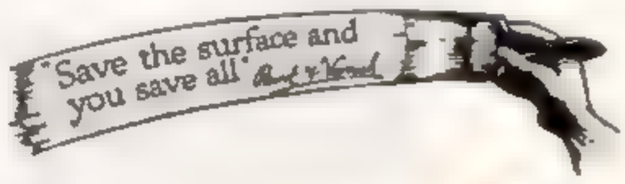

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This Mother's Day box of Artstyle Chocolates holds only the choicest of pure confections. Luscious fruit-creams, nougatines, caramels, covered with velvety-rich crisp chocolate, with plenty of tempting centers of nuts and fruits and creams. Candy as good as candy can be—expressly made for the 10,000 Rexall Stores.

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Liggett's are also Rexall stores

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(Continued from Page 154)

wet." He nodded; and Cynthia, her arm through her husband's, promised to rise early.

"Breakfast at seven," he suggested; and she agreed, and she and Bob went to their rooms.

She was provoked with Daigle this night; irritated with him because he had opposed Kurr and equally irritated because having done so he had permitted himself to be silenced.

"As though you were his hired man," she said scornfully.

"Well," Daigle told her cheerfully, "he's paying me. And this job will mean a good deal to me. Kurr is the sort to boost if he's pleased. No need of quarreling with him."

She made a scornful little sound, smothering her impatience and distaste. They came no nearer together before they slept, and in the morning she preserved her cool aloofness. Daigle made no protest at her going with Kurr alone; she wished he would, and at the same time prepared herself to resent any such suggestion from him. If he had objected, she would have been angry, but the fact that he did not object angered her even more. There was something like a defiant recklessness stewing in her when they came downstairs, and this mood is a dangerous one.

Kurr carried out his plan to leave Hackey behind.

"I can trust him to take care of you," he told the artist, "and I can look out for Bunker when he's under my eye." Daigle made no protest. His ankle was painful; he walked with difficulty, and Cynthia's manner made him distressed and unhappy. Leaning on Hackey's arm, he went down to the float to see them off. They went in the sponson canoe which Kurr favored, and Kurr insisted that Bunker row instead of paddling as the guide preferred. As a last word before they started Kurr asked Hackey's opinion of the weather.

"Rain about dark," Hackey predicted. "Way it looks now."

"Look for us in time for dinner then," Kurr told him. The man was gay this day; he called a jest to Daigle, "Don't climb any mountains while we're gone, old man."

"I'm hard and fast here," Daigle retorted; and the canoe drew away across the lake, leaving him behind.

This lake, this Reedy Pond, is roughly semicircular in shape and the mountain locally called Red Top is embraced within its curve. Their start today was to be made from the upper end of the western cove two or three miles from camp, and almost an hour's rowing was necessary before they reached the strand there. During this journey Kurr sat in the stern, Cynthia in the bow, Bunker at the oars between them with his pack basket slackly loaded with lunch, rain shirts and tackle at his feet. Now and then the sun broke down upon them, and the dull clouds in the sky had an uncertainty of outline testifying to the fact that winds were playing there. But the lake surface was almost unruffled, calm and still, and the ripples from the canoe spread wide behind them, extending themselves interminably.

When they were safely landed on the little beach by the mouth of one of the tributary brooks, Kurr and Cynthia waited while Bunker lifted his pack basket to the sand and then drew the canoe out of the water and stowed the oars.

Kurr asked quietly: "You're quite sure of the way, Bunker?"

"Yes. Yes, I know the way all right," Bunker assured him. He pointed to the northeast up the steeply rising mountainside. "We hike over this ridge and along the top of it, and come back to the upper end of this brook here and then down beyond. It's all clear going."

"You need not give us a lecture," Kurr interrupted.

"I know the way," Bunker repeated.

"Go ahead then," Kurr said. "We'll follow you. If you go too fast, I'll call out."

So Bunker slipped his arms through the straps of the basket and turned sturdily into the wood, climbing as though unhampered by the burden up the steep flank of the hardwood ridge. They followed more at ease, but there was little undergrowth, so that they could see the guide for rods ahead. And Bunker, adjusting his gait to theirs, kept for a while his distance. Cynthia, already hardened by the activities of the days just past, walked easily; and at first she walked in silence and Kurr was content to hold his peace. But at last this silence oppressed her, so that she said:

"Bunker will be out of sight, won't he?"

Kurr shook his head, smiling a little. "He's very well where he is," he said. "I prefer him there."

She asked: "Why?" And immediately hated herself for having done so. Kurr had a trick of leaving a thing half said, forcing her into this question.

He made now a little gesture with his hand. "I like to imagine I'm alone with you," he suggested.

She made no reply to this, pushing on somewhat more briskly; and a little later Bunker came to the crest of the ridge and waited for them. He saw her high color when they drew near, and he asked cheerfully, "Tucker you, does it, ma'am?"

"No, I'm all right," she told him; and Kurr added:

"Don't concern yourself with us, Bunker, if you please. Go on ahead."

Bunker, with a glance at Cynthia, obeyed; and when the guide was once more out of earshot, Cynthia said in mild protest, "Aren't you rather curt with him? He's a friendly soul."

Kurr smiled. "I can always command his friendliness for five dollars a day," he reminded her.

She found herself, as so often happened, unable to reply to him. She turned along the way Bunker had gone, and Kurr kept quietly at her heels. They were climbing steadily, though their way now led up an easier pitch. There was in the forest depths no air astir at all, but over their heads the tree tops began to sway a little in the vagrant airs that strayed down from the heights above. Save for this whisper of sound, and the rustling of their footsteps, silence lay about them. No birds were moving and even the chirring of the red squirrels was stilled. When now and then Kurr spoke a word or two it was in a low tone; as though he were unwilling to disturb the peace which lay about them; and he was so skillful that his words seemed to accentuate rather than to violate the hush and beauty of the forest.

Cynthia, at first only disquieted by the discovery of Kurr's attitude toward herself, had found herself more and more moved by the grave devotion in his eyes. He had all those qualities which most appealed to her. His life was set against a rich and varied background. He had great personal charm, and the scrupulous care which he bestowed upon such small matters as the service of a dinner appealed to her the more because of the sharp contrast in this respect between Kurr and her husband. The artist was chronically turbulent and disorderly. He was capable of yielding to the most absurd impulses, and he had no patience with her endeavors to arrange their life together along neat and conventional lines. He had virtues which none knew better than Cynthia; but he had vices, too, and she knew them as well as she knew his virtues. Kurr had all the virtues Daigle lacked; and had, so far as Cynthia knew him, no weaknesses at all.

So today little by little she permitted herself to forget all other considerations in the very definite pleasure which she found in Kurr's companionship; and as their way grew easier and conversation became less difficult, they talked more and more together and became each more and more absorbed in the interchange, spoken and unspoken, which went forward between them. They became so engrossed that they forgot Bunker, failed to observe the fact that more and more frequently he looked back toward them, watched them with an increasingly thoughtful eye.

About ten o'clock in the morning their way which had led steadily upward abruptly turned downhill, and they plunged into a growth of young spruce so thick it was with difficulty they were able to force a passage. Bunker, in this harder going, waited for them and now and then with his ax lopped off a branch which would otherwise have impeded their passage. For perhaps a quarter of a mile they continued in this way and then abruptly, and with the effect of a revelation, they emerged from the thick wood upon a poplar knoll overlooking the pond which was their destination.

There was on this pond no canoe and it was impossible to fish from the shore, so that Bunker was under the necessity of putting together a rude raft. While they assembled their rods and threaded the line through the guides, and chose appropriate flies, Bunker found four or five available logs and with a few blows of his ax cut poplar poles with which he secured the logs side by side. When he was ready, he invited them to get on board, intending himself to pole them a little way along the shore of the pond to a spot where a spring kept the waters cool and where the trout were more apt to lie.

But Kurr had no mind to endure Bunker's companionship in the close quarters of the raft, so in spite of his own distaste for exertion he bade the guide stay ashore.

"We won't be able to keep our feet dry with three of us aboard," he explained, "and I can manage very well alone."

So Bunker was left to make his preparations for a noontime fire, and then to sit with idle shoulders against a tree, watching the sport that went forward on the distant raft. The trout in this pond, as Kurr had promised, were of a goodly size and in the hour or so before lunch they took four which Bunker cleaned when they came ashore, cooking two for their midday meal. Bunker was an indifferent cook and the fat trout were a little underdone, the pink flesh adhering to the backbone. Also the coffee was murky and the fire smoked uncomfortably. But Kurr for once forbore to reprimand him, devoting himself with a quiet assiduity to Cynthia.

He was showing her this day a new aspect of his character. She was accustomed to find him attentive and kindly and he was this today. But also she was used to discovering in him a well of conversation, yet today he seemed inclined to silence, saying little, watching her with a steady attention so that whenever she glanced toward him she met his eyes. After lunch, when they went out to fish again, Kurr spoke only a word now and then, suggesting that she lay a fly here or there in spots likely to produce a fish. She protested once:

"You're not fishing at all."

"This is your day," he reminded her. "I'm happy as I am."

She found his silence more and more disquieting and provocative. He had always this trick of forcing her into interrogation and she resisted him as long as she could. But at last she was driven to ask:

"Are you—all right?"

He smiled. "Quite," he told her.

"You seem—quiet," she suggested.

He gave the raft a forward thrust and another as he spoke, turning it into a cove behind a wooded point which cut them off from the view of Bunker, back at the camping place.

"Here we might be completely alone," he said obliquely, not meeting her eyes. "No one but Bunker within four miles and he might be as far away." She made no comment and presently he added:

"I'm absorbing this hour. It's perfect. Or almost so." And he added frankly, "Oh, I've many things I'd like to say—would say—but for my fear of spoiling this."

She hesitated, absorbed with her cast. A trout swirled and missed the fly and she cast again and again at the spot, but could awake no further response from the fish.

"You pricked him," Kurr said softly, behind her. "Once pricked, twice shy."

(Continued on Page 161)

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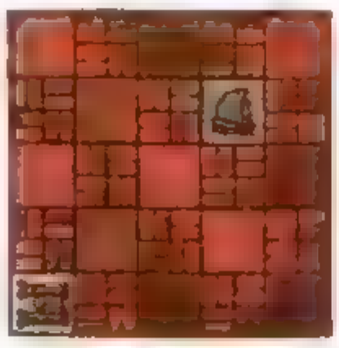
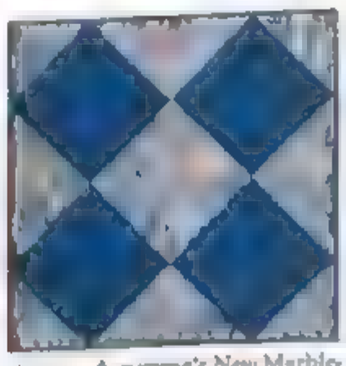
Below—New Embossed Hand craft Tile Inlaid design No. 6006.





Above—Armstrong's New Marbleized Inlaid design No. 352

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Look for the CIRCLE A in the classified section of the telephone book

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PLAIN ❧ INLAID ❀ *for every floor in the house* ❀ JASPÉ ❧ PRINTED

(Continued from Page 159)

"Why don't you fish?" she asked "I don't want to have all the sport."

"I'm afraid of being clumsy," he confessed. "Of scaring the game."

She was a little tired from casting, rested her rod butt on the raft at her feet. The afternoon was warm, with an angry, sultry warmth and this dead heat irritated her, rasping her nerves. Kurr asked softly:

"Tired?"

"A little," she confessed.

There was a small packing box in the middle of the raft which Bunker had put there to serve as a seat, and Kurr nodded toward it. "Sit down," he suggested.

"You try them," she urged. "The rise is beginning again."

He nodded, picking up his rod and after a cast or two he came forward to try the waters at the shoreward end. The raft was motionless, only its balance shifted a little as he moved, but the logs of which Bunker had built it were heavy enough to support Kurr dry shod so long as he moved with care. He took a fish and she said approvingly:

"Beautiful!"

Kurr handled a rod gracefully and she watched him with pleasure. By and by he rose another fish and brought it to net, and she found herself contrasting the ease and accuracy and delicate certainty of his movements with Bob's haphazard flogging of the waters. She put the thought aside, but when Kurr looked at her again a moment later, for no particular reason she smiled, and their eyes held.

He nodded, as though in answer to something she had said.

"It's a still day," he remarked. "Hot and still. We've fished enough." And he laid down his rod and came and stood a little at her back, looking at the trout they had taken, secured on an alder withe, lying on the raft there.

"It is hot," she agreed.

"Have you—had a pleasant day?" he asked. "Glad you came?" She nodded. "It's been wonderful for me," he said. "Worth any discomfort."

"Worth a wetting?" she asked, looking up at him with mischief in her eyes.

"Worth anything," he repeated, but he was not smiling and her own eyes became grave. She saw him bending over her, and wished to turn aside but could not, and his lips touched hers. While she trembled then his arm encircled and held her there. The raft swung gently, as though upon a hidden pivot, but neither of them knew.

When he released her, her head drooped; and she saw then that he was kneeling, that his knee was in the water, in a crack between the logs. And she laughed a little.

"You've had your wetting," she said, her voice broken.

He came swiftly to his feet and she looked up and saw the direction of his eyes and followed them. Bunker stood on a point of land across the pond, beyond the camping place. He was looking toward them and now he cupped his hands and bellowed:

"Going to rain!"

Kurr, she saw, was crimson; Cynthia sat very still. And Kurr without a word swung the raft and began to pole along the shore toward the landing. He was behind Cynthia now; she sat facing forward, and her eyes were thoughtful.

By and by she heard him say, "Are you angry?"

She did not turn her head. "It was as much my fault as—yours," she confessed.

"I will silence him," he promised. She made no reply. "He's a miserable blunderer!" His tone was hot and angry.

"But it is going to rain," she reminded him. "I felt a drop just now."

When they approached the landing, Bunker was waiting for them, his manner undisturbed and wearing no suggestion of interest or curiosity.

"We'll have to move," he said mildly. "If we're going to beat the rain."

Kurr helped Cynthia ashore. He seemed to choose his words with care. "I rely upon your good judgment," he told the guide sardonically.

Bunker took the fish from the raft and while they broke down their rods he cleaned the trout and stowed them in his basket. It was only a matter of minutes before they set out upon the homeward way. As Bunker led them a little along the shore, Kurr said doubtfully:

"This is not the way we came in."

"I figure to hit higher up on the ridge," Bunker explained. "We'll have easier going there."

Kurr made no further protest. He stayed by Cynthia's side, holding out of her way an occasional low bough, offering her his hand when it became necessary to surmount a fallen tree, serving her in little ways. While they struggled through the thick growth of young spruces toward the higher ground, the heat was oppressive and stifling, and when presently they came out upon the higher ground, they saw that the day had grown darker and the scurrying clouds were lower and more ominous now.

Cynthia was exhausted by this first climb and by the heat; she had to stop for a moment's rest.

But the lowering sky made Kurr uneasy and as soon as he saw that Cynthia was recovered, he rose, and helped her to her feet, and they went on again.

Bunker now set a swifter pace. They followed him blindly, Kurr so absorbed in his companion that he took no notice of their way, Cynthia deep in her own reflections.

An hour and a half should have seen them back at the canoe again, but when Kurr eventually became conscious of the time and looked at his watch, he was disturbed to discover that almost two hours had passed and he said to Bunker sharply:

"We should be at the lake now, Bunker."

Bunker shook his head, answered reassuringly:

"No. We come back a little longer way. I figured on easier going, but it ain't been as good as I thought it would be. Another half hour will see us there."

"It will be dark in an hour," Kurr said angrily. "If we're not at camp by then I shall hold you responsible."

"Don't you fret yourself," Bunker replied. "You're going to be all right."

A few minutes later, however, Kurr, acutely sensitive in such matters, felt a drop of water on his cheek; and he cried:

"It's raining, Bunker."

"It ain't going to rain much for a spell," Bunker reassured him.

And Cynthia added quickly, "I don't mind a little rain."

But in the course of the next few minutes that first drop was followed by others, and there began a very definite and discomforting drizzle. Kurr called a halt while he got from the pack basket the rain shirts he had brought for this emergency and he and Cynthia put them on, and he said angrily to the guide:

"Now get us out of here, Bunker."

"You stick to me," Bunker told him. "We'll see the lake inside of fifteen minutes."

But in this prediction he was wrong. They did not see the lake inside of fifteen minutes, nor, in fact, at all that night. And about the time darkness fell upon them, when the drizzle of rain had intensified and had become a steady and consistent downpour, in response to Kurr's angry and angrier questioning, Bunker was forced to confess that he had lost his way.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE TEA LEAVES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Oh, Eddie!" cried Gertie. "You ain't tired of me!"

Eddie's lips curled upward and he smoothed his flowing coat with his long slim fingers.

"Oh, I've been watching you!" he said. "You've been hoping I'd get a jinx pinned onto me. You've always been hoping it, you painted cat!"

Something had jolted within him, though he could not tell just what. There was venom beneath the seductive lure of Gertie's highly tinted cheeks. The sparkle in her dark eyes was like the glitter of her rings, pasty and devoid of merit, and her voice rose to a crescendo that pierced his ears.

"And that for you, you smart four-flusher!" Gertie shrieked. "Why should you own the earth? Happy! Hit him, Happy! Put a spell on him, Hong Lee!"

If Eddie had closed his ears, he still would have heard her. "Make him never come back! Make him somebody else, and change his name, and turn him to a rube!"

That was what Gertie said, or at least what Eddie always quoted her as saying, though it may have been that his imagination added later to the strangeness of the scene. At any rate, he always said that just as Gertie was asking he glanced at old Hong Lee, and the Chinaman's lips were moving in a way that made him cold about his feet and hands. That was the important point of all the night from which Eddie never varied in the repetition of his memoirs.

"Try it, you old nut!" said Eddie to Hong Lee. Even then he kept his nerve and refused to be afraid. "Do what she tells you and I'll land clean. No jinx that's made can break a guy like me, and no cup of tea is strong enough. Go on and try to do it! Whisper if you want to! Wave your skinny hands!"

Then Eddie's voice choked. He was doing it—that dried old restaurateur, wizened beneath a heathen sun, was doing something with his hands and making hissing noises between his yellowed teeth.

All he had heard in his active life of witchery and magic came back to Eddie in a sudden wave, and he quickly crossed his fingers.

"Hee-hee!" chuckled old Hong Lee. "You plenty frightened now, oh, yes? I see plenty in the cup. Hee-hee! You hear 'em—hear the bulls?"

It was just like that, as though they had come at the beckoning of Hong Lee's fingers. Upstairs there was another sound, familiar to any practiced ear, of heavy footsteps and harsh voices. Dumb as Happy was, even Happy understood, and gave a startled gasp and bounded backward, upsetting a chair, just as the cellar door flew open.

And still Eddie had his nerve. He waved his hand and laughed right in Hong Lee's placid face.

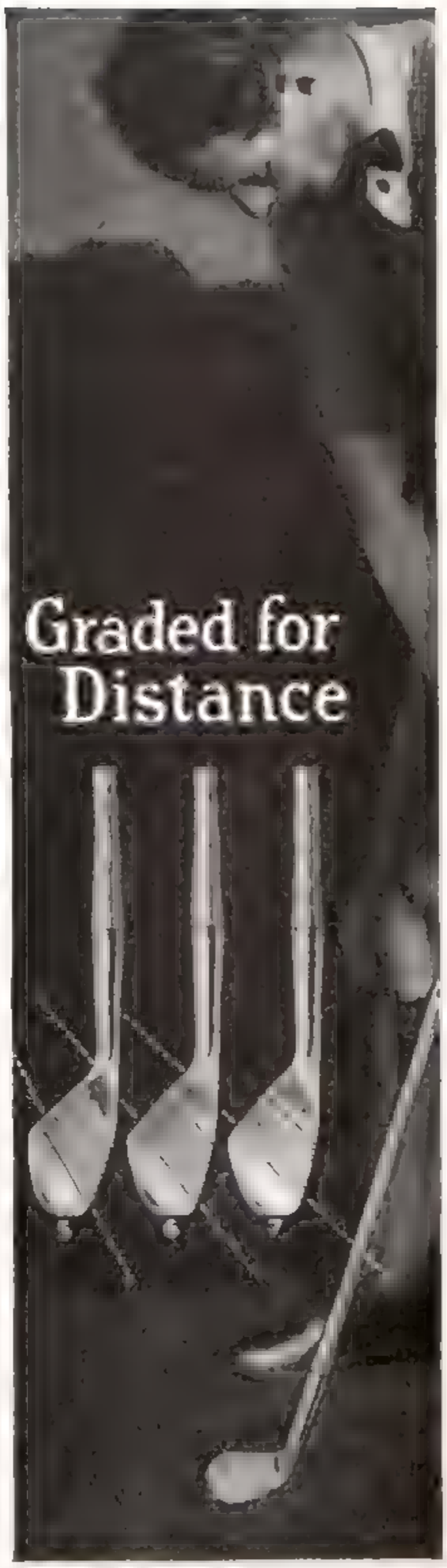
"Try something new," he said; "they haven't come for me."

Often as he had seen the police arrive, they had never come for him; yet he could not forget that Hong Lee had spoken of something he did not expect. Three burly muscle-bound men of a familiar stamp were stumbling down the cellar stairs.

"That's him!" shouted one of them, nodding toward Happy. "Take him up!" Eddie would have known the voice anywhere as Inspector Lahey's from police headquarters.

They were coming to take Happy, just as he knew they would; but not forgetting caution, and recalling that Mr. Lahey was frequently prone to be rough and Happy to be wild, Eddie backed away in order to avoid any unpleasant contact which might spoil his clothes.

He just noticed that Hong Lee still stared at him with his lips drawn slightly upward, when from the corner of his eye Eddie saw the second thing which he did



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CHATTANOOGA

DYNAMO OF DIXIE

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NOTES ON THE CLIMATE OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Chattanooga is located in latitude 35° 4′ N. and longitude 85° 14′ W. The city is situated in a valley, surrounded by ridges and mountains, extending from 3 to 15 miles from the heart of the city; the only open space around the city is to the south, between Lookout Mountain and Rossville Gap. **The city has never been visited by tornadoes.** Sudden and severe changes in temperature are of very rare occurrence. The Cumberland range acts as a barrier to cold waves reaching this city and decreases their intensity, as a rule, before reaching this valley. **The heat in the summer months is not excessive—rarely of long duration,—either by day or night.** As a rule when the temperature rises to 80° and over, it is accompanied by cooling breezes from the nearby mountains, which cause the sensible temperature to fall from 10° to 20° below the air temperature, and when the temperature ascends to 90° and over, the heat generates thunderstorms, which last from one to five hours, and cause the temperature to fall rapidly from 10° to 25°. **Sun-strokes are unknown in this valley.** The humidity is not very high and the rainfall is very evenly distributed over the 12 months. The average temperature for the year is 60°. **There is just enough cold during the winter months to invigorate the physical system, ameliorate the soil, and destroy the germs of disabling disease. Outdoor work is rarely impossible at any time during the winter or summer because of prolonged cold or excessive heat.** The climate is further modified by the Tennessee River, the numerous creeks, the various hills scattered over the valley, and the trend of the mountain ranges, all having the effect of giving cool breezes to the lowlands in summer and warm breezes to the highlands in winter.

—From U. S. Weather Bureau Annual Meteorological Summary.

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not expect. A bare arm brandishing a bottle was descending toward his head; and even in the second which remained to him of mastery and perfection, he knew that it was Gertie's arm bent to do him ill; and then, in the next second, the bottle crashed against his narrow skull and sent his nerves jangling into darkness. Hong Lee's face, the whole dark cellar resolved into something else, infinite, yet absolute, and all the world went into a dull roar which ended in a silence. Yet even in the silence, he was startled by a terror at something inevitable, beyond his power to stop.

But nothing, not even a bottle, could lay him out for long. It could not have been more than a minute or two before Eddie blinked his eyes and straightened his back and felt for his silk handkerchief. He was still in Hong Lee's cellar, for it all whirled back into his consciousness with Hong Lee's face and the single electric light. He was sitting in a chair, into which he must have dropped, and his mouth was dry, and Happy was gone, moved from the picture as turpentine moves paint. Though he was safe, he was none the less shaken and did not feel as he should.

"You catch 'em plenty." It was Hong Lee's voice, as placid as though nothing had occurred. Nor was this strange, because it was a small thing for a gentleman to be laid out with a bottle. "You catch 'em plenty, and you not expect."

He tried to get to his feet, but his weakness and his knowledge of the truth in Hong Lee's words held him in his place; and, in addition, a weight was around his neck. It was Gertie, who, with the eccentricity of woman, was hanging on him, weeping, mingling her voice with the noises in his ear.

"Eddie—I didn't mean it, Eddie. It's only because I loved you, dearie, and I didn't mean to have him jinx you. Don't you love me now?"

It did not strike him as strange till later, that extraordinary course of Gertie's love. His mind was too taken up with other matters to think of love at all—certain involvements in his own affairs which gave him cause to worry.

"Happy knows you squealed on him," cooed Gertie. "He said they'd never have got him if you hadn't—but I don't care."

Eddie grasped the edge of a table which stood before him. It was the jinx, he knew, striking at his very reputation.

"Cripes!" he groaned. "Didn't I tip him off to run? What's the idea—me pulling a play like that? Me! Ask anybody if I'm not on the level."

In his horror at the insinuation, he forgot the pain in his head and struggled to push her away, but the heavy perfume in Gertie's black bobbed hair still assailed his nostrils.

"Don't get nervous, dearie," cooed Gertie. "I'm the only one who's wise, and I won't tell. Even Happy didn't fall for that talk about a mirror. He knew it was all phony."

"It wasn't phony!" cried Eddie. "There was a mirror there!"

"Just say you love me, dearie," cooed Gertie, "and none of the boys need know."

For a moment he stared in front of him as though he could see the trick of fate which had shattered his good name. It would not take more than a hint to break him in the world in which he lived, and Gertie was the girl to do it. An hour ago he had been free as air, and now she was clinging about his neck, pulling at him with her grimy hands, and he would never be free from her again.

"Eddie," whispered Gertie, "don't you love me now?"

But right to the end his courage held.

"Leave go of me!" he cried. "Leave go, you bobbed-haired crook!"

And then to his surprise, but to his infinite relief, someone wrenched her arms away.

"Thought I was gone, did you?" said a familiar voice. "Well, I'm not finished yet. Easy now—sit down!"

Eddie's heart gave a terrific jump, for he was looking straight into the face of Inspector Lahey, from police headquarters. Happy was gone, but Inspector Lahey must have been there all the time, staring at him coldly.

"What is it, mister?" Eddie was astounded at the weakness of his voice, though it still was firm and sure. "I'm on the level. You haven't got a thing on me."

An ominous threat in Mr. Lahey's silence made Eddie's heart give another leap. Before answering, Inspector Lahey drew back a chair and sat down heavily and pushed back his derby hat from his perspiring forehead.

"Is that so?" he said.

Eddie, who knew all the bulls as he knew himself, the hasty ones and the clever ones, was warned to keep a watchful silence, the only thing a gentleman could do when everything went wrong.

"You're a smart kid, aren't you?" said Inspector Lahey slowly. He seemed pleased at Eddie's nervousness, and paused to drum his fingers on the table. "Well, sweetheart, you're so damned smart, we're tired of you—get me?—tired."

Eddie raised his handkerchief to the back of his head. He also was feeling tired.

"In fact, sweetness," said Inspector Lahey with ghastly, heavy humor, "nearly everybody on the force is sick of seeing you around, and the word has been passed—confidentially—to run you out of town. I told 'em you'd be wise enough to take a hint."

Eddie became aware of a new unpleasant sound. Hong Lee was chuckling and rubbing his hands softly on his sleeves.

"I see," he chuckled; "I see it in the cup."

With the police against him, and everyone against him, including fate, Eddie still was game. He got to his feet and swayed to keep his balance, his face as yellow as Hong Lee's face.

"What have you pinned on me?" he demanded. "Why, mister, I haven't even got a record—just a reputation. Ask anybody and they'll tell you that."

Then Gertie interrupted, as women always interrupt when they had much better be still.

"Don't let him kid you, Eddie!" she cried. "You're too smart for all of 'em, dearie!"

"Yeh?" said Inspector Lahey, still with heavy humor. "And that's the trouble, I'm telling you. The chief thinks there's too many smart boys around, and the chief knows something, dearie. The stick-up game ain't all it used to be—let's say five years ago."

It was that cup of tea and Hong Lee's waving fingers which had put him where he was. The knowledge came over him suddenly with a wave of pain in his head that everything was too unnatural to be real, that strange forces which he had never understood were trailing him—the forces of a jinx.

He was not himself, no longer master of his destiny. He was slipping in the dark.

"Mister," he said, and with difficulty kept his voice at an even key, "you otter know by now I won't stand for being bluffed. It strikes me—yes, it strikes me I've paddled my own canoe long enough to know when things are smooth. You've tried to frame me before—well, try it again. You gotta tell me something more to throw a scare in me."

Inspector Lahey nodded like a man who enjoyed seeing a good clever guy up against the wall, and Eddie had seen enough other clever men blow out to know that everyone enjoyed the sight and kicked them when they fell.

"In that cigar store," said Mr. Lahey, "there was a mirror on the wall."

For one fleeting moment Eddie was himself again, handsome, if deathly pale, and his lips curled scornfully and his green eyes flashed.

"You boob!" he cried. "You don't catch me missing a trick like that! Don't make me laugh! Didn't I see there was?"

Inspector Lahey smiled, but his smile made his heavy face still less prepossessing.

"Yes," he said. "Now don't call names. The clerk saw you see it, dearie. Well, will you clear out now?"

"Cripes!" Eddie in his horrified astonishment found it difficult to speak. "You're not insinuating I'd risk my roll in a two-cent play like that? Me? Ask anybody if I would! Say, I just merely stepped across the street to tip off a personal friend."

Inspector Lahey, however, did not seem to be impressed. Instead, his smile grew broader.

"That's right," he said; "work fast—work fast. Think up another one, dearie, but it won't stand in the wash. You went across that street with a gun in your coat, because you've got one now. We've got you on the books to pinch you on suspicion, but it's easier to clean you out for good."

"You can't do it!" cried Eddie. "I'll see my lawyer!"

"And he won't stop us taking your finger prints, dearie, and getting your picture took." Mr. Lahey rose from his chair and slapped Eddie's shoulder, causing Eddie to wince. "They'd just love to get your fingers up there in the bureau, but the chief's kind—that's him—broad-minded, dearie. Which will it be—fingers or a permanent fade-out? Ah, I guessed you'd want to go!"

Eddie could never remember just what happened then, for his head was whirling madly. As he stood swaying and struggling for his balance a glimpse of Hong Lee's placid face drove Mr. Lahey from his mind.

"You win!" he shouted. "It's you who put a spell on me, old doughface! It's you who threw this jinx, but you won't change my name! I'm here—hell, yes, I'm here! I'm Dancing Eddie Lefner, head of the Clean Sweepers, and I'm not a rube—not yet!"

He lashed out his fist at Hong Lee's face, but his sight was no longer sure. Hong Lee's face danced dizzily before him without encountering his hand. He was going—going just as sure as fate. Hands were pushing him, and he was going, up the stairs and out into the street, and the spell was on him, and he was not the same. Something somewhere had broken within him in the rapid propulsion caused by Inspector Lahey's boot, which sent him to the sidewalk, sprawling on his hands and knees. He was like one of the tea leaves, swirling in boiling tea, no longer master of himself, but weak and broken, shaken in his soul, with all his hopes and plans gone in a ghastly magic—driven from places he had always known, the prestige of his wisdom shattered, even his reputation as a straight guy, an honest guy, hanging in the balance.

"It's a jinx!" he muttered. "A jinx—and I gotta go!"

He was somewhere near the freight yards, for he heard the engines panting and cars shuttling on the tracks. He was near the very roads of destiny, and painfully alone. Try as he might to think and plan, a persistent buzzing in his head kept breaking off his thoughts like interference on a wire. He could remember trying to think, and that was the simile he always used—"buzzing on a wire."

All the complicated machinery of his thoughts, in which he took such pride, was out of joint, when only half an hour before it might have pulled him out of anything. All through luck and a Chinaman and a girl, he was stumbling dizzily down a street, caught in a web of spells as surely as old Merlin was caught in a magic net.

"It's a jinx!" he muttered. "But they haven't got me yet. I'm here—you tell 'em that I'm here!"

But he was only half there, because the street itself was growing blurred.

That was what he always said—he was caught up in a spell. He was struggling against something which was more than the pain in his head, which forced him to its will. When he opened his eyes the spell was on him, for the sight which met his eyes was enough to tell him so. He was in a freight car, lying on a piece of empty sacking. The side door was half open, permitting him a

(Continued on Page 167)

Those epidemics of forgetting

When an epidemic of forgetting hits your office, look to your Printed Forms

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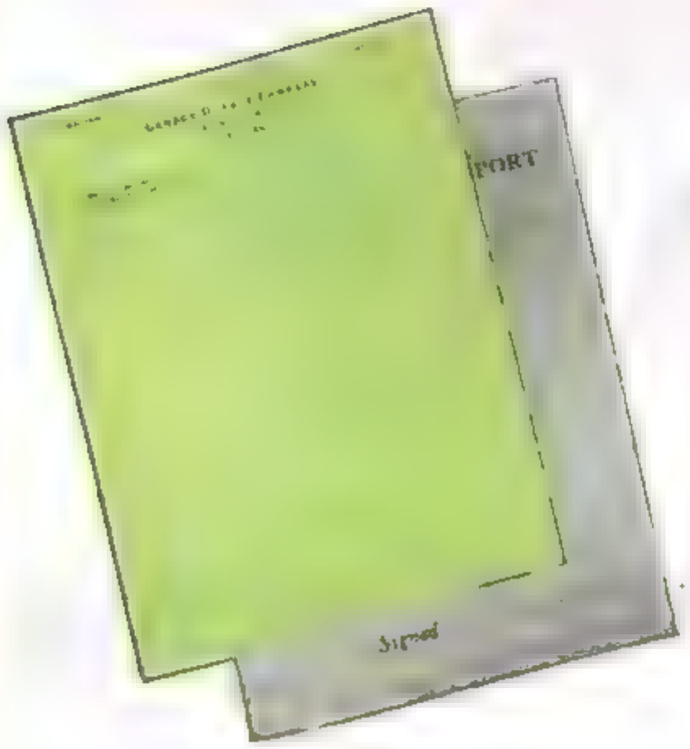

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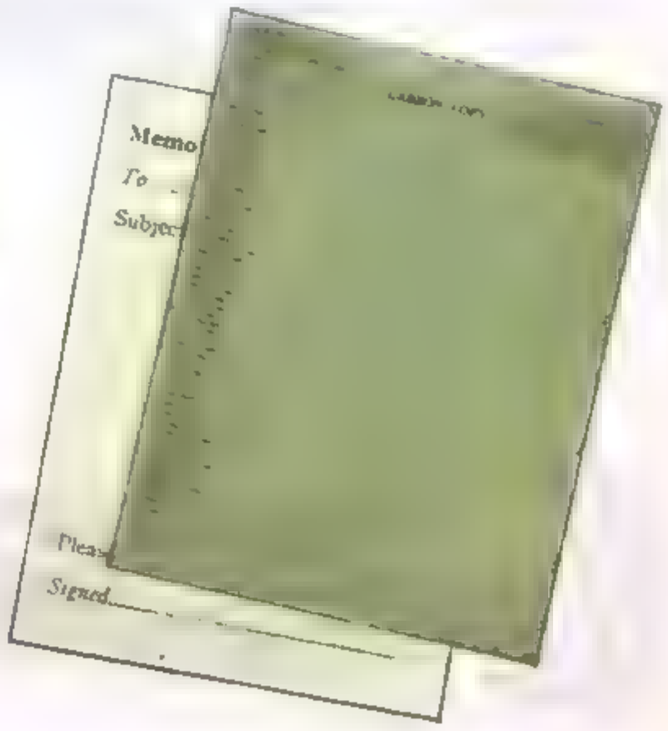

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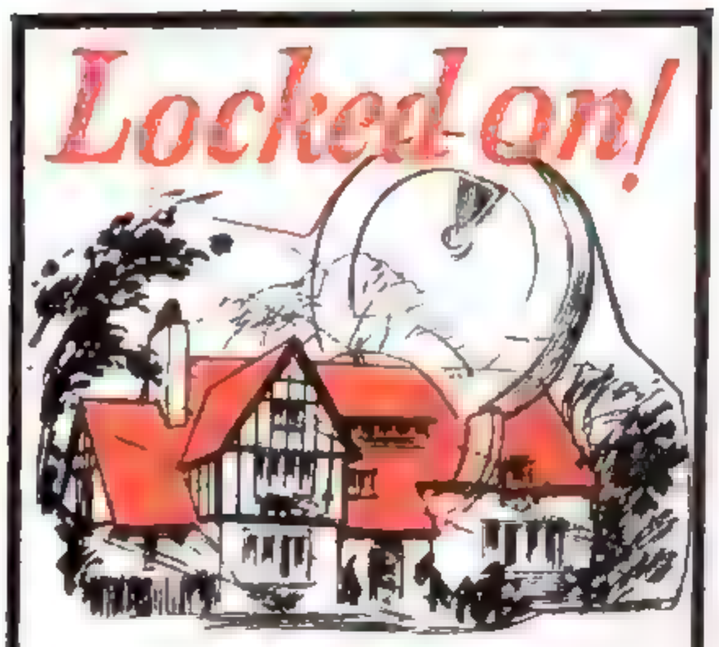

Genasco Latite Shingles are storm-tight because they are locked on. A patented key device—*invisible on the completed roof*—clamps each shingle tightly to those underneath. It is this exclusive feature that makes it so easy to lay Genasco Latite Shingles over old wood shingles.

Genasco

No matter how you lay Genasco Latite Shingles—over old wood shingles or brand-new boards—you get double protection for your property. *Against fire! And against weather!*

Genasco Latite Shingles are storm-tight and fire-resisting—attractive and long-lasting. They are low in first cost, and so economical that you can use them on any type of building—home, industrial or farm.

Durability and long-life are built into these remarkable shingles. Their foundation is tough, long-fibred rag felt heavily saturated and then waterproofed with Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement.

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Genasco Roll Roofing is the only ready roofing supplied with the Kant-Leak Kleet—a fastener that makes seams absolutely water and wind-tight—that adds years to the life of the roof. (See illustration above.)

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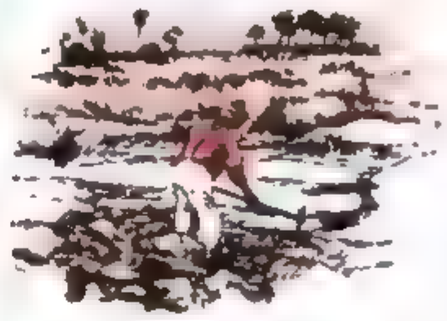

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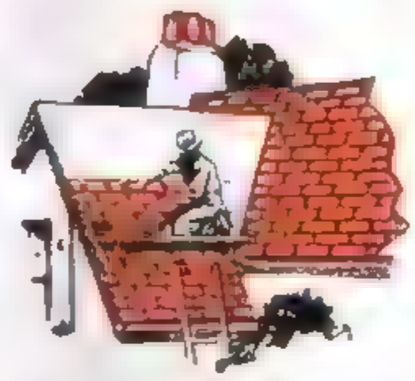
Trinidad Lake Asphalt—first used a half century ago in street paving—is today the foundation of the great line of Genasco Roofings and waterproofing products. Genasco products include waterproofing asphalts, roof coatings, industrial and acid proof paints, battery paint, insulating and sheathing papers, asphalt putty, mineral rubber and Gilsonite. Complete list furnished on request



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Building owners who prefer the straight, conventional type of shingle should select Genasco Sealbac Shingles—individual or strip. They are made of the same high quality material as Genasco Latite Shingles—including the famous Genasco "Sealbac" feature. Individual shingles are supplied in three colors—red, green and blue-black. Strip shingles are furnished in red, green, blue black and multicolor

Genasco Standard Trinidad Built-up Roofing

For factories, schools, office buildings, hospitals, hotels—for all buildings where maximum protection and long life are demanded—leading architects now specify Genasco Standard Trinidad Built-up Roofing. Made of the highest-quality all-rag felt and waterproofed with the famous Trinidad Lake Roofing Asphalt

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Smooth-surface roll roofings should be given an application of roof coating every two years to insure maximum life. Genasco Roof Coating is a heavy black liquid asphalt which dries to a tough elastic coating. Furnished in 1 and 5 gallon pails and 50 gallon drums. Genasco Asphalt Fibre Coating contains asbestos fibre. Furnished in 1 and 5 gallon pails and 30 and 50 gallon drums.

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In factories and shops—in hospitals and schools—in all kinds of buildings, industrial and public—Genasco Asphalt Mastic Flooring has proved its great durability, its resiliency under foot, its resistance to water, alkali and acid. It can be laid over old floors, and in a few hours is ready for use

Genasco Roll Roofing

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REO

Typical of thoughtful planning for greater driving safety and convenience is Reo Split-Second Braking, which combines with a standard gear shift to make simplified control a matter of fact.

There's the spirit of youth in the cleanly modeled lines of this Reo Sedan—springtime freshness in its cheerful colorings—prevision of feminine desires in a charmingly appointed interior.

But deeper, truer satisfaction results from its youthful performance and absolute road mastery—factors that seem unaffected by time and miles, and are proved in the fifth, sixth or seventh year of ownership.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 162)

view of the car's bare walls and vacant floor, and he knew, though his mind was in confusion, that he had taken a journey, just as Hong Lee had said. In spite of the throbbing pain in his head, he struggled to his feet and pushed the door open further. The car had stopped on a siding and he was in a place which he did not know. A ray of sun which struck his face was like the sun of another world; it dazzled him, and made him blink his green-gold eyes.

"I gotta get outa here," he muttered, because the same fixed idea was on him. "I got a jinx," he said.

He gave his monogram belt a twitch, patted his hip pocket and drew from his vest the thin gold watch which the boys had given him. It was eleven o'clock and still ticking off the minutes in a place all new as he examined in a stunned way his strange surroundings. A single line of track was curving between two wooded hills whose surface rippled in a soft warm breeze. There was a dusty crossroad and a white steeple rising behind a fold of hay fields and a soft blue sky and a patch of cloud whiter than the steeple itself.

"I gotta get out of here," he muttered, and wriggled out of the freight-car door down to a gravel roadbed. The impact of his toes on the gravel sent a new throbbing to his head, which increased rather than diminished when he saw he was not alone.

At first he always said that he thought it was Gertie sitting by the roadbed, his mind was that confused, but when he saw that it was another girl, prettier than Gertie, he thought of the jinx again, and wished to run away. There was a stillness and clearness in the air and a lightness in his head which reminded him of a dream, and the girl was like a dream, as difficult to place. He could not get over the impression that she was waiting for him, ready with a definite purpose, although she looked surprised.

"And why wouldn't she look surprised?" Eddie often said. "I was a handsome-looking guy."

Her dress was white, with blue dots; her arms were bare to the elbows; her hair was soft and uncut, like a hayseed girl's such as you might see in a musical show.

That girl, sitting there by the railroad track—he knew it was all phony, even when she spoke.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, and stared at his soiled apparel and patent-leather shoes, at his monogram belt and the glistening scarf-pin in his bedraggled tie. "Where'd you come from? How?"

Eddie straightened his back and endeavored to square his shoulders, though already he felt weak and queer.

"How should I know, kid?" he said, not exactly knowing what he was saying, because it was like a dream. "An old Chink threw a jinx on me and I just came, but I'll work out of it. I'm working at it now."

"What's that you said?" She looked startled, but not incredulous, and insidiously pretty, like a picture. "Do you believe in charms?"

It was hard to talk sensibly or think just then because of the pain in his head, and all queer things seemed real.

"Kid," he said, "do you think a guy like me would be here if he didn't have a jinx? I gotta believe in those things now."

And then he thought she gave a curious cry, though he was never sure on account of the pain in his head.

"Oh, my!" she was saying. "Why, you might be—yes, you are—you're like the man ——"

Her voice seemed faint and queer, but Eddie heard it still.

"—— like the man Aunt Judy saw in the tea leaves when she had a spell last night."

Even if his head had not been unstable and light it would have been enough to shake him. In the silence and the sunshine his fears and doubts were solid things, and he leaned feebly against the freight car, but the warm wood gave him no assurance. It was the jinx again—the jinx of old Hong Lee, which Eddie knew held him in its viselike grip. Though he was ignorant of Arthurian legends, nevertheless he was another modern knight, cast into a land of fey beneath a malignant charm. Yet he was still game and a skeptic who was not afraid to face the grisly truth. Though he had heard of ghosts and witches he stared boldly at the hayseed girl and crossed his fingers. It might after all be chance, he argued, since lots of folks saw things in cups of tea.

"Kid," he asked, raising his hand to his head, "have you got any name?"

Surely it was a natural question for any guy to ask, but she hesitated and looked so nervous that he felt a twinge of dread.

"O' course I have," she answered finally. "My name is Sally Rickett."

To Eddie, those prosaic syllables had a welcome dulcet sound of plain cold fact. Instinctively he dusted at his coat, for he was Dancing Eddie Lefner still, regaining his lost confidence.

"Cripes!" he murmured. It made it pleasant that she was called Rickett. It made her seem fallible and human. "There can't be nothing phony in a name like that. Kid, what place is this? Has it got a nice name too?"

"O' course it has." That hayseed girl named Sally was on her feet, young and slender and easy on the eyes. "And it's not highfalutin', but it isn't phony neither, whatever you mean by that. It's Hinkley Corner, Maine. What's the matter? Why's your face so white?"

Eddie leaned against the freight car's side, and again his voice was trembling and uncertain.

"And has it got a bank—small, made of bricks—that keeps the county funds? On the main street, building detached, one entrance, one plate-glass window with a shade that's down in summer—teller's cage on left, vault, old style, in rear—one clerk and one cashier who lunches at half-past twelve? You don't mean to add that's here? Kid, don't tell me that!"

Even if she had not answered, he would have known that he had hit it in the eye. He always said that he had not been sure till then; but after that, how could any wise guy doubt Hong Lee's fierce occult power?

"Why, how'd you know?" she cried. "Are you a traveling man?"

Stricken by his discovery and feeling queerer than he ever had before, Eddie looked at her vaguely and then at the clear blue sky, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

"It's the jinx," he muttered; "the jinx that's got me here."

Her face swam before him, a pretty face, like a girl's in the chorus when the orchestra imitated gently lowing cows.

"The job," he muttered—"the job they tried to soak on me last night."

He placed his hand on the back of his head, because his head seemed of an indeterminate size and light as a bit of milkweed down drifting in the air, and at last he felt it not worth while to struggle against inevitable fate.

"Oh my!" he heard her saying. "What hit you on the head?"

But her question seemed irrelevant and not worth the trouble of answering.

"It's the jinx." His thin lips moved dreamily. "But I'm here. Still here!"

"I've got to take you home—that's all there's to it." It was her voice again, tinged with an authority with which he could not cope. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

His answer was neither a denial nor an affirmative. "I'm Dancing Eddie Lefner," he murmured—"that's me." And some strange species of caution prompted him to add dreamily, "And no one takes me anywhere till I see my lawyer first."

Nevertheless, she seized his arm, gently yet forcibly, just as a minion of the law might have seized it, and he knew that she was the creature of some strange and occult law. Yet, though he knew it, something prompted him to ask a favor.

"Kid," he said, "will you walk on my other side? I don't know where I'm going, and I'd like my right hand free."

The dust of the road was soft beneath his feet, like the roadway in a dream. They were moving, as he knew despite his aching head, into Hinkley Corner, Maine, once a spot on a road map and now a dim reality. It all moved slowly like a piece of cloth unrolled before his eyes—small white houses, a store with rakes and shovels on its porch, and then a small brick building, bearing a sign in gold—The Hinkley National Bank.

"Easy," he said, and for an instant his professional instincts leaped into a feeble flame. "Just like Happy said. Say, if I was only working ——"

And then a sound beside him made him turn his head. Sally Rickett also was looking at the bank with a curious malevolent intentness.

"Kid," he said, "you're crying!"

"I'm not crying!"

"You're crying, but don't be frightened, kid; I'm here. Hell, yes, I'm here!"

"I hate that bank, that's all," she said. "They needn't have been so hard on us. . . . You better lean on my arm. You're awful white. Our house is just around the turn."

"And what's the bank done to you?"

"Can't you see?" she asked.

It was a white frame house, such as hayseeds inhabit, toward which she was directing his uncertain steps. It stood beside the road, with a white picket fence before it, and it had a long side porch shaded by a grapevine. In back stood a barn, larger than the house, whose sliding doors were wide open, giving a glimpse of half-empty haymows and a tangle of farm wagons and rakes. But what surprised him most was the disorder of everything, for you might have thought there was a fire if there had been any sign of smoke. The disorder, Eddie often said, seemed to have something to do with him, as if it were a part of all the charm and done on purpose to add to his discomfort.

In the yard, all the way between the house and that yawning barn, was a maze of battered furniture, stoves, pictures, crockery, everything that should have been inside the house. Beyond the furniture was a fringe of automobiles which could not have belonged there, and people, dozens of them, walking about in little groups, examining the stoves and tables. For a moment Eddie stared at the sight in patient wonder, until his thoughts took shape.

"Say, what's the idea?" he asked. "Is this your moving day?"

She did not answer, but moved with him toward the house. A lean old man in soiled shirt sleeves was standing in front of a table talking, though Eddie could not hear what it was he said. The old man had an Adam's apple which moved up and down in his sagging throat like a mechanical toy, and he was holding a china pitcher in the air. Eddie stopped and stared at him suspiciously, for that old man's aged gestures seemed to bear a magic almost like Hong Lee's

"Who's that old bird?" he asked, and quickly crossed his fingers, as Sally Rickett answered:

"It's Sam Hughes, the sheriff. He's the auctioneer. . . . Oh, come, let's get along."

"But he's selling all your stuff! What's the big idea?"

"Because we owe money," she answered and pushed him toward the house.

"So it's the bank, is it?" He looked about him vaguely and blinked his green-gold eyes. "I knew there was a jinx on it, but don't worry, kid, Dancing Eddie's here."

She was leading him toward the porch shaded by the grapevine, and a half-grown boy was running toward them, dressed in overalls, with a smear of dirt on his face.

"Say, Sal," he called, "you'll catch it! Where've you been? Aunty's looking for you. Say, who's that with you? Say, he's bumped his head!"

They were nearer the porch, and he saw it was not empty. In a horsehair rocking-chair an old woman was seated, wrapped in a great red shawl. He had only to look at the sparse hair on her head, which emerged from the red folds, to see that she was very old. Yet old as she was, she kept rocking back and forth with a grim orderly precision, and stared malevolently at the yard.

"Sal!" she called in a high piping voice. "There you be, be yer? Sam Hughes, he up and says he'll sell my shawl right off my back. Yes, yes, he does!"

There was, it was evident, life in that old dame yet, for she pushed her fist from beneath the shawl and shook it at the crowd

"By crickey!" she went on so loudly that people turned to look. "One o' them summer wimmen, she came and felt it right on my back. Yes, yes, she did! Now praises be —— Who's that?"

It sent a quiver down his spine to see her, for that old dame was staring straight at him as if he were not real.

"Aunty!" cried Sally, hastily letting go his arm. "Oh, Aunty, don't go taking on!"

But the old dame had a will of her own which no mere girl could stop.

"Hallelujah!" she cried, half rising from her chair. "It's him! It's the tea leaves coming true!"

Eddie staggered and reached for the porch railing, but though he felt as helpless as a ghost, he remained a perfect gentleman.

"Pipe down, kid," he said. "It's me, all right. I'm still here."

The old man holding the pitcher by the table turned to look at them, and then everyone was looking.

"You ain't going away!" cried the old lady. "You mustn't leave us now!"

He never could explain what moved him, except that it all seemed right and that her loud request was a command and a part of the dizzy circle of his destiny.

"You with the pitcher!" he called to the old man. "Hey, come over here!"

The old man came, still holding the pitcher, and he seemed annoyed and puzzled. To Eddie, his whole ancient stooping figure was a puzzle, for upon his vest was a shining badge, bearing the name "Police."

"Excuse me," said Eddie. Though his head seemed like to split in two, he still was cautious. "Are you a bull?"

"Now don't you git smart, young feller," the old man answered testily, "I'm not any more a bull than you be!"

Eddie's brow cleared and he smiled.

"Mister," he said, "how much do these folks owe that two-cent bank downtown? And don't get funny, mister. I'm wise to the banking game."

Before answering, the old man drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket and perched them on his nose.

"Who be yer?" he demanded. "I don't recollect seein' you about. Do you belong to them?"

"Sure! Why not?" Instinctive caution prompted him to say it, although his mind was wandering. "How much? And make it snappy."

The old man looked up at the blue sky, lost in thought.

"I dunno," he said; "but I could fix it for—say, four hundred dollars."

With a lithe easy motion Eddie plunged his hand into his hip pocket. The people, he perceived, had gathered about him in a knot, the way hayseeds do, and when he removed his hand, there was a gasp of wonder. He had produced a roll of bills, and moistening his thumb, he peeled off four.

"They're yours," he said, "and here's a ten to move the stuff back in. And in addition—in addition, there ain't a jinx afloat that won't make that money real."

"Oh!" It was Sally speaking. Wide eyes, half crying and half laughing, she was tugging at his sleeve. "Land sakes! How'd you get—how ——"

With a cautious but uncertain motion, Eddie replaced his roll and straightened his shoulders and stared about him.

"Dividends, kid," he said, and stopped and blinked his green-gold eyes, "from the—tobacco business."

But perhaps she never heard him. The old man had seized his hand and was shaking it, and from the crowd was coming a

sound of shouting, at first puzzling and then pleasant. Nevertheless, he heard only half of it, because suddenly the shouting was like a distant wind, and he wavered and collapsed right at the old dame's feet.

His mind, however, was not wholly a blank, because a sort of subconscious watchfulness and uneasiness kept him struggling against a total loss of sense. He was still there, he always remembered; and though the jinx was on him, which had made him take a journey, it had not changed his name or changed him from a wise and clever guy. He still was Dancing Eddie, even in the land of dreams. Pleasantly, dreamily he saw the face of that hayseed girl, and he repeated her name. Sally Rickett—its crude syllables were like a wall against all harm and magic.

"Rickett," he murmured. "Say, it's a lucky word."

Her face was revealed by a glass lamp whose light pierced the darkness of a room. He was in a bed such as he had never seen, with high posts surmounted by wooden knobs. Back in the shadows, as he raised his head, he saw a colored picture of a horse and a sleigh, and a chest of drawers reaching nearly to the ceiling. The whole room where he found himself was so queer and off the level that he had a premonition that it was not right. As he moved restlessly, however, he noticed that his head was better; and though he could not think where he was or how he came, he spoke with a sort of triumph.

"It's all right, kid," he said. "I'm here. It hasn't got me yet." And partly out of courtesy and partly because he wished, he reached and touched her hand.

"I've been sitting, waiting," she whispered. "Thank goodness, you're awake!"

Eddie sat up in his bed, his eternal vigilance aroused again by a strained note in her voice.

"You're frightened, kid," he said. "Say, have they pulled something on me?" His own voice faltered as he saw a shiver run through her, and again he felt a sickening premonition. He had only to look at her to know that his jinx had been working while his mind was blank! It had been working in spite of himself, and doing what? Why was he in a bed in a dark still room? Why was it night? Why was she afraid?

"I don't know what you'll say," she whispered. "It's us—that is, Aunt Judy—she's done somethin' that wasn't right."

"What?" asked Eddie, staring at her. "Shoot it, kid. She couldn't do much, an old dame like that."

"It was that money," she faltered. "They kept asking her why you paid that money—and I certainly don't know why—and Aunt Judy up and said —— She had to say something, and I can't exactly blame her. She said you were her Cousin Solon Rickett's son. I know it wasn't right, and it wasn't right to take your money at all, but when we saw it we just had to."

As her words trailed into the silence of the room and he caught their full significance, he stared ahead of him, and his eyes were slightly glazed.

"You mean"—he hardly knew his voice—"you mean—she's gone an'—changed my name?"

It was enough to make him shiver, the thought of Hong Lee's power. Everything was coming true, even to a different name.

"That's who everybody thinks you are," she added wretchedly. "Aunt Judy told 'em she'd written you, and you've come to run the farm."

That was the end. It had all come true, without his thinking or knowing. His fortune had worked according to some dark law, right to the very end. He was not himself; he was someone else; even his voice was different.

"Run a farm!" His voice was like a little child's who is frightened of the dark. "Me run a farm! It's the jinx! It's changed me—it's changed me to a rube."

On his weakness and his wretchedness, now that he had reached his journey's end, he felt a most unmanly choking in his throat and a tingling in his eyes. It did not occur to him to doubt the truth of fate. He was weary, he was beaten, and his honors were stripped from him, lost in a cup of tea.

"Changed me to a rube—me!" Though he saw the inhuman combination of events which had done it, he had not lost his power to revolt. "Wait till I catch that wall-eyed Chink! I'll get at him yet! He can't tie me here! Hey! What's that?"

He started and stared at a half-open door beside his bed, listening to an unearthly sound.

"It's Buddy tuning in his radio downstairs," Sally answered. "I'll tell him to stop it, if you want."

Eddie shook his head. The squawk of the radio had blended into music which was reminiscent of a happier time.

"You know, you're head of the house here, as long as you want to stay. Aunty says it's time we had a man."

"Me—the head of the house?" Eddie sat up straighter.

"We wouldn't be in the house at all if you hadn't come along, and we won't be if you don't stay."

Eddie felt so dizzy that he gripped the edge of a patchwork quilt.

"Oh, my! What'll Aunty say?" gasped Sally. "She told me to leave you be. Are you feeling sick again?"

"Not sick," replied Eddie faintly; "just tryin' to get things straight. Cripes! Here I was laying to stick up a bank—and now it's right in my home town!"

When it was too late, he knew he had spilled everything. She did not move, but he heard her catch her breath.

"Don't be frightened, kid," he added, and for many reasons he did not wish to have her frightened. "You're a friend of mine; and in addition, I haven't been working for two years, professionally. I just merely was thinking of it. The boys keep coming after me when they want a job done right."

Hard as it was to imagine a more reassuring speech, she was on her feet, staring at him, and her cheeks were as red as Gertie's cheeks.

"And the money you paid out!" she cried. "It's stolen money! Oh, what'll the minister say?"

Before he had time to explain, she sank back into her chair again, crumpled up, as though he had hit her, and covered her face with her hands.

"I might of known you were too kind," she sobbed, "ever to be honest!"

"Kid," said Eddie, in spite of himself astounded, "now don't go insinuating I didn't turn that money straight. Have you never heard out here of Dancing Eddie Lefner, head of the Clean Sweep Gang? Say, who do you think I am—a common stick-up guy? Say, ask the cops! I'm out of that business long ago. I'm too wise for that stuff now."

"But how," she asked faintly, "did you get that money?"

Eddie shook his head wearily.

"Purely my idea," he said. "These days they pay me not to stick 'em up—that's me. All the little guys who run stores—they pay me by the month. I keep their names all in a book, and no crook dares to touch 'em when I tell 'em to lay off. And believe me, kid, I earn my pay with the way the boys are going now!"

Eddie paused and blinked his eyes. "And everything was going nice and smooth," he added, "till I got that jinx handed to me. . . . Hey! What's that? Listen!"

It was the radio, speaking from some distant part of the house in a tinny, unearthly voice.

"News notes from New York," it was saying. "Dancing Eddie Lefner ——"

"Listen!" whispered Eddie, leaning forward. "They know who I am!"

"Dancing Eddie Lefner"—it was like a voice from a half-forgotten past, pulling at his heartstrings—"the picturesque leader of the West Side underworld, is either dead or, with his accustomed acumen, which has puzzled the police for many years, has reached cover in time ——"

Eddie placed his hand behind his ear. "Keep quiet!" he whispered. "Listen!"

"—— to escape crude underground justice. It has been learned through denizens of districts he most frequented that Lefner has been running things with a heavy hand. A miniature underworld revolt was precipitated by a rumor that he had squealed, as the term is, upon one of the members of his own gang, who later fell into the hands of the police. As a result the whisper is going about that a dozen men are out to get Dancing Eddie, as the term is. To date, however, it is reported that he has not been found, though every place where he has lived has been searched, and the belief is current that he has faded from the picture with the same intuitive skill which had kept him off the police blotters, though he has been for years under suspicion."

The tinny voice died out and a sound from Eddie interrupted—a sound that made Sally start, because it savored of crude laughter. The color was back in Eddie's cheeks and the haunted look had left his eyes, as though there had been magic in those uncomplimentary words—and there had been magic. He was himself again, quite himself, the debonair bright boy that people used to know.

"Did you hear that? What do you know about that?" he cried. "I fooled 'em again, kid! I cleared out just in time! I'll tell the world I land right on my feet, no matter what they do!"

There is always so much left out in everything, as everybody knows, that it is hard sometimes to differentiate vivid imagination from the plainest truth. Frequently of an evening the rural population of Hinkley Corner would express polite bewilderment as Eddie Lefner explained his presence in their midst, although his oft-told tale, deleted at first, always grew franker as time went on. They invariably displayed a gentle incredulity at the darker passages, because he really was a rube by then. His face was sunburned and the tightness of his lips relaxed in the Arcadian simplicity of the Hinkley Corner air, and his lean fingers were brown and calloused, like any honest man's. At any rate, no one very much cared what he had been once, because he was popular and always on the level.

"So you don't believe it?" he would sometimes say, and often he would smile and run his fingers through his stiff black hair. "Well, why should you? Wasn't I telling you I was changed into a rube? And, anyway, I was always straight. A right guy—that was me. And naturally she knew I was a right guy. She knew I wouldn't squeal on any pal. I didn't have to explain it much, because I knew she'd know, just like you know it now."

And the curious part of it was they did know it. Even in their lingering disbelief in his antecedents they were one and all aware of a strange but sure integrity in his glowing personality.

"And in addition," Eddie always concluded, while they stared at him agape, "there's just one funny part to it I want to add. I thought it was a jinx that got me here, and it wasn't a jinx at all. It was just my luck—my luck."

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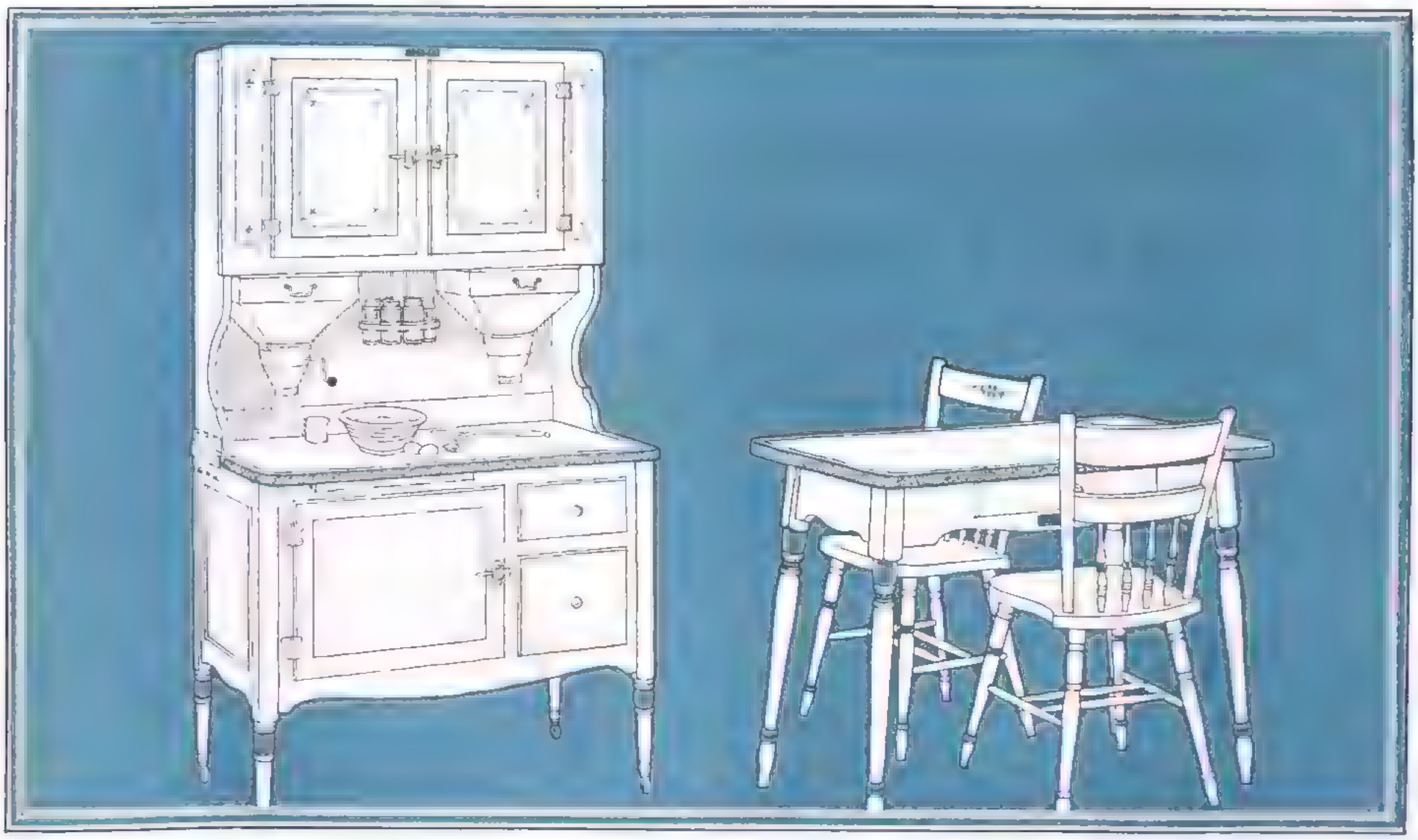

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SECOND WIND

(Continued from Page 9

children into orphan asylums; now, however poor and inadequate the homes, every effort is made to keep the children in them. I never thought I knew—all I wanted was to be told how to treat Rufe. The mere word sanitarium did not tell me.

Rufus wasn't interested in anything, and he did not understand. He'd sit all day in a chair, rocking to and fro—to and fro speechless, or sobbing for hours at a time.

"Rufe—Rufe darling," I'd coax; "come out and walk in the park with me; it's such a beautiful day."

"No, no"; but sometimes he came. We'd walk on and on, while I talked and laughed with him. Now and then he'd say a word - those were the good days—but mostly he was silent. Sometimes his face would be convulsed with agony, and we'd hurry home. At times like that he would run to the bedroom, hide his head beneath the covers. What terrors pursued him he could not tell. I'd go and sit there, holding his hand, trying to make him feel that there was someone to hold on to, someone who understood.

But I never knew whether this helped or not—we did not refer to those worst times ever.

The thing that used almost to kill me, then, was sitting there. Doing nothing, waiting; trying to make myself a rock of strength when I felt like a rudderless ship. It was in hours like these that questions rose in my mind. Was I, after all, doing the best thing for Rufus? Who was I to set myself up against the medical profession? What did I know, what could I know, that they did not? I'd go again over every inch of the way. If, in the first part of what I have written here, I seem to have set too much emphasis on so small a thing as a cigarette, it is because I learned, in those early months, the importance of the small things. In the old days, how gayly Rufus had laughed off the trifles that went awry. What fun it had been, with him, to meet even the big difficulties and surmount them together. But now a small thing went wrong, and it was as if the universe had collapsed. All sense of proportion had left him. And yet, with it all, at times I thought that he was better, that these dreadful hours did not last so long. Even a minute less counted, and it was by minutes that the count was made at first.

"You mustn't let yourself get depressed too," one of the specialists had said to me kindly, turning my face up to the light. "You are under a big strain, of course. Have you ever thought of being ill yourself, making Captain Doe look after you? It might be worth trying once."

A Grim Search for Laughter

One day I tried the experiment he suggested. I threw myself wearily on the couch, closed my eyes.

Rufus said in an aloof voice, "Mary, are you ill?"

"I'm so tired," I told him; "so dreadfully tired."

It was true. But if I had known what was back of that aloof tone I should never have said it with such true weariness. I had been hurt by lack of interest; as if—ill or well—this could ever be true of Rufus!

There was silence for a moment, while I lay with my eyes shut. My heart was beating hard; was it possible that this might help him to get hold of himself, as the doctor had said was possible? I didn't dare to look, but lay there waiting, listening, scarcely breathing.

Then, with the sense that is beyond words, I knew that something impended. I don't remember that I heard a sound, but somehow I knew. I was up and at the window before Rufus had left the sill. I can see him even now sometimes, in nightmares, standing there poised at the open window, his face haggard with despair, terrible and shaken, a tragic figure of fear as he paused before making the first movement that would have hurled him to the concrete sidewalk eight floors below.

I held my breath. "Gently, gently, keep calm; don't startle him," I said to myself; though I didn't know I spoke. "He is like a child in a dangerous place."

My arm slipped about him.

"Rufe darling. Look at me, Rufus. I was only pretending! See how bright my eyes are?" I blinked back tears to show him. "Hear me laugh? I've remembered the funniest joke to tell you."

And I had. I told it gayly. We laughed together, while my heart stopped its wild beating, and I knew I had Rufus safe with me still.

Almost every day, at that time, I was going to the public library to find jokes and funny stories to make Rufus smile. The sight of a joke book, of a humorous periodical, gives me a little stab of pain sometimes. It was such a grim search for laughter, with the picture of Rufus before me. But it was one of these jokes that had come to the surface now, that saved the tragic moment, and the same afternoon, on my daily hunt for humor, I took more time and hurried on to the doctor's office.

Heeding the Voice Within

Doctor Lynn—a great doctor. A man with a small body and a big mind. He was sixty-five at that time. He had twinkly small blue eyes, silver hair, a thin rosy face. He always looked tired, and I have seen him look stern; but he never was too hurried to listen, and he listened then, as I told him what I have set down here.

"Yes, I made a mistake," he said gravely.

"Oh, not you more than I! I ought to have known. I've known all the rest of the time."

"Known what?"

"That I couldn't send him away! That treatment he'd get in a sanitarium wouldn't help him. Other patients, perhaps, but not -not Rufus Doe."

He stared at me silently a moment, considering.

"You may be right," he said slowly, and smiled. "Sometimes, Mrs. Doe, doctors find that they know very little. Perhaps your intuition, your own courage and faith, will show you the way out. Go ahead and do what you know"—he emphasized the word—"to be best for your husband. But be sure that you know, that you aren't merely making a wish come true. We all have a guide within us, if we are strong enough to listen for the voice, to follow what we hear. If the practice of medicine has taught me nothing else in forty years, it has taught me that."

The glow that his words brought me came in a warm wave of emotion again, on this other night of crisis. I've said I'd been remembering—going back?

Bits of our life since then stood out sharply against the darkness. On through the next two years, while I wrote feverishly against time—advertising, publicity puffs, detective and mystery stories—Doctor Lynn stood by, until Rufus could go about a little alone, at times even enjoy a concert or the theater. At times I was sure he was well, and then something would put him back again and we'd begin all over. Uphill climbing, but never in doubt that we'd reach the top. It was epochal when we went to live far enough uptown to have a garden—a garden that Rufus alone planned and worked in.

There was a day, soon after that, when Doctor Lynn put out his hand to me.

"I'd like to tell you, Mrs. Doe, that you were right. I'll never be dogmatic again to any patient. At least"—his tired eyes twinkled—"I think I won't!"

I walked home on air. Rufus, I was sure, was on the road to absolute recovery. Ten years? Pooh! The doctors hadn't known what they were talking about. This was only three, and he was going out each morning to his big garden patch, bringing in our own peas and beans and cucumbers, laughing at himself for his interest. "Never thought I'd like a garden of my own," he'd say, as he hurried out.

Then Doctor Lynn died, quite suddenly, and Rufus heard about it. That night he walked on and on from the garden, and disappeared. Darkness, and no sign of him. Dawn, and I had not found him. Three days went by. I flew like a wild thing in and out of hospitals, to the morgue, to police and railroad stations. That great remorseless city and the things that might have happened.

And then, the fifth day, I found him in a tiny hospital on the outskirts of a suburban village. Unshaved, unsleeping; a man without any name he could remember; a tearless, hopeless man who watched the door all day.

"Mary, take me home."

If he did not know himself, at least he knew me.

We never talked about that time. To emphasize trouble would not lessen it. Besides, I knew what had happened. In the mood of despondency following on the death of Doctor Lynn, he'd wandered off and lost himself. It was, the matron in charge of the hospital told me, no uncommon thing to have men arrive at their gates, exhausted and hungry. "Your husband was a little unusual because he shrank from everyone. He was brought here by our mailman," she said, "who found him lying by the side of the road. When I found he did not remember his name, I telephoned the captain of the precinct, and he found the description you'd had circulated. It did not take us long to get in touch with you. I'm so glad he remembered you. They don't always."

Oh, if only for a minute I could have talked to Doctor Lynn! A longing welled up in my heart for contact with his wisdom. And then, as if I had heard it, almost, I remembered what he had said: "We all have a guide within us, if we are strong enough to listen for the voice, to follow what we hear."

Desperately, often, in the year that followed, I clung to the words; like a will-o'-the-wisp of light dancing ahead on an unlighted road. A hard year, this one, full of perplexity and bewilderment; when the guide within seemed often to be silent. Or was it my ears that could not hear? I had to push ahead, going on somehow, somehow, toward that elusive light that flickered always ahead.

Letters or Bills?

At the women's hospital the porter brought round the mail.

"Three for Mrs. Smithson," he said benevolently, "and two for Mrs. Doe." He set them all down on my bed. "Perhaps you'll give hers to Mrs. Smithson when she's done with her baby," he said.

My fellow roommate cocked an eye in my direction. "Gee, don't you hate letters? I bet mine are bills. How d' they arrange here, d'ye know? Pay each week or when you go out? The way things is, seems to me you might just as well buy a baby as have one yourself!" Then her voice softened to quick sympathy. "I forgot you lost yours; I wouldn't have said that for anything."

"It's all right." I managed to smile across at her. The conversation was a relief; I didn't want to look at my mail for a minute; it needed strength for that. I hadn't expected any letters that morning. "I paid the doctor and the hospital beforehand for this week."

"Well, maybe that's the best way, but Mr. Smithson said ——"

"He was right, I'm sure. But my husband is ill, and if anything happened to me I didn't want him troubled about money."

(Continued on Page 173)

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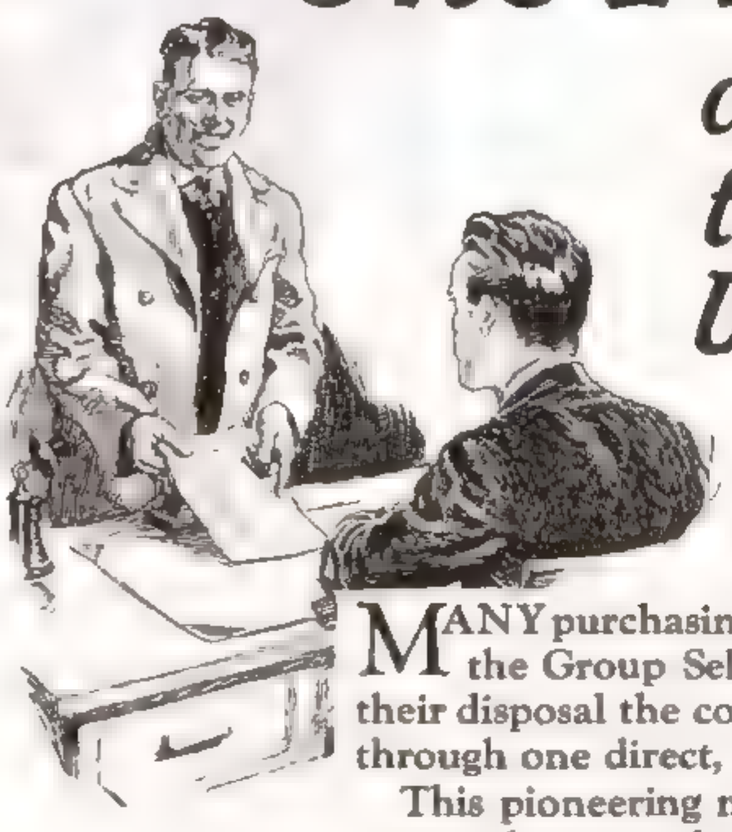

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Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 285 Madison Ave., New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 171)

"Gee, that's tough luck, your husband sick and losing your baby," she said. "Nurse, I was telling Mrs. Doe ——"

The nurse looked at me; she was competent, kindly. With Miss Smithson on her arm, red faced and replete with breakfast, she put her fingers on my wrist.

"You lie down and keep quiet, Mrs. Doe, and if Mrs. Smithson talks you ring the bell for me. What you two want is rest."

Rest! It was a lovely word. I lay for a time with my eyes on the sky. All about me were the orderly, hushed sounds of the hospital routine. Now and then a baby cried in the nursery down the corridor; the place where my little son should have been waiting for me. I shut my hands over the letters, waiting for strength. My eyes closed. I heard whispers coming from the other bed. They were talking about me. I opened my eyes and looked at the letters. Anything would be better than listening to what they thought. Facts couldn't be worse than whispers. However kindly the intention back of them, they stirred up memories—of Rufe's face when I left him to come here, of my sense of impotence when I felt I might die. What, then, would happen to Rufe? That minute when they told me my baby was born dead. These things were behind me. I was back from the grave, I must hurry, hurry to get well enough to go back to Rufe. If only I could go tomorrow—without having to explain that I had no money to stay longer.

"*Dear Madam:* In view of the fact that you are in the hospital, we will give you an extension on the chattel mortgage we hold on your furniture to the 30th of the month. At that time, however, the money must be paid.

"Yours very truly,
"JOHN C. EVERETT."

Suddenly I wanted to laugh with relief. Before the end of the month I'd be paid for some work, without doubt. Time was all I had asked, and they'd given it to me. Life became a gay thing again. I took up the second letter. It was from an advertising writer I had come to know fairly well.

Dear Mary Doe: The Miller Advertising Agency want an insert for a new mail-order catalogue. I have not time to do it, so told them about you. They want it by next Wednesday, and the directions are inclosed. They will pay only sixty dollars, but if they like your work they are likely to need more of it. Shoot it back if you don't feel inclined to touch it.

"Sincerely,
"BERTHA SENESHAL."

I glanced at the calendar. Today was Tuesday, the seventeenth. It was five days since I had entered the hospital. It seemed like a year. Lots of women—most of our grandmothers, I had heard—were up and about in a week. Maternity was a unique experience; in some strange way it made one over. I lay back, thinking things out. If I could get that insert done I might be able to manage. I read the directions carefully. Not difficult, a mere matter of keeping at it. I reached for my portable typewriter.

The Triumph of Living

The doctor came when I was finishing the fifth page.

"Hum," he said judicially, cocking his head to one side and looking at me critically, "typing, hey? And you feel well enough to work? Well, well, that's fine!"

His eyes took me in keenly. He sat down beside the bed, smiling a little. "You want to go home, don't you?"

My heart leaped. Here, before I had asked him, even, was the answer.

"Oh, doctor, do you think I can? I've been here five days tomorrow and ——"

"All right, you may go." He smiled again. "But you must promise me to take care of yourself, rest a little each day. Childbirth should be an ordinary physiological fact, but with our civilization, in our unnatural method of living, it isn't that any more. And you'd been under a long strain; you didn't react as you should. Cut out the work for a bit; if you can, take a little recreation; go to Atlantic City with your husband. It'll do you both good."

I felt so happy that I was going home I laughed without irony.

"I'm sure it would."

By evening the insert was finished, and the nurse put it in the envelope for me and mailed it. I was aching all over from the strain of sitting up, but whenever I'd wanted to relax the thought of that sixty dollars drove me on. I lay back in bed, exhausted but happy.

And the next day I went home. A triumphal journey, though no one would have known it. There was no proud husband, no fond grandmother to adore a new baby. Instead, I opened the door of the hospital myself, and crossed the street to the Subway. It felt marvelous to be out in the air once more, even though I was here without my baby, with only five dollars in my purse, the rent due in two weeks and the note on my furniture to be met by the end of the month.

But still it was triumph. I was alive. I'd been permitted to come back to take care of Rufus. Nothing worse could happen to me. I rode uptown with the sense of being in a dream.

Old Enemies Returned

Because the awful things that were happening couldn't be real! They couldn't happen to me—to Mary Doe, the gay, the bright, the happy and self-confident young person who had married Rufus so joyfully only five years before. How could they have come about? So far as I could see, they hadn't been our fault.

It was the—the fortune of war.

When we were married we weren't extravagant, and we weren't silly. We loved each other and our home and our work. No one knew better than I that Rufus had genius. My gay and merry scribbling—as a girl they'd teased me at home, said I'd been born writing, for I'd always done it—was as nothing beside his tragic and somber quality as an artist, with that sense of light, of radiance, shining through. I forced back the tears, as I remembered all this, and coming to our door, stopped to wipe my eyes and put my key in the lock, calling out to Rufus as the door swung open.

During my absence a neighbor had come in to take care of him. What an agony of mind I had been in about leaving him, but it wasn't possible to take him. I'd come back as soon as I could, I'd promised. After all, he was better. And although he never mentioned the baby, he knew I'd have to be taken care of. I called again, running through the little living room, pausing at my bedroom door. Rufus was lying on the bed, his head covered over. He didn't make a sound as I came in, he hadn't heard me.

While I was standing there, trying to make up my mind what to do, the neighbor who had looked after him for me came in quietly.

"Oh, Mrs. Doe, to think that you came back to find the captain this way! He's been all right, not worse than usual, anyhow, while you've been gone. But as he was coming out of the living room this morning the agent rapped on the outside door with his knuckles, didn't ring the bell even; and the captain just gave one look—you know the way he gets."

Rufus did not stir at the touch of my hand on his shoulder. I came away and shut the door; after a while I'd go back.

"What did the agent want, Mrs. Cassidy? He isn't—they aren't ——." Wordlessly we looked at each other; the thing in our minds did not need words. Everyone in New York just then was struggling against the raising of rents.

My neighbor nodded her head. "The nerve of them," she said, her Irish eyes flashing with indignation. "The first of the month they're raising it to a hundred and

You're going on a long, long journey!

—one of the longest, safest, most comfortable, trouble-free, and noiseless a car owner ever enjoyed—when you screw down the final rim-lug on a set of

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP BALLOON TIRES

Tread scientifically contoured and balanced for positive contact, yet silent in operation. A cushioning flexibility that smooths out the roughest spots. A tough construction that piles up unusual figures on an accurate speedometer, whatever the roads may be.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

"Just the thing. I've been looking for—so convenient—so non-irritating"—so

says a prominent New York doctor about WHITE WITCH —the new skin cleanser.

Doctors, dentists and nurses find WHITE WITCH a great relief to skin made over-sensitive by chemicals and germicides.

This fine, soft, white powder gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin—banishes all trace of perspiration, tobacco stains and odor.

Instead of soap use WHITE WITCH. It lathers freely in hot or cold water; *Softens Hard Water.* The handy screw-top can is economical and sanitary—

"Every Shake a Fresh Cake."

Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply, send us his name and 25c for a full size can.

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORPORATION
Makers of the famous Sunset Dyes
Dept. S, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

25¢

Inexpensive tours of EUROPE

TOURIST
Third Cabin

For those who prefer to travel informally, these special tours offer many allurements. You go and come on the leading Atlantic liners. The meals and other accommodations are good. The people you meet are congenial—the kind you will be glad to know—artists, writers, actors, professional men and women. The routes are carefully planned to give you the utmost for your money. "Vacation Tours to Europe at Limited Expense" is a helpful booklet giving itineraries, sailing dates, prices, etc. Mail the coupon for a copy.

American Express
Travel Department
65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Always Carry American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
Tours Dept. No. 2, New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Vacation Tours to Europe at Limited Expense" with detailed information in regard to prices, etc. I am planning to visit Europe about

Name

Address

City *State*

twenty-five. Take it or leave it, that's what the agent said."

When she had gone, I went back to Rufe. I held his hand—an unresponsive, thin hand. Wasn't there anything I could do to help him? Did all this suffering go for nothing? I didn't believe it; I could not. It must be meant for something—to make us bigger, if for nothing else; and I refused, with a passionate refusal that words cannot possibly carry, to stay crushed and downtrodden by circumstances, by life. After all, they were such little things that were holding me down; little, that is, with the exception of Rufus' condition. But he was going to get better—was better already than he had been—another year or two, and he'd be over these fits of tortured fear. As for the other things, lack of money, a raise in rent, my own physical weakness of the present, I faced them steadily. Not pleasant, but bearable, since they would be overcome. I tried to laugh at them to myself, but they were too real, too poignant, for that.

To one raised in a small town, as I had been, there is something disgraceful, as well as terrifying, in the thought of not being able to pay the rent. In the books from the Sunday-school library, I had read as a child, this sort of thing happened to the wives and daughters of the village drunkard. But it didn't happen to people like ourselves; it couldn't! What a long time it was since I had believed this. Now I knew that people with education, with the desire to work, with mental and artistic ability, were not left unscathed any more than these I had read about—thought, in my provincial mind, then, to be different from myself.

In that moment something was born in me that has not even yet been entirely eradicated. A fear of New York! It all seemed too impersonal, such a looming Juggernaut of crushing possibilities. It had lost for me the human quality without which no city possesses interest, and flattened out to an impressionistic picture of dark canyons with thin-faced people moving about dimly in a sea of trouble. I felt that if I couldn't get out of New York I should die.

Blowing Away the Fog

And I certainly couldn't stay there! One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month was impossible; sixty dollars, which was what I'd been paying, small though this was in New York, had strained my resources. But my heart sank at the idea of taking Rufus away. Any change was to him a terrorizing experience, and he didn't like the country! I sat there, holding his hand and staring at him, slow tears forcing themselves beneath my eyelids. It was all so terribly bitter, to be willing to give my life for him, and to barely succeed in making a perilous living. I couldn't even grieve for the baby I'd lost, as other women might, I hadn't time. I sat there, holding that thin hand, crying, trying to figure some way out of the maze in which I found myself, and seeing nothing ahead.

In excuse for myself, I was still weak, and it had been a shock to find my husband in the old condition. As for that, my tears did not last very long. You can't give way to grief when you have only five dollars. And a thought came to comfort me—fantastic, dreamlike, but so real. Once, on a mountain back home, I'd been lost in a fog. Nothing was visible anywhere. Intangible shapes floated all about me, formed a vapor. I stretched out my hands and touched—nothing. And yet, the mountain was there, and the village down below, and all the dear familiar things of beauty and light and joy. I hadn't doubted then and why should I doubt now?

By morning I had it all planned, and went ahead working out the problem as if it had been my own idea, not one forced upon me. I still was apprehensive about Rufus. I hadn't dared to tell him that we must leave New York, not even when he opened his eyes around midnight, saw that I was there beside him, and, miraculously, dropped into a doze. He had never done this before, after such a time. He was really progressing, however slowly, by however infinitesimal degrees. There is no way of describing the lightness this brought to my heart.

I set about planning my campaign. The first thing to do was to visit the editors who knew my work, and see if I could not sell them the idea of several serial stories. Several? It seemed a large order. But plots and ideas for work had never been lacking, and all that day and the next I sat at my machine writing out different synopses of stories. I was frankly doing work for the cheaper magazines then, but it amused me to work out the mystery stories, and I got several plots that I felt were really good. Armed with these, I put in some busy afternoons.

High Tide, Low Tide

It wasn't easy to leave Rufus for a whole day, so I had to divide my time up. But results were far beyond my expectations. Two of the editors I saw—young men, both of them, with a knowledge themselves of the exigencies of the apartment situation in the city at that time—pronounced my scheduled plots "bully stuff." My work being known to them, I was able to get an order for a serial story, with the price agreed upon and everything. For one hundred thousand words I was to be paid $1000 for the first story, and for the other, not quite so long, $850. I thought I could borrow enough money to tide me over and enable me to move, with this in view, and events proved me right. Briefly, when we moved out of New York City at the end of the month, I had enough orders to keep me busy for nearly a year, totaling an income of $3000. Riches!

How often, for no special reason that we can see, certain periods stand out in one's mind. I shall never forget the shining of the sun on the windows of our new home that winter afternoon, as we drove up to it on the seat of the truck which carried also our worldly goods. This disused parsonage in the New Jersey village—a place I had never heard of only a short ten days before—was rented to us for thirty-five dollars a month, furnished. If you could really call it furnished, that is. It was an ugly house, but it had the charm of space and of seclusion, set at the end of the village near a noble row of maples, now a lacy tracery of snow-covered boughs glistening in the sun. And the garden was big and old-fashioned and aloof, with a tool shed that made Rufus' eyes gleam. He'd always said he hated the country, but now, surprisedly, he found that he loved it. I don't think two persons were ever happier than we were, for the first six weeks we lived there.

Not once, during all that time, was Rufus depressed or terror stricken. Since everyone in the place was strange, and in the old-fashioned community they eyed newcomers with suspicion, we were left to ourselves. This might have distressed others, perhaps, but it overjoyed us, and I still remember the quietude and peace of the night hours, when I worked on beyond midnight at my serial of thrilling mystery, interrupting myself now and again to steal up the stairs, lamp in hand, and make sure Rufus was sleeping quietly—so often in the past he'd barely slept at all. At the end of the sixth week I had the story finished, copying and everything, far ahead of schedule, and sent it off.

By return I had a letter from the editor who had ordered it.

"*Dear Mrs. Doe:* If you will drop in and see me when you are next in town, I'd like to talk about your story."

I hurried off to New York the next day. The editor who had ordered the story looked much depressed at sight of me. He seemed to find difficulty in talking at all, at first. He had been about to write me, he said, when my serial reached him. Stated briefly, he had no chance to use my story now. He would do so later, of course. But the command had gone out to cancel all orders, not to buy anything, practically, at this time.

"But what are you going to do?" I cried. "You have to have stories! The magazine isn't going to stop?"

He explained, patiently. There was a slump—the postwar slump of which we had been hearing, and this was one of the ways in which it touched us.

"I give you my word, Mrs. Doe, I'm awfully distressed. You see, the powers that be have cut down on money, and I couldn't send down a requisition for payment for your serial to save my life. I'd lose my job, that's all. I can't afford to do that. And I'm mad at losing a good yarn too! Not that we won't use it a bit later, if you can wait. I like your stuff! You write altogether too well for us, as a matter of fact. Why don't you try something bigger? Put in more atmosphere and characterization, give them more psychology and you could break into the bigger magazines, I think, in a short time. They don't have to cut out buying as we do."

What he said came back to me later. I did not hear it then. I was atrophied with horror. I think he saw that, too, for he changed his tone abruptly, tried to make the blow lighter by sending me to two other men, suggesting that I might be able to dispose of the story now, instead of waiting for him. But that was really only because he was kind. I heard the same story everywhere. Advertisers had cut down on their orders—so magazines had cut down on theirs. This was something affecting all lines of work. And of course I did not wait to see if the same thing would happen to my other orders; I went to see the different editors.

By afternoon I knew the worst. Of all the work I had placed through my synopses before we went to New Jersey, the order for one novelette alone held, and even that was not wanted until July, and I could not expect payment sooner. Oh, if only we hadn't moved away from New York City, so that I might have taken a job! And yet, how could I do this with Rufus? He actually could not be left! The time when I was in the hospital had proved that. It had taken weeks to repair the damage that that had done to him.

Far From a Livelihood

I did everything I could think of to do. I still had a little of the borrowed money left, and it was not necessary to repay that for several months. I went to see the people I knew in advertising offices, to discover if there were not spare bits of copy I could write. I hurried in and out of theaters, talking gayly to press agents who might wish a Sunday story in a newspaper. I dashed up and down in elevators, interviewing newspapermen who might be willing to let me send in stuff at space rates. And I did not forget the moving-picture offices, where I could revamp scenarios, perhaps, or write a continuity.

But back of all this haste was the cry: "Oh, if I had stayed in town!" How—if I were forced to go back to this sort of work again, making five dollars here, ten dollars there, twenty-five for a piece of work regarded by those who paid it as really important—could I do it in the country? To do this you had to be on tap, a part of the whirling city life. And in the country, what chance was there of making money? I knew of none. As I rode home on the train I was as near despair as I had been on that night when I came from the hospital.

And yet—coming in sight of our old house, seeing Rufus standing at the bottom of the garden, looking down the hill wistfully, because he had heard the train whistle at the crossing—despair left me and courage took its place. There's an invisible reserve of power always available if one isn't afraid and does one's best. Once realize that and it is like magic—or a hand

(Continued on Page 177)

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

A perfected principle in home cleaning science, sponsored by the world's oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners

"Positive Agitation"

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

OLD—old as housekeeping itself; yet new—new as tomorrow morning: this is "Positive Agitation" as embodied in the sensational new Hoover.

It is *beating*—the first essential of thorough rug-cleaning—of a sort hitherto unknown, rendered exact and positive by mechanical means.

This new Hoover floats the carpet or rug on a cushion of air, and then, in soft, swiftly repeated taps of instant pressure, vibrates it like a pennant in a breeze.

Nothing has ever resembled it. It is new, startling, revolutionary! It far surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in these particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service proof; every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

You owe it to yourself to see and understand this new Hoover, now being exhibited by Authorized Hoover Dealers. It is still only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

It represents the greatest single contribution to efficient home-keeping made in many years. You'll know why when you see it in action.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners • The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

STUDEBAKER

Upholstery of GENUINE MOHAIR *Enriches Nine Different Studebaker Models*

FOR those enclosed models in which a mohair upholstery fabric is used, Studebaker has, after critical tests, adopted several qualities of Chase VELMO — each the most dependable mohair velvet of its class.

Listed in panel under "Studebaker" are the models upholstered in Chase VELMO. By selecting any one of these you enjoy a feeling of security in the soundness of your investment, because quality in outward and visible parts suggests an equal quality in the hidden parts.

CHASE VELMO

is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using this perfected Mohair Velvet are:

BUICK. Master Six Models. 4 Passenger Coupe. Country Club Coupe. 5 Passenger Brougham Sedan. 7 Passenger Sedan.

CADILLAC. Standard equipment on custom built and standard models.

DODGE. De Luxe Sedan.

E-CAR. All closed models.

GARDNER. Standard Six and Eight Cylinder 5 Passenger Sedans.

JORDAN. All closed models.

KISSEL. All Sedans, Broughams and Coupes.

LINCOLN. Optional equipment in both standard and custom models.

MARMON. Optional equipment in all enclosed models.

NASH. All Nash four-door enclosed cars and the Advanced Six Victoria.

STUDEBAKER. Standard equipment of Standard Six Sedan and Country Club Coupe. Special Six Victoria, Brougham and Sedan. Big Six Club Coupe, 5 Passenger Sedan, 7 Passenger Sedan and Berline.

STUTZ. Optional equipment in all "Safety Chassis" closed models.

VELIE. Imperial Sedan.

WILLYS-KNIGHT. Standard in all Great Six enclosed cars.

CHASE VELVET MOHAIR

Free on request an interesting booklet, "A Glimpse Inside"

[CHASE VELMO, *a Perfected Mohair Velvet That Has No Equal for Closed Car Upholstery*]

Made by

SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE

L. C. CHASE & CO. ~ *Selling Agents* ~ BOSTON

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 174)

in the dark. I was stirred, touched to a sense of the beauty of striving. I ran the last few steps toward the house—to my home—and Rufus bent his tall head above me.

"Had a good day in town?"

I lifted steady eyes. "A good day, Rufe darling!"

Incomprehensibly, it had been.

It was then that the sense of things invisible was born within me. I'd been like a runner, struggling, panting, exhausted, about to give up, then seized suddenly by a sense of spacious relief, carried up to a new plane in breathing. What was it they called it? Ah, yes, second wind.

I couldn't always remember that I'd found it, in the weeks that came and went. Perhaps even an inexperienced runner doubts that he may, on his next race, and the next and the next. Is he almost a champion before he is sure—certain it will come? I used to clutch at it uncertainly in those chaotic times, and yet, it was always there for me when I had faith—up to that day with which I've started this story of second wind.

When Creases Counted

We're back, you see, to that night from which I seem to have wandered so far; the night when there were three cents left over to the morning when five dollars was to come for me in the mail.

Despite that check, I'd had a bit of a shock. I hadn't the happy-go-lucky temperament. And in any event, something must be coming in regularly, something on which I could depend for Rufus. The next day I took two of the five dollars and caught the early train to New York.

It cost ninety-five cents to get from our village to the metropolis, and the same sum back again. But in those wakeful hours of that night when I reviewed so much of my recent life, I'd had an idea. If only I could get to see James Handy I thought I could land a job I could do at home, just a small job that would bring in money every week. I hadn't an idea how to get to him, but if I could ——

Jimmy Handy—everyone called him Jimmy—owned a chain of grocery stores. You'd know them under another name, if I mentioned it. I'd heard he lived in the same county, and I knew that his firm published a magazine for its customers. My scheme was to see him personally, somehow, and offer to write special articles for women for this little paper. Women must be its chief readers and yet there was so little that was, for them, attractive, between its slender green covers. It wasn't a particularly original scheme, but I was desperate enough to be sure that I could put it over, if I could gain a hearing. I started off with a sort of anxious gayety, keeping an eye open for Mr. Handy on the ferry boat.

I knew he lived out in our section of New Jersey, that he was Irish, and that he always took an early train. This much was hearsay. But I'd never heard anything about his personal appearance, and I didn't know anyone of whom I might inquire.

It was funny, the way I discovered him. When I got onto the ferry I stationed myself at the far end, so that I should be one of the first off in the crowd. And when we reached the New York side I stood and waited in a corner, looking, watching.

No one in the crowd in the least resembled my idea of James Handy. He was a wealthy man, I knew, and he would surely have something about him—clothes, an air of leisure—to single him out from the crowd of commuters. Doggedly I set myself to wait until the next ferry came in, for there was certainly no one here to answer to the mental image I had constructed; when suddenly a red-faced, rather impressive figure emerged from the iron stairway that led to the engine room and stood talking to one of the boat crew.

I had time to notice everything about him—the fine cloth of his overcoat, the cane swinging in one hand, the knifelike creases of the trousers covering the long legs. My brain registered all these things swiftly. Mr. Handy probably had a valet, he'd be turned out to this point of exactitude; *ergo*, this must be Mr. Handy himself. I felt as sure of it as if someone had shouted his name, and when he turned away from the boatman, I walked over to him.

"I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Handy? I'm Mrs. Doe, a writer, and I live in Amberly. I wondered if you could give me an appointment sometime today for a business talk." Mutely, I held out my card.

There was a sudden, keen glance from the brightest blue eyes I have ever seen. It took me in from head to foot. My rather shabby hat, my worn shoes, my coat with the shiny seams, the fact that the hand holding the card shook a little. As he looked at me my head went up, my chin was in the air. I met his eyes with eyes that were steady with the steadiness of desperation. Inside I was saying to myself fiercely, "Remember Rufe; it doesn't matter what happens to you, but you have to think of Rufus."

"Nine-thirty; tell the girl I said you were to come."

James Handy passed on. He hadn't wasted a word. I stepped back against the wall and waited a minute. I could have shouted, I was so happy. It was only after a moment that I realized I did not know where his office was.

However, that was easily remedied. I found a Jim Handy Store on a corner near by, and asked the manager. He directed me downtown to the wholesale food district, and I arrived at 9:25, literally quivering with excitement and determination. I had to put this over; I had to! It might not be a big deal to some people, but it meant everything to Rufus and to me right now.

"Well, well," said James Handy good-naturedly as I entered his office; "right on time, aren't you?"

He looked colossal in that buff-colored room. His face was redder than before, above the whiteness of his collar. His eyes were more extraordinarily blue. He stretched out a hand covered with enormous freckles and took a big cigar from a box on his desk.

"I'll smoke if it won't disturb you, Mrs. Doe, and you go ahead and tell me what's on your mind. A writer, are you? Well, that's a very nice thing for a lady to be."

"It isn't always very remunerative," I said, and suddenly, meeting the twinkle in his eyes, I understood that he was amused and interested. I didn't mind the amusement if I could keep the interest—no one knew better than I how funny it all was.

"How did you know me?" said Jim Handy suddenly.

"I didn't." I described my sleuthing, and his great laugh rang out delightedly. "Go ahead," he said, "tell me what you want. The creases in my trousers—good Lord!" And he put back his head and laughed again.

A Juggler's Budget

It didn't take long to tell him. The need for more money, the idea I'd had that perhaps he'd let me do some women's pages every week.

"This sort of thing!" I said. And I passed over some pages of manuscript. "I don't know if these things would appeal to you as a man," I said, "but I do know about women. Women would read things like this! It would be good advertising. And you could pay me in groceries—groceries wouldn't mean a thing to you, you have so many of them."

I didn't mean to be amusing—it was grim earnest with me. All around us was the smell of coffee, of spices, of butter and tea and the necessities of life. I knew how much they cost to buy. A box of groceries in exchange for my written ideas—what a satisfactory trade! But once again Mr. Handy shook with laughter.

"O. K., it's a bargain! I'll take you out to the man who manages this for me, my advertising manager. Send your copy in to him, and I hope your husband gets better."

My hunch had held—it was my lucky day!

In the end the advertising manager—who didn't, it was plain, think much of the arrangement or of my potentialities—told me he'd pay fifteen dollars a week for the work I was to do. It would be more easily arranged than the groceries. He half sneered. Payment in groceries for writing; who ever heard of such a thing?

I laughed at that. Even his frank disbelief in my ability did not trouble me. I believed in myself. Hadn't I just put over a big deal? To others that money might be a pittance; it was riches to me. We lived on that money for almost a year. It was the only way I could see to get up and out. A juggler's budget! In these days two persons cannot live comfortably on $780 a year. And I couldn't let Rufus know—any weight crushed him, sent him back into darkness. My part was to lift him into the light.

Taking Corners on Two Wheels

Sixty-five dollars a month was income, and the rent was thirty-five. Light came to $3.50—how I wished there was not electricity on the first floor! Groceries took fifteen dollars out each month, including kerosene, which then cost $1.25 for five gallons, and we used that in ten days. Rufe smoked about three dollars' worth of cigarettes, too—entirely out of proportion, of course—but this makes no pretense to being a model budget. Each month I set aside one dollar to buy coal when the time came. Sometimes this meant an almost superhuman effort. It ought to have been more, but I couldn't manage it. It worked out this way:

Income		$65.00
Rent	$35.00	
Light	3.50	
Cigarettes	3.00	
Groceries	15.00	
[illegible] Fund	1.00	
Stamps	.50	
Total		59.50
Left for added expenses		$ 5.50

Now $5.50 is a small margin. It leaves nothing for clothes, for doctor or dentist, for amusement, even. The added expenses varied each month, and I made a joke of it all to myself. For example, the month we bought garden seeds! They cost $3.25. Rufus worked for hours over the catalogues, losing himself completely. However little it left, that was a cheap $3.25! But it just happened that the clothesline broke that same month, and a new one cost forty cents. That left only $1.85. It was at this moment that Rufus discovered in a catalogue some necessary fertilizer. We cut the corner rather breathlessly that month.

Little problems, all of them. Paper, for example. I had to have paper and new typewriter ribbons. I couldn't get a ream of typing paper under $2.50 then that would do to send out. This was in 1921 and there had been a paper shortage. I used to make a first copy on the inside of paper sacks; and often I've sat up all night to make an extra copy because I couldn't afford carbon paper! It is a strange thing to be poor—one discovers how necessary so many items are. For example, soap! A large cake is cheaper in the end, but sometimes the extra three cents count.

The littleness of the problems worried me! I liked larger gestures—generosity, hospitality, open-handedness. Expensive tastes to indulge, these. And a crying need for beauty was stifled until it seemed impossible to bear. When I could not put off going to New York any longer—the two dollars train fare meant such denial—I'd take an hour to wander in and out of hotel lobbies, absorbing color and movement and gayety. A spectator, because I so needed gayety to take back to Rufe.

"Let's see, darling, you haven't been into the Magnovania Hotel, have you? It

Now! hosiery reinforced all over —invisibly!

*Bi-Spinning** has eliminated the Neglected Area

MOST hosiery is protected at the heel and toe, but hosiery reinforced all over is a new development, made possible by the amazing Trufab process—Bi-Spinning.

The neglected area is neglected no longer.

**Bi-Spinning*

The secret of Bi-Spinning lies in the fact that it imparts double strength to every thread without increasing bulk or weight. It invisibly reinforces the hosiery all over, adding extra months of wear. Bi-Spinning is an exclusive Trufab process.

Well dressed men in the Metropolitan centers were the first to welcome this new hosiery. Its smart appearance, its smooth, snug fit, its wonderful wearing qualities, and, most of all, the amazingly moderate prices, make an irresistible appeal.

You need only buy a pair of Trufab Bi-Spun socks, put them on and wear them, to realize their many advantages over ordinary socks.

The best shops now have the smart Trufab patterns for Spring and Summer. In wool, silk, rayon and lisle, and in combinations of these materials, the new numbers exemplify Fashion's latest dictate. They are priced at..... 35c to $1

Do not accept substitutes. If you have any difficulty in securing Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery, write us and we will see that you are supplied

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS,
Athens, Georgia

Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

RUSCO Stops Quicker

I stopped my car in 27 feet going 20 miles an hour!

"'Oh, lady, lady, why be so careless!' said I in my politest. But all I got was a hard look, although I confess I'd rather take it from her than a Police Court Judge. Even though the Court might dismiss a case of that kind on evidence that the pedestrian failed to use ordinary precaution, a motorist feels a whole lot more comfortable and far happier to have stopped in time."

The DeLuxe Cab Co., of Chicago, Ill., tested Rusco Brake Lining on Jan. 12, 1925, with the result that Mr. Don C. Manning, Garage Supt., signed the following statement: "Our DeLuxe Taxi Cabs, with two-wheel brakes, lined with Rusco Brake Lining, can be stopped, going twenty miles an hour, in 27 feet."

Stopping in 27 feet at 20 miles is 8 feet *quicker* than police require. Those extra 8 feet Rusco gives you may save you a bawling out or a bad crash.

Brakes when Wet, too

Rusco is an all-weather lining. It will stop your car in wet weather just as quickly as in dry. It is treated with a special compound, so that water has no effect on it. It keeps you Safe—rain or shine.

Costs you no more

Your repair man pays more for Rusco than for ordinary brake lining. But he doesn't charge you any more. When your brakes need relining, get the benefit of Rusco extra safety. Get the conscientious service of a Rusco repair man who takes less profit to give you a safer job; and who is an expert in using special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper countersinking of rivet heads.

Rusco brake lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver crossbars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. "Brake Inspection is Your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.

Garagemen Note: **Check and mail coupon today for the famous Rusco Service Station proposition to the trade.**

Other RUSCO Products

IN ADDITION to Rusco Brake Lining, made for every type of car on the road, from the largest to the smallest, Rusco also makes the following products. So far as Quality goes, the Service they give makes them speak for themselves.

Emergency Brakes for Fords

Removable Transmission Bands for Fords

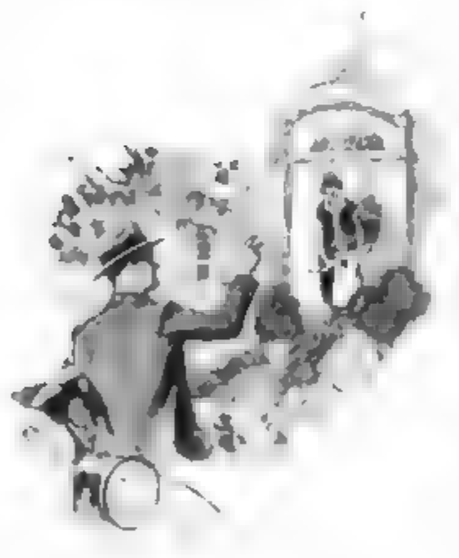
Asbestos-and-Wire Clutch Facings

Hood Lacings Stop the Rattle

Endless Fan Belts

Transmission Linings—a type for every purpose. "Truck-hestos" for trucks; and "SS" to prevent chatter

Tire Straps and Towing Line



RUSCO Brake Lining *Keeps you safe*

AWAY in the morning. Home again at night. With all the dangers of a day's driving in between. Insofar as your Safety depends upon brake lining (and what else does your safety depend upon so much?) Rusco keeps you Safe.

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

RUSSELL MFG. CO., Dept. E3, Middletown, Conn.

Send me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining. ☐ If garageman, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail for trade information. Sample of Lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

Name

Street

City State

reminds me a little of our California missions. Spanish influence—beautiful, in a way."

"Yes?" Rufe was interested. "Did you have luncheon there, Mary?"

"No, not today!" I laughed. "I was too busy to have lunch at all, Rufie, as a matter of fact."

Rufus frowned worriedly. "You mustn't do things like that, honey; next time you go to town promise me you will ——"

I circumvented him. "I won't promise where," I cried gayly. "I might be miles away from the Magnovania. But I'll have luncheon; I won't forget."

I didn't! I tucked a sandwich in my bag and ate it, giggling.

I don't know what we should have done during this time if we had eaten the usual meals. Rufus had a form of nervous indigestion that made it impossible for him to eat one without subsequent suffering. Doctor Lynn had suggested as an outline ordinary rules of precaution we all break. No coffee, no meat, or very little; just vegetables, fruit, milk. After Rufus discovered what was best for him, we made our own dietary. We'd dine sumptuously on a dish of green beans from the garden, with radishes for a savory, and bread and butter and home-made jam, or another day we'd have tomatoes, with spring onions. Sometimes we'd have a salad, or an omelet. It was a rigid simplicity of diet, adhered to because Rufus suffered so from any additions. Our sweets were jelly or jam or fruit, and occasionally, as an orgy, we had apple pie. Not as part of a meal—for the whole of it! At the time I knew little of the laws of diet, but we really lacked nothing necessary. For protein we had cheese, beans and eggs; our fats were butter and olive oil; our starches, bread and potatoes. We ranged the whole field of vegetables for variety. Though I grew tired of it personally, I proved how successful it was, for no one ever met me without remarking, "How well you look!"

We lived on this money because I was taking a gamble. That first day, talking to the advertising manager of the Handy Stores, facing his disbelief, I discovered how much I believed in myself.

"I'll show you," I said to myself, regarding him. "I'll get my stories accepted by the biggest magazines."

Forgetting to Smile

The consensus of opinion was that once one had a story published in one of them, other editors wished to see one's work. It was like a diploma, or, if publication continued, the medal of the Legion of Honor. Now I had a chance to try for it too. Sitting there facing the disbelief of that advertising man—what a good friend he became later, long before my ambition was realized!—I could see my name on the front cover of the particular magazine that I had made my goal. Mary Doe—Mary Doe—Mary Doe. I hadn't any doubt.

Even when manuscript after manuscript came back, I was sure that eventually one would be taken. You know how the sun, caught in a mirror, will flash here and there, a darting point of light? But hold it, keep it on the same spot, and, given time, it will burn a hole. That was my method. With the exception of the James Handy material, I wrote only for that one magazine. Day after day, shut away in the old room, I wrote fiction despairingly, ardently, adoringly, urgently; at leisure, in haste, in doubt, in surety. Because whatever doubts followed the return of a manuscript, the surety of acceptance sometime swam closer. I had only to close my eyes to see Mary Doe on the cover. It was photographed there in my consciousness.

Rufus never asked about my work. He didn't interrupt me, in person. But many passionate utterances of the hero were held in abeyance while I rushed to answer my own questions. Where was Rufus? Was he happy? Was he overstraining? Not physically, but by some mental effort. Sometimes a silence would tell me he had gone back to melancholy and tears, but this seldom happened if I kept my own poise. But was I depressed, uncertain, he was panic-stricken.

And sometimes serenity was difficult. Problems weren't clear cut, straight ahead. I'd forget to smile, to be engrossed by items of garden news. But a shadow drifting across his eyes brought me back quickly. Quick enough, as a rule, to be happy and gay. Gayety was what Rufus needed most of all from me—a mouth that turned up at the corners instead of down.

And yet, Rufus also needed a coat. He'd spoken of it once or twice. The weather was getting chill. And I had no way in the world of getting it for him that I could see. The strife between material and spiritual needs was poignant.

One evening I had my head down on my desk, despairing. Rufus had been sleepless for three nights, pacing the house in unease that gave way to terror always as dawn approached. Now he slept. Suddenly I heard steps on the porch—heavy steps, deliberate, slow, and a hand that fumbled in the darkness to find the bell.

Village Friendliness

It must not ring. I flew to open the door.

I was used to seeing the man confronting me wearing a white coat behind a counter in the grocery store. He smiled kindly, a heavy smile in a dull face.

"Mr. Shroeder!" I said. "I didn't see who you were. Come in!"

"Sorry to come so late, Mis' Doe, but I don't get much time." He paused. "I called about the little bill," he said mildly.

"Oh!" I put my hand to my throat. It had tightened suddenly. Tradition, an innate sense of honor, were outraged. Had it seemed necessary to demand payment of Mary Doe for groceries? I blinked tears back hurriedly.

"It's fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents," he said.

"I know. You don't imagine I forget how much I owe you, do you, Mr. Shroeder?"

He smiled. "Lots of folks do."

"Not—not folks like us."

I slipped up the back stairs. "It's abominable," I said to myself, "that a thing like this can happen just because the Handy Stores send out their checks late every month. Bringing that poor tired man up here for his money."

When I got back again Mr. Shroeder was standing before a picture—one Rufus had done the first year we were married. His eyes shone with appreciation as he turned round.

"That's real nice. Who did it?"

"You like pictures? That's something of my husband's."

"He ain't crazy if he can paint like that!"

I cried out at the word. "Crazy? Oh, Mr. Shroeder! Why, haven't you seen him? Don't you know for yourself that he—he —" I couldn't say any more. I just stared at him. It is one thing to know what people are saying; it is another to hear it, baldly, face to face. Crazy! Rufus! Dear, fine, companionable, stricken Rufus! If only he'd been paralyzed or killed in the war! Anything would have been better than this.

Suddenly there was Mr. Shroeder with a changed face, a face that was so kind it hurt. Eyes that gleamed with friendliness.

"Gosh!" he said, "I wouldn't have —— Mis' Doe, I ain't never seen your husband. And in a little place like this folks'll say anything, just to make amusement for themselves. What do you care, ma'am? When a thing ain't true, it haven't got no power to hurt you! It ain't alive—if you know my meaning?"

The philosophy of the thoughtful village dweller was summed up in that phrase. His heart rang through it. He took my check reluctantly, handed it back to me.

"Now I've seen you, Mis' Doe, I don't care if you never pay me. What I mean is—I know you will when you can. You

(Continued on Page 181)

Copyright 1926

A "MOTHER'S DAY" THOUGHT FOR EVERY FATHER

IT IS a beautiful custom, this wearing of a flower in honor of our mothers.

Not only because it is an outward symbol of love and respect, but also because it brings forcibly to our minds the tremendous debt we all owe to those women who brought us into the world and who guided and directed us until we were able to care for ourselves.

But while you are thinking of your *own* mother, would it not be well to think also of that *other mother* so dear to you—the mother of your children?

As you needed *your* mother's care, her devotion, her sacrifices, so your own children will need *their* mother's guidance and love until they, too, are able to fight life's battles alone.

While you live and work, your children will have this guidance, but should something happen—would your little ones be assured of a continuance of their mother's care? Could your wife keep your home together? Would she still have the *time* to give your children the same measure of love and devotion she now pours out upon them?

These are questions that you as a father must answer.

Life insurance is the solution. It is the warmth of a cozy home—the laughter of your children as they trudge off to school. It is the books they carry, the shoes they wear, and even the toys you would have bought them. And, above all, it is your gift to them of their mother's time—a gift you can easily afford, though it is priceless to your children.

Look into this matter of life insurance today. There is no better time. Any Phoenix Mutual representative will be glad to discuss this vital matter with you and lay before you a number of plans which offer absolute safety, security and comfort for those you love—and perfect peace of mind for yourself.

Call the nearest Phoenix Mutual man today or write to our home office.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE HARTFORD CONN.

First policy issued 1851

The new basis for judging watch values

JEWELERS

Wide and increasing public desire suggests carrying a complete range of Keystone Standard Watches. If you are not doing so now, write us regarding special assortment and display.

THE delight and satisfaction expressed over and over again, by owners of the new Keystone Standard Watches, is not alone because of their very reasonable price.

It is rather because so reasonable a price secures a time-piece of such reliability and such rich distinction. This combination, which so thoroughly satisfies pride, confidence and economy—all three—has struck an entirely new note in watch values and an immediate buying response throughout the country.

All of the recognized Keystone experience and skill have been directed toward designing and building years of dependability into these new movements, and rare taste and refinement into their cases. All of the well established Keystone resources have been used to produce these excellent watches so economically.

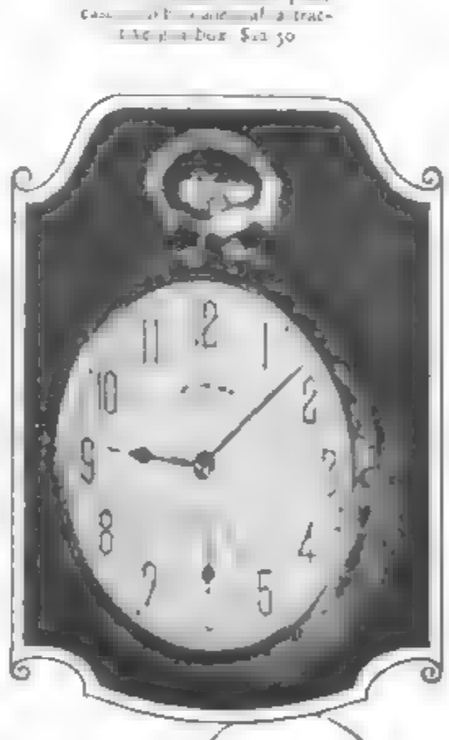
You have a wide range of selection among the new Keystone Standard Watches; from $8.25 to $13.50 in the 7-jewel movement; from $13.50 to $25 in the 15-jewel movement.

You cannot really appreciate this new standard of excellence until you have seen these Keystone Standard Watches at your jeweler's. Be sure to do this before you purchase a new watch.

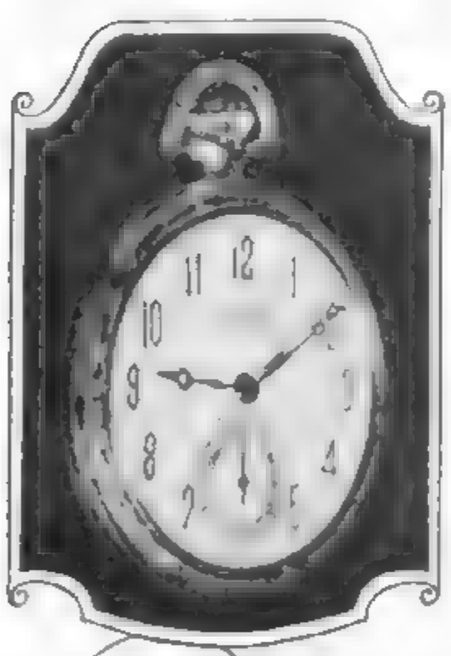
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
Riverside, New Jersey

15-jewel Keystone Standard, [illegible] 14K white or green gold [illegible] case in gift box, $25

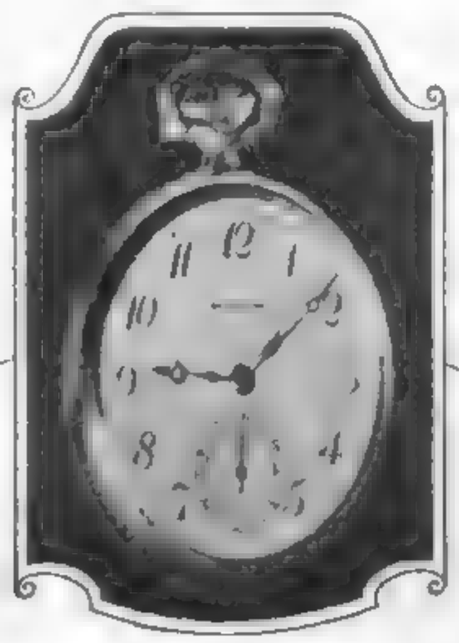
7-jewel Keystone Standard, handsomely designed rolled plate case, $12



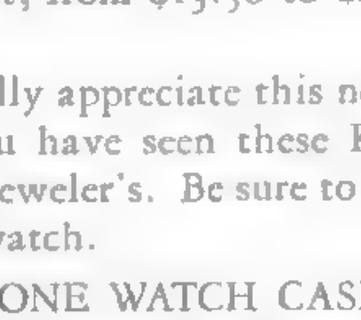
7-jewel Keystone Standard white or green rolled plate case [illegible] in gift box $12.50



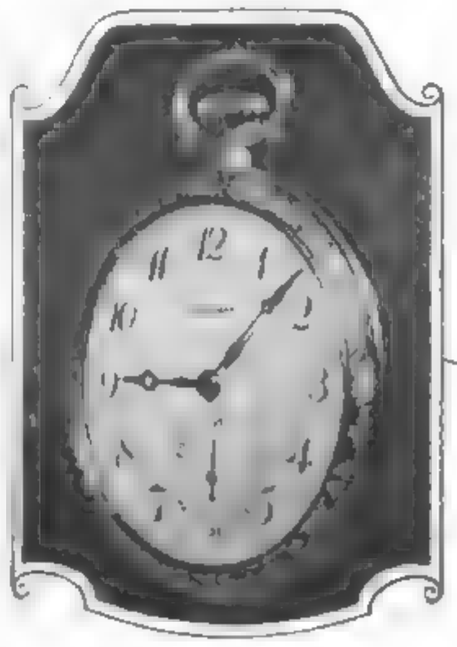
KEYSTONE
Standard
WATCHES



7-jewel Keystone Standard, plain, sturdy nickel case of excellent proportions, satin finish metal dial, $8.75



Look in your jeweler's window for this display. He will demonstrate to you the remarkable value of Keystone Standard Watches.



15-jewel Keystone Standard white or green rolled plate case of beautiful design, attractive gift box, $15

(Continued from Page 178)

haven't never left me run on so long before; that's what got me stirred up. That, and not seeing you. Sometimes folks go away on the quiet."

"My husband has been sick for a few days; I haven't been to the village. And they didn't send out this check until today or you'd have had the money. I want you to take it, please, Mr. Shroeder. I should have brought it to you tomorrow, anyhow. I can have the change then."

He sat down on the chair behind him—a small chair that was absurd as a support for his large, gangling frame.

"Ma'am," he said, and his face was red with effort, "I can't help but feel as you've got another use for that money, right now. And I ain't hurried; I got money in the bank—what I mean is ——" The delicacy with which he tried to shield feelings that might have been hurt by that slip of his. "Of course you have, too, but now and again everybody needs what they got, and I've a feeling it's that way with you. You ain't lived long in Amberly, but all the same, ain't we neighbors?"

Shadowy, dim, an idea darted into my mind. Could I? Dared I tell him about the need for a coat for Rufus? It seemed to me that this man would comprehend.

"No, you can't do that," I told myself. "It is impossible. Even with a friend it would be; and this—the man you buy your groceries from."

Something urged me: "Tell him; it's a human problem; he meets them every day. Your pride—what is pride worth, Mary? You've been praying to be shown a way out and now you won't take it."

A neighbor!

So I told him of the need for a coat. He just sat there while I talked, intent, grave. When I was done he rose, grasped his hat, looked awkwardly down at me.

"Mis' Doe, here's the way for you to do. I'll credit this"—he tapped the bill he'd brought—"and carry you on for three months more. And you get the coat. When you got the money you pay me, that's all. I'll tell you ——" He hesitated for a minute. "A salesman staked me once, to a bill of goods."

His kind face glowed; he disappeared ploddingly down our little path. And the next day, stolid, dull appearing, intent only on business, he waited on trade in his store. "Sugar? Yes, ma'am. And we've fine cheese today, Mis' Doe." He understood enough not to press kindness.

Coal as a Luxury

The approach of winter brought difficulty. Coal—coal as a luxury! I'd saved enough for one ton, but that disappeared like magic in a defective furnace. Rufus began to fidget.

"Aren't they ever going to deliver that coal, Mary? I never knew such a dilatory lot of people in my life."

I hurried to a neighbor's and telephoned the coal yard. Yes, they would send up half a ton. It was three days before Christmas. A feathery flake of snow drifted lazily down here and there. When the coal truck rounded the corner of the lane, it looked to me lovely as a Christmas tree. But instead of turning toward us, the driver got down and walked negligently toward the house. He handed me a paper.

"Mr. Cobb said I was to give you this 'fore I tipped the coal, ma'am."

The man's curious eyes were on my face. I wasn't a native of Amberly. I think he wondered how I'd act.

I wondered myself as I read. I grew angry. Why? Mr. Cobb had a perfect right to demand payment on receipt of coal. But he should have told me over the telephone—saved this—this humiliation.

1000 Pounds Nut $9.00
C. O. D.

I was so thankful that the truck had not pulled up to our door and so attracted the attention of Rufus that I spoke to the man gently.

"Mr. Cobb wanted you to get paid first, didn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I explained to him over the telephone that I couldn't pay until Thursday. You can't leave it without the money?"

"No. It ain't my coal, ma'am." He was regretful. "I'm just working for him." He went away.

I stood there in the hallway, despair in my heart. Almost Christmas and no coal! No chance of coal, either, since I shouldn't get the check until Christmas Eve. And I hadn't even money to go to New York and ask for my check early. Oh, if it hadn't been for Rufus—if Rufe were well

Tears ran down my cheeks. I hurried into the study to hide them. And there, in that room, once again there came to me that sense of something—something beyond sight. In the old days this room had been the minister's study; the walls must have witnessed many wrestlings with the spirit—many victories. Peace touched me. There were still three days to Christmas! We had enough coal to last overnight. "Take not anxious thought for the morrow"—I'd apply that to the coal problem. I wiped away the traces of tears and rushed gayly out to Rufus. I can't explain the gayety; I only know it was there. I was so sure of help—of some way out. Once again I'd tapped that reserve power, clutched the warm hand in the dark, breathed deeply of second wind.

Burning Faint Hopes

"Rufe, let's go out to the woods and cut Christmas greens to trim the house."

He didn't hear me; he was intent on something. He had a piece of charcoal in his hand, and a great square of brown paper almost covered the kitchen table. For the first time since he'd been returned to me he was sketching. I held the door in my hand and sank, trembling, back against the wall. To think I had been despairing! "God, dear God, forgive me for having doubted—anything."

Then a dog barked noisily in the garden, and Rufus trembled. He started up in a frenzy of terror before he saw me.

"Burn it," he said, and pointed at his sketch. "Burn it; it's no good! I can't do anything that's good any more."

"But, Rufe darling ——"

"Burn it." He began to sob.

"All right. Come with me to the cellar."

I took the drawing in my hands and we went together down the narrow cellar stairs. I had a chance to glance at the sketch before we opened the furnace door. It was fine, spirited, clear cut, lighted. It tore me in two to burn it.

"Rufe!" I said, trying to distract his attention. But he wasn't listening. He eyed the flames as it disappeared. He didn't shake any longer, however. He even thought it would be fun to gather Christmas greens in the snow.

In the floating loveliness of the snow-filled air I once more touched peace. If Rufe had started to work once, he'd do it again. We laughed as we cut the greens. Rufe in his new coat, with the hat pulled down over his fair hair—how handsome he looked, how well! My heart bounded joyfully. What a long way he'd come since that dreadful morning at the army hospital. No one, now, would imagine him a sick man. Imagination hurried me forward to a private showing of Rufe's pictures—the new, wonderful things he would do in the future. Then, on the edge of the wood, Rufe stopped.

"Mary," he said, hesitating, "I—I want to ask you something."

"Yes?"

"Would it matter to you if I never worked again as an artist?"

"Why do you ask, my dear?"

I stood with my hands on his shoulders, the drift of sweet-smelling boughs between us. His eyes were tired, sad eyes. He gave me the impression of a poor imprisoned wild thing trying to get free. Free from what? I did not know. A swift prayer left my

Men are Quitting

—by the millions—old-type shaving preparations for this unique creation.

Accept, please, a 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN: Five years ago Palmolive Shaving Cream was unknown. Today it is a leader in its field.

It is a unique creation. It differs immeasurably from any shaving soap you have ever tried. Eighty per cent of its users once were wedded to rival makes of shaving soaps.

It is based on the four requirements 1000 men named as their ideals of a shaving cream, plus a fifth . . . strong bubbles . . . which we ourselves added.

We think you will like it. Sixty years of soap study stand behind it. The same careful study that made Palmolive Soap the leading toilet soap of the world.

May we ask you, then, the courtesy of trying it, both in your interest and in ours?

These 5 Advantages

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

We think we have done a great job. You may agree, or you may not. But in fairness to us both, please give it a fair trial. Send the coupon. Do this today.

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Refrigeration by Ware

heart that I might say the right thing—the thing that would help.

He answered tensely in a whisper.

"Because I think you wish me to succeed, and it kills me to think it, Mary. I never can!" The little nerve that was always his danger signal to me throbbed in his temple.

Something inside me said clearly, "Laugh; it will help if you laugh."

"No, no," I protested back. "Not now. I can't." But I did. Do the gods laugh like that at the mistakes made by mortals?

I laughed again.

"Rufus darling, I don't care if you never paint another stroke. I only want you to be happy."

"Oh, Mary!" He sat down suddenly on our drifting pile of green. "I've been struggling so to do it for you, Mary."

The nerve in his temple ceased to beat visibly; his eyes weren't so harassed. He made a gesture—as might a prisoner released.

The mailman gave me a lift next day to the nearest town. At the largest coal dealer's I asked to see the president. In a compact office I found a neat, ruddy-faced man. He was so brisk that the walls rang—menacingly, it seemed—as he asked me what I wanted. A certain type of efficiency has always bothered me. What had seemed a difficult and yet a possible thing to do, now on the instant became terrifying.

I heard a small voice say, "I wanted to talk about coal."

"Yes?" He shot the word at me, waiting. Looking up, I caught sight of myself in the mirror that ran the length of the wall. How self-possessed and disdainful I appeared. "Well, how'd you want to look, idiot—like a beggar?" I apostrophized myself.

Out loud I said, "Do you know Amberly?"

He laughed—brisk laughter.

"Ought to; used to live there as a boy. Poky little hole! You aren't an Amberly girl?" His eyes were shrewd.

"No, but I live there."

What Price Red Hair?

He got up—he'd been sitting at his desk—and pulled open the door in the railing. "You'd better come inside and sit by the stove," he said. "It's cold, all that way from Amberly."

I hadn't known it, but my teeth were chattering. I dropped into the chair he gave me.

"I'm not cold, really; I'm frightened. I can't think how to say it ——" What on earth possessed me to voice my thoughts like that?

"You don't have to," he said dryly. "You want coal—without pay."

"No. I want to pay later. Only I haven't the money now, and—and I don't know when I shall have."

He studied me coldly. "That's a new one anyways. Mostly they know to the minute, and it don't always come."

Anger flared up in me. I got up from my chair. "Good morning!" I said, hurrying blindly for the door. Because—too late I knew—I couldn't afford anger. What a chance I was losing. This man had lived in Amberly; he'd know the old parsonage.

"Come back, sister"—the brisk voice had another quality—"and tell what's on your mind. Guess we can work it out between us."

He took off his glasses and laid them on the desk. He didn't look nearly so efficient without them. His little eyes twinkled humorously.

"You got red hair, haven't you?" he said without offense. "I like 'em with spirit, myself! Well, you was saying ——"

I told him facts; explained what I had to live on. Would he wait? If I made good with the magazines—as I believed in my soul I should—I'd pay him out of my first check. If not, then he'd have to wait until next year, when I'd find additional work to supplement the Handy material. I'd given myself a year to put it over with the magazines.

Suddenly his eyes kindled. He stared at me with a new look; as if he saw me for the first time. "Say, you don't mean you write the kid stuff in that paper the Handy Stores give away? Well, whadda ya know about that!" He slapped his knee. "I got a little tike at home can't wait until Tuesdays to see what happens in your story. To think you wrote it!"

We both glowed.

A Happy Ending

"Well, well!" He got back to business. "How much coal will you need for the winter, Mrs. Doe? Eight tons do you? Guess I better send nine to play safe. In there on that dirt road, difficult to get through, come deep snow." He went to the doorway and shouted something to his foreman in the coal yard.

"But I didn't expect—I hadn't imagined ——" I stammered, confused. Nine tons of coal, all at once! I wanted to laugh or to cry.

"Huh!" He drew a ledger toward him. "You don't think I'm going to give Joshua Cobb a chance to put in a ton or two at the end of the season, do you? I know Josh Cobb, went to school with him." After a moment of writing: "How you going to get home? You too proud to ride on a coal truck?"

So thus, triumphantly, I reached home. Not on a coal truck, but riding a visible fabric of dream. Beneath, around me, everywhere—a mighty rushing wind.

It was March when one of the big magazines accepted a story. We'd been in the garden, Rufe and I. Spring was early that year. There was a faint haze over the distant trees. Not green itself, but the promise of green.

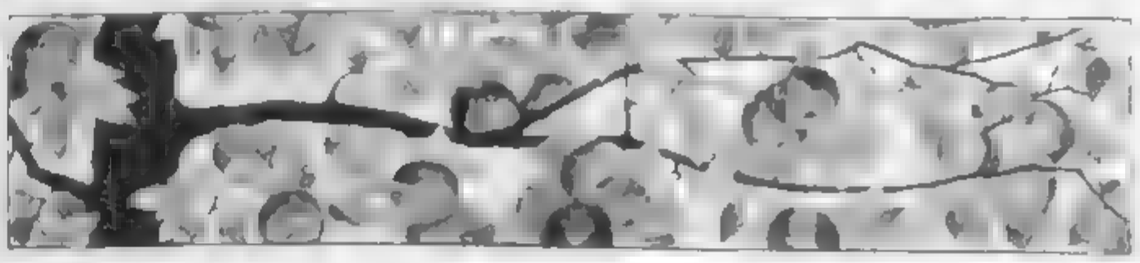
The mailman's whistle came clear, like a flute, and we strolled down to the box at the corner of the lane. There was the letter from the editor.

How I ached to tell Rufus! But I dared not. He couldn't stand anything exciting. I waited until the story had been metamorphosed into a receipted coal bill, into new clothes for Rufus, into a riotous old flivver that rocked us about the countryside mirthfully. That flivver was good for a laugh, going or coming. Then, one afternoon, fate took a hand. Rufus had stopped at the village news stand for cigarettes. His eye fell on the cover of a magazine and, startled, he saw his wife's name as I had seen it in imagination so many months before. He stalled the car on the hill. He left it there and came striding to the house, hurried into the study. In that moment he was almost the old Rufus—gay, laughing, dominant.

"You little devil!" he said, cocking one eye at me over the open page of the magazine. "It's a corker. I read it in the flivver." He put his finger on my name. "That Mary Doe—seems to me I've heard the name before!"

He dropped the book on the floor. Laughing, we melted into each other's arms. Presently we went to recover the flivver. With his hand on the wheel, Rufus turned to look at me. His gaze swept back to our old house. Wistfully, with simplicity, he said something momentous:

"We've had a good time, my dear."



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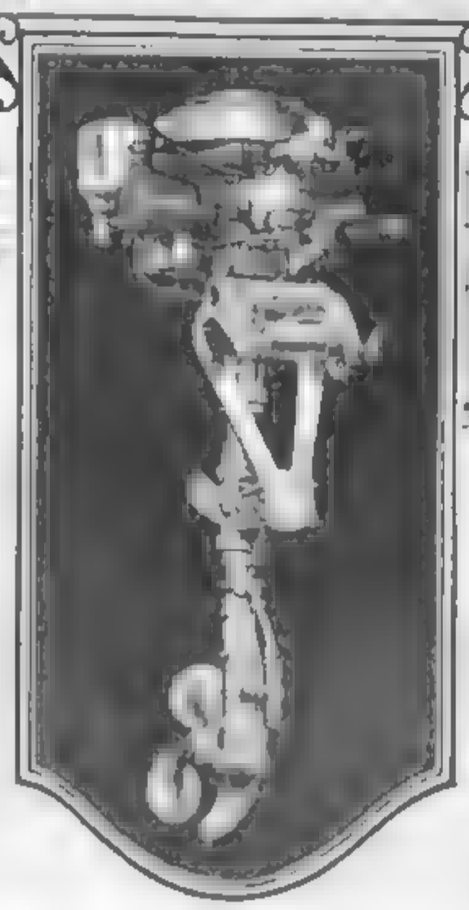

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Starting, Lighting & Ignition

NEW STONES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 27)

shipping department of a large wholesale concern. The day before the final meeting to decide the question of the doors I hopped aboard the train for Springfield, and spent the entire three hours' journey planning a method of attack.

I was certain that no amount of æsthetic wheedling would have any effect upon him. He was not the man to appreciate the fine points of historic analogy. On the other hand, I was equally sure that his decision would be based fairly and squarely on the merits of the case. He must be made to see by some vivid yet homely example that bronze doors were essential to the Springfield municipal group.

I had no idea which way he had already been swayed by the opposing factions in the board of aldermen. When I arrived in the wholesale district of the city I found him at work in his overalls.

"Hello, Mr. Corbett," he said, eying my immaculate collar and well-pressed trousers. "What are you doing around here?"

"I came to get bronze doors for the municipal group," I said without any preliminaries.

Mr. Simpson stiffened a little.

"Why should we have bronze doors?"

"Well, Mr. Simpson, when you go to church on Sunday you would never think of wearing a high silk hat with those overalls, would you?"

"Wh-why, I guess not," he stammered, mystified. "But what ——"

"And if you had on your Prince Albert," I interrupted, "you wouldn't think of walking up the church steps with that old cap on. Am I right?"

"Y-yes, you're right there. But what's that got to do with the doors?"

"Just this," I replied. "It would be just as inappropriate to put wooden doors on those Greek temples as it would for you to wear a hat that didn't match your clothes on Sunday."

Mr. Simpson's honest face broke into a smile of comprehension.

"I do believe you're right, Mr. Corbett." Without waiting for another word I shook hands with him and caught the next train back to New York. We got the bronze doors.

Thinking in Stone

Writers, painters and composers have comparatively little direct contact with their public. They may be unmitigated boors, yet their work will suffer little. But the architect has to deal with all kinds and conditions of people before his building can even be begun. He confers with real-estate men, labor-union leaders, bank presidents, city commissioners, giving way a little here, demanding a little there. To bring the job through successfully, he must combine the utmost tact with the patience of a saint.

It is next to impossible for the layman to visualize a building from drawings, or even scaled models. He is not accustomed to thinking in architectural terms any more than he is to hearing a piano solo from the sheet music. Only a trained architect can think in stone, yet the average man who has a building to be done is perfectly convinced that he can see just what he wants. Nine times out of nine his notions are structurally impossible and architecturally absurd, but he all too frequently has to be convinced by disastrous and costly experiments that he is wrong.

It takes years of practice to get the feel for architecture in the round. Many a prize drawing, beautifully rendered, would look like a cow shed if it were ever built. But the years of practice are years of drudgery, in which the poor architect is harassed with thousands of technical details.

Many are the young architects I have known—talented, sensitive to beauty, full of ambition to do noble monuments—who have fallen off the band wagon just because they were unable to cope with the practical aspects of architecture. With the most thorough training, the best opportunities for travel and study, they may yet succumb to the hard battering they get in the drafting room. They drift into other kinds of work—painting, music, or perhaps business. Even the big ones, the giants of the profession, sometimes go under.

I have in mind the case of one of the most brilliant designers America has ever produced. He was a self-made architect, yet one who had every instinct of the artist. His feeling for appropriateness of design, his sense of building-material values, was little short of marvelous. At the age of fifty he found himself with an enviable position in the world of architecture, with many beautiful buildings to his credit, shoals of medals, the respect of the entire profession.

Zoning Our Giant Cities

An open competition was announced for designs for a huge memorial. Architects hanker after memorials, because they permit great freedom of design, and because they are permanent. This man threw his whole heart and soul into the project. He prepared a set of drawings which, I venture to say, made the finest exhibit ever submitted in any competition. He sent to an artist in England, supreme in a certain type of architectural rendering, to have four special perspectives made. He enlisted the services of the best draftsmen in this country for other special drawings. When the plans were ready and the model completed it made an exhibit which would have thrilled any genuine artist to the core. Exclusive of his time, he had spent between $10,000 and $15,000 of his own money for the drawings.

But in the interests of his design he had neglected to carry out one feature of the plan specifications to the letter. It was a minor matter—a thing which could easily have been dispensed with.

The jury came together. It was a literal-minded jury, and sat with specifications in one hand and drawings in the other. The broad, noble beauty of his design completely escaped them. They only knew that he had not followed out that specification in its strictest meaning.

His design was thrown out. He did not even get an honorable mention. This one failure dealt such a blow to his artistic and professional pride that he never quite recovered. A year or two later he died, utterly crushed. There is no shadow of a doubt that this one failure hastened his death.

Every form of human activity goes on in connection with some form of building, usually planned for a particular purpose. That is why architecture is the most human of the arts. The architect deals in a commodity the public needs. Someone has said, "Let me feed the world and I will reform it." He might better have said, "Let me house the world and I will ennoble it."

One of the most fascinating fields for the modern architect is town planning. Rapid population increase has made it necessary for entire cities to be built out of whole cloth. But a still more urgent problem is the control of growth in cities already built.

Zoning was a tardy acknowledgment that, in the past, city growth was an utterly haphazard affair. None of our cities, judged by Old World standards, are really old. Even New York is nothing but a hulking, gangling adolescent, with long legs, big feet and a head too small for his body. It was almost too late before his family found he would eat them out of house and home if his appetite wasn't curbed in time. So they called a hasty conclave of aunts and uncles to decide what could be done about it. It was no use trying to make him smaller, so they decided to cut out the beefsteak and put him on a diet of fish and greens. In other words, they zoned him.

New York was not the leader in zoning by any means. Chicago made decent provision for the width of streets and the size

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Before Wrestling and Dancing Were Combined

One of the greatest men we have in this country, has been trying to revive the old fashioned dances, and like everything else he does, he is right again. The old fashioned Quadrille, or Square Dance, as we called 'em out at Claremore, Oklahoma, (where we really can dance 'em)—there is some fun and exercise, and amusement in it. The stuff they do nowadays, somebody with a sense of humor named it dancing. It's nothing but "Slow Movie Wrestling."

Did you ever just sit and watch the expressions on the present day dancers' faces? You could shoot them all and they wouldn't look any more pained. They take their dancing so serious, they all look like they wanted to just burst out and cry right on each other's shoulders. (Well they are in position for it). Modern dancing, you just wrap up in each other and try to keep from leaving that place. It's good hugging, but mighty poor dancing.

You can go to a Concert and hear a Symphony Orchestra, or a Jazz Band play all night and you won't move a muscle or do a thing, but you let one old time Fiddler strike up "Wagner" or "Gobbler in the Hay" or "Old Zip Coon" and every soul in that hall will pat their feet and start keeping time. Then some Yap will tell you "that ain't music." Say, that that makes you notice it, is the only thing that IS music. There is no sick-looking cats in a square dance. Everybody is laughing and a-hollering and a-stepping high and lively, and enjoying every minute of it. They went there to dance, not to embrace. We had dancing, and we had "Bull" Durham in them days. We got

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Will Rogers

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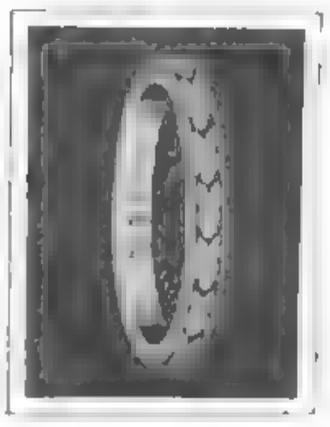

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of parks long before New York got round to the problem. Washington, D. C., started out with a definite plan, of course, but it was chiefly in the interests of beauty. Other cities were more interested in commerce, so they waited until the congestion became intolerable before they woke up to the need of action.

Let us look at New York's zoning laws for a moment, and see what effect they are having on the city. The zoning ordinance was only passed in 1916, hence the results are not so apparent as they will be twenty or thirty years from now. But due to the rapidity of building, they are surprisingly marked for such a short period.

First, it must be borne in mind that the primary purpose of zoning is to reduce pedestrian and traffic congestion. Admission of light and air is an important consideration, but artificial lighting and ventilating systems are so highly developed today that it takes a secondary place. Uniformity in the interest of beauty is only a by-product.

Now it is evident that the amount of congestion in any given street is in direct proportion to the height and bulk of the buildings flanking that street. Although New York streets are wide compared to the average in many large cities, they were never designed to bear the traffic burden of twenty and thirty story buildings.

Terraced Towers

Modern efficiency, however, demands intense concentration in certain sections. Therefore it would be manifestly absurd to limit the height of all future structures by imposing a blanket height limit such as obtains in London and Paris. To meet the situation as it exists, and yet regulate future expansion, it was decided to divide the city into various types of zones—residential, commercial, financial and unrestricted—that is, open for any or all types.

The Paris building law limits the straight vertical height of all buildings—excepting monuments and churches—to twenty meters, or sixty-five feet; above that, additional stories must remain within the arc of a circle having a fixed radius. The London regulations permit an eighty-foot vertical height, and two supplementary stories which must remain behind a sloping line of seventy-five degrees from the horizontal. In New York the vertical height is determined by the width of the street, but varies according to the zone, or district, in which the given property is situated. These zones are called one-time, one-and-one-half-time, two, or two-and-one-half-time zones, as the case may be.

That is to say, the straight vertical height may be equal to the width of the street in residence zones; it may be one-and-one-half times the width of the street in certain residence and business zones; twice the width in the principal business centers, and two-and-one-half times in the Wall Street financial section. In fact there are eight varieties, from one-quarter to two-and-one-half times the street width. Additional stories above the lawful vertical height must remain within a line drawn from the center of the street through a point on the top front of the vertical height.

But since the salient feature of New York is its towers, it was deemed wise to permit the erection of a tower which might rise to an indefinite height—limited only by structural possibilities and economic considerations—to be built only upon 25 per cent of the total lot area. The law has resulted in the step-back type of building. To keep within the envelope formed by the diagonal line from the center of the street, building tops must now be terraced, and an entirely new form of architecture is rapidly changing the aspect of the city.

The ordinary skyscraper was simply an elongation of the five or six story building and was made possible by the lack of height limitation. It was in no sense a new form. Rather, it was a distortion of an old form. Look at the older office buildings in New York. They have flat roofs, which form, twenty stories up in the air, just a heavy masonry molding which can only by courtesy be called a cornice. In nine cases out of ten, it decorates only one, or at most two, sides of the building.

Ten years ago if an architect proposed putting a cornice all the way round a building which stood in the center of a block he was fired as a rank impostor. The one-side cornice is a patent absurdity on a tall building, because you practically never look at such a building directly from the front.

Whenever you see a piano or a safe being hoisted up to an upper floor, you give it a wide berth, don't you? But daily thousands of innocent pedestrians walk under these fake moldings with never a thought of taking out extra insurance for the wife and kiddies. I have never been able to understand why the mortality from falling arches is so much greater than from falling cornices!

Of course this is only the garrulous chatter of an irate architect. I don't expect to be taken literally when I imply that you take your life in your hands every time you walk down Broadway. I am simply trying to emphasize the stupidity of such a misuse of architectural forms. If you look up at the sky line in some of the streets downtown, the buildings seem to lean over, ready to crush you. If the vertical-line principle were employed bank runners would look more at the sky.

Fortunately, the zoning law is doing much to change all this. With the new step-backs, cornices are going out almost as fast as ankle skirts and long hair. That law has done wonders toward revolutionizing the exterior of tall buildings. The tendency today is to treat every building as a free-standing structure—to the immense advantage of our city architecture.

It is helping, too, to make the exterior big enough to cover the inside. In case you think there is a joke in that statement, look at the forest of roof tanks, elevator penthouses and bulkheads that jut up against the sky over any American city, or keep an eye out for fire escapes and suchlike excrescences, and you will come to the conclusion that the practice of putting undersized exteriors on our buildings is altogether too common.

Traffic conditions in America are such that the pedestrian population is now divided into two classes: The quick and the dead. The popular-song refrain could easily be altered to fit the traffic situation: "If the taxis don't get you, then the street cars must." Traffic towers and complicated systems of light signals have done something to bring order out of chaos, but they are makeshifts at best, human nature being what it is.

Cures for Traffic Disorders

When I began to study the New York traffic problem, I had only my training as an architect. I had not indulged much in the far-reaching, speculative kind of thinking proper to the city planner. I was called in as a consulting physician not particularly familiar with the history of the case. New York City was suffering from high blood pressure, and it was not my place to ask the patient why he had eaten and drunk so much and lived at such a profligate pace, but rather to find what could be done to relieve him.

The general scheme of New York is, of course, north and south avenues, and a great many right-angle cross streets. It was useless to wring our hands and curse our grandfathers for not making the streets wider, because they could not possibly have foreseen motor traffic—at least not in its present state. Examination proved, to my satisfaction, that the trouble lay not in the avenues, which are fairly adequate to the present traffic, but in the cross streets. The arteries were too big for the veins.

But when I suggested this simple diagnosis to some of my fellow physicians, they said:

"Oh, no. Everything would be all right if only they wouldn't park their trucks in

(Continued on Page 189)

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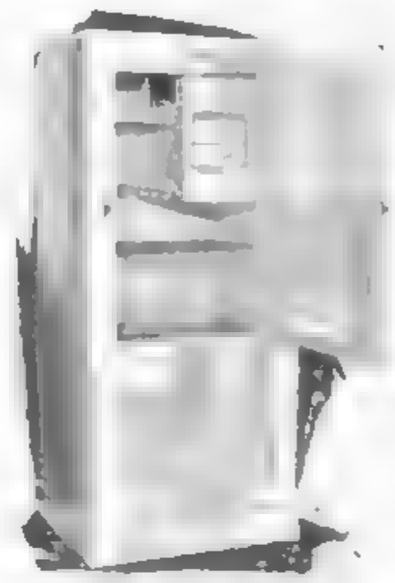

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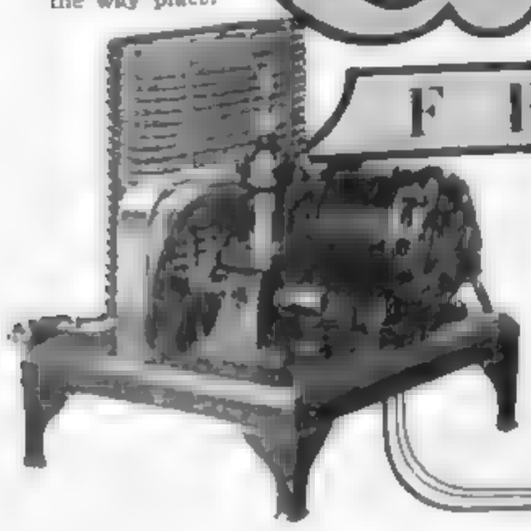

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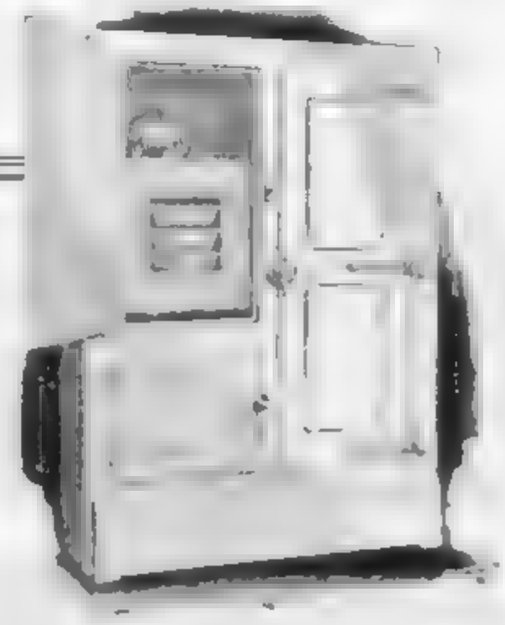

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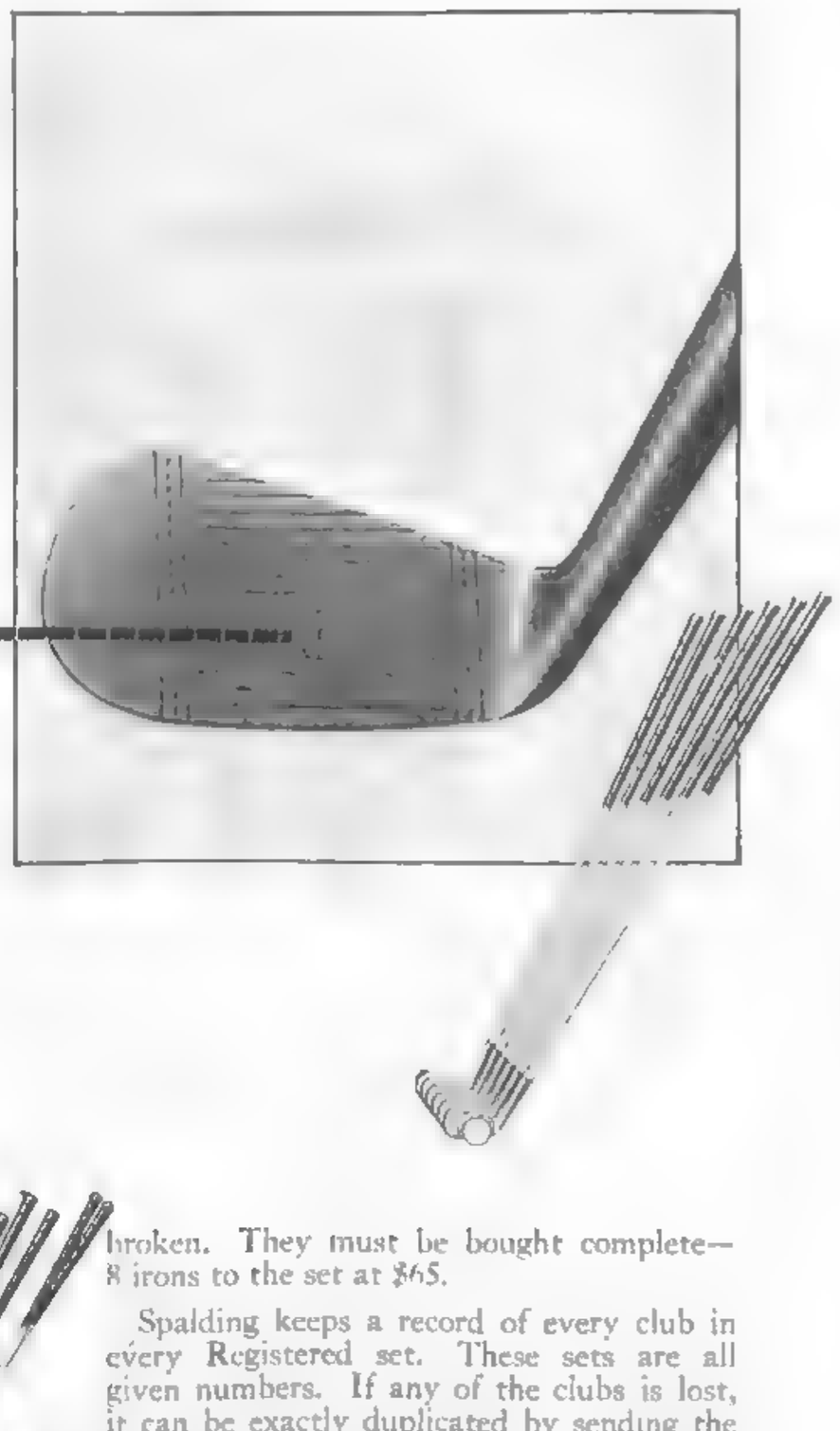
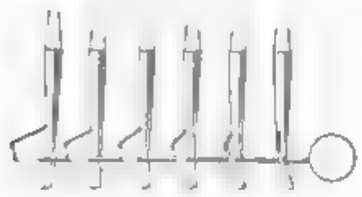


but only Spalding clubs have it in exactly the same position on every club face



SOMEWHERE on the face of every golf club is a percussion point—or "sweet spot." It is the spot which should always hit the ball. For it gives your shot the greatest distance and the truest flight.

Up to a few years ago rarely could any two clubs be found which had the "sweet spot" exactly in the same place. The average bag of clubs would show as much variation as is indicated in the illustration at the left.

Then Spalding gave the golfing world a new idea. Spalding made golf clubs match each other. And in matching them, located the "sweet spot" in exactly the same position on every club face. And *marked* it for you to see.

The advantage is obvious. You don't have to change your swing even a trifle for the different clubs. Greater uniformity in your shots results. And uniformity is the secret of good golf.

This idea of uniformity is carried out in minute detail in both the Spalding Autograph wood sets and in the registered Kro-Flite sets of irons.

For instance—a line drawn through the centers of balance will parallel the tops of the shafts. Like this picture . . . . .

The result is that every club in the set feels exactly like its fellows. Your "timing" can be the same with each. You need not speed up your swing with one club because the head is heavy, or slow down with another because the head is light. Balance each club in the average set over a pencil and compare the centers of balance. The line will probably be as uneven as the one in this illustration . . .

This lack of uniform balance in a set of golf clubs is one reason why so few players have a uniform swing.

In Spalding matched sets, there is an *exact* increase in pitch from one blade to another. There is an *exact* variation in the lie of each club—so that the distance you stand from the ball is automatically determined. Even the shafts are *exactly* matched in torsion and resilience. These features are exclusively Spalding, and patents have been applied for covering them.

Spalding Registered Autograph Sets

Spalding matched *wood* clubs are known as *Registered Autograph Sets*. They come in driver and brassie sets at $30. Spoon to match, made to order, $15.

Spalding Registered Kro-Flite Sets

The matched irons are known as Registered Kro-Flite Sets. These sets are never broken. They must be bought complete—8 irons to the set at $65.

Spalding keeps a record of every club in every Registered set. These sets are all given numbers. If any of the clubs is lost, it can be exactly duplicated by sending the set number and club number to Spalding. Every golfer can get a Spalding Registered set that fits him perfectly in length, weight and balance.

Other Spalding Clubs

Every Spalding golf club represents the very finest implement which can be produced for the cost. Every Spalding club, regardless of price, is carefully balanced, tested and finished in a way to make it suitable for an expert. Spalding has first selection of the world's finest materials and Spalding employs the world's foremost golf club makers. Practically all of the leading professional and amateur golfers use Spalding clubs.

Spalding un-registered wood clubs range from $10 each to $2.50 each. Un-registered irons range from $6 to $2 each.

Spalding also makes a complete line of juvenile clubs, women's clubs and left-handed clubs.

Ask your professional

for Spalding Registered Clubs. He has them or can get them for you. You can also get them, of course, at any Spalding store. And from Spalding dealers, too.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE GOLF CLUBS. ORIGINATORS OF MATCHED AND REGISTERED SETS OF WOOD AND IRON CLUBS

(Continued from Page 186)

the cross streets. We can't get our limousines by at all. Something must be done to stop it."

Then each would cite a case where his car had been blocked that very day by some thoroughly evil truckman who insisted on unloading his truck from the back, thus blocking half the street.

I pointed out that the city could forbid every pleasure and business car from driving below 59th Street without any material inconvenience to the business of the city, but that if they stopped the vans and merchandise-carrying cars the city would starve in twelve hours time. It is just as much a function of the motor truck to stop and unload as to move. The pleasure car is, after all, a luxury; the commuting business car is a convenience, not a necessity.

It is perfectly futile to talk about cutting more streets. In the 42d Street district in New York there is one acre of street to every two acres of building—the largest street area in proportion to building area existing in any city of importance in America. It is equally absurd to attempt to widen the streets themselves, except in the way that it has already been done, by shearing off the old-fashioned stairways and pushing back the curb line. But to change the actual building line—except in four-story streets, where it would be unnecessary—would be preposterous.

The Three-Level Street

The arteries of a baby won't supply blood to the limbs of a man; or, to put it in another way, a two-foot pipe line won't supply water for a big city. Under the circumstances the only solution is to increase the traffic capacity of the street.

How can it be done? You can't widen the streets. Then you will have to deepen them and elevate them. In other words, you will have to put the traffic on different levels.

Traffic divides itself naturally into three distinct classes—rail, wheel and foot. The terms explain themselves. Rail—vehicles that run on fixed rails. Wheel—vehicles that run freely. Foot—pedestrians. I contend that these three classes of traffic do not belong on the same level.

For years we have recognized that rail and wheel traffic do not belong on the same level. The grade crossings are the curse of the open country. We are spending millions of dollars a year to do away with them. Is it not perfectly logical that wheel and foot traffic should be separated, at least in the city?

Rail traffic, being the heaviest, should go underground. Part of it is there already. Some of it is still on the surface, and because of its rigidity in the midst of more mobile units is almost unable to move. Surface cars are a joke in a crowded city. In ten years they will be obsolete. Then there is still some rail traffic up in the air, where it obviously does not belong at all.

Motor traffic belongs on the surface, where it already is. But it is too erratic and dangerous to mix with pedestrian traffic. Will Rogers has suggested the ideal solution of the motor problem: Stop all the cars that are not entirely paid for.

Pedestrian traffic, being the lightest and the most mobile, should go up in the air. Pedestrians have more need of light and air than motorists. Otherwise they would not be pedestrians.

This phase of operations would be comparatively simple. It could be done a block at a time, to begin with. An elevated sidewalk could be carried on a strut a few feet away from the building line, cantilevering under the building to carry the load and supporting it so as to permit steps up or down. The sidewalk level would be adjusted to the existing second-story level. If this were done it would increase the stream of moving traffic on cross streets 200 per cent. That is to say, where one taxi or motor car can now pass between the rows of parked vans and unloading motor trucks, three would be able to pass if the sidewalks were elevated.

When conditions become so crowded that even the 200 per cent increase is insufficient, we should pass laws requiring owners who wanted cars to park in front of their property to provide the necessary space within the building line. That is impossible now because it would mean crossing the present sidewalk to reach the private parking space, and would bring about "confusion worse confounded." But with elevated sidewalks—and this construction could be quite light—you could compel owners to move parking quarters underneath the buildings. This would increase the capacity of a narrow street 800 per cent.

It has been objected that this would damage property values. Quite the contrary—it would increase them. Two shops would grow where one grew before—one on the motor level and one on the pedestrian level. The big department stores are always howling for more display space, and they try to augment the existing one-level condition with all sorts of expedients, such as arcades, Subway-platform displays and elaborately indented entrance ways.

The next logical step would be to carry these elevated sidewalks across the intervening streets, so that pedestrians could move unobstructed through the whole shopping district, separated and free from the motor traffic. Then walking would become a pleasurable pastime instead of a hazardous adventure.

Further ramifications of this traffic-relief plan offer infinite possibilities for reducing congestion and beautifying the modern city. Accommodation for pedestrians could be doubled by arcading the buildings. By widening the streets under the buildings motor traffic could be increased as much as 2000 per cent. Underpasses at street crossings would further speed up vehicular movement and make the moving stream almost continuous.

In a sense, these plans are an emergency solution. They would cost millions. But congestion is costing billions. Every time a four-story building on a side street is torn down and a twenty-story building erected in its place, congestion increases and property values decline. It is all very well to have skyscrapers, but if you can't reach them you can't rent them.

Why is a City?

A recent writer has assailed this projected three-level street on the ground that it does not get at the root of the evil. He says, in effect, that as soon as the streets are triple-decked, buildings will shoot up two and three times as high and the situation will be just as bad as before.

But he ignores the obvious fact that a zoning commission with foresight enough to relieve the present congestion would not turn about and increase it again by doubling the existing height limit.

This same writer deplores the present big city on general grounds. To him it is nothing but an obnoxious monster, a horrible Frankenstein. He insists that human beings do not want to live in such crowded conditions. But the fact remains that they do, and that concentration becomes greater every day.

Cities are built because people like to be together. They are a manifestation of the group instinct. Human beings want to be with their own kind, provided they are not literally crushed into one another's arms. And that, too, they sometimes welcome.

Not long ago some friends came to visit me in New York from my native Golden Gate. After finishing my studies in Paris, I had always expected to return to San Francisco, but I stopped off in New York to get some experience. I am still getting it. In the family were two girls about fourteen or fifteen—just out of school. I invited them to lunch with me in one of the high buildings, for I was curious to see what their reactions would be. They were excited about the panorama, but when I asked them what interested them most in the city, they chimed in unison:

"The Subway!"

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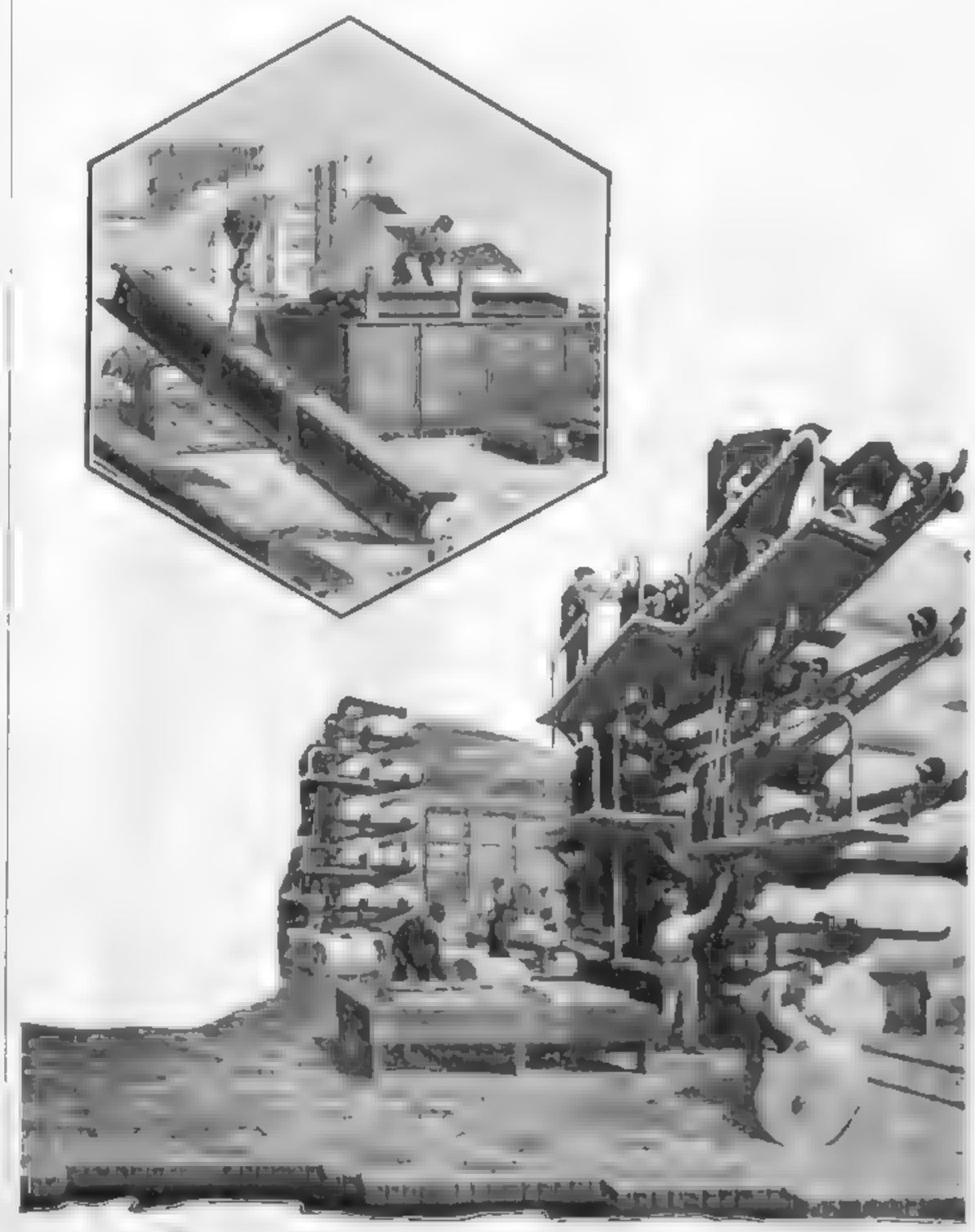

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Over 200 years ago the authorities notified the people that they must stop coming to London. It was getting altogether too crowded, they said. Futile gesture! The population was then about 500,000. Look at it now. It is a mistake to approach the problem assuming that the human race is going to change overnight, that the sylvan pleasures of the swimming hole and the cabbage patch are suddenly going to supersede the glamour of the limousine and the supper club. People can be guided to a certain extent, but their natural instinct is to herd together, provided they can herd happily.

In a former article I discussed at some length the publicity value of architecture. Architectural publicity was a thing that kings, princes and governments formerly arrogated to themselves. The money lay in those quarters. A king flaunted his pride in a palace. A government advertised its stability with great parliament buildings. The Pyramids were nothing more or less than a monstrous advertisement to the power of a Pharaoh. Hundreds of thousands of men were drawn from the fields and sweated and bled to death under the lash to advertise a single man. A vast rich country was impoverished beyond reclaim for one man's ambition.

Factories Like Mansions

Now the money lies with great corporations. They advertise a piano, a sewing machine, a refrigerator, or an insurance policy by precisely the same means.

But architecture strikes roots much deeper than that. It can be made to serve the people in a humanitarian way. Time was when a factory was a necessary evil. It was usually a dingy, amorphous, ill-lighted hole, where human automatons slaved from eight to six, with half an hour at noon for a miserable lunch bolted from a tin dinner pail. It was crowded in the backwash of the city's meanest streets. Sanitation was unheard of and beauty was scorned.

Four walls and a roof used to be good enough for a factory. The dirtier and darker they happened to be, the better. The critic of architecture fired his bitterest shot when he said of any building, "It looks like a factory." To build one was bad enough, to work in it was worse. But to be its architect resulted in certain professional ostracism.

Times have changed. If you set out to find a modern factory, you are likely to wander into a park that looks like the private estate of one of our multimillionaires. There are broad winding drives lined with ancestral elms. You arrive in the forecourt and marvel at this well-proportioned building, which, were it not for the excessive window space, might well be an art gallery. There are well-cropped lawns, flower beds, tennis courts, recreation fields, parking space for the employes' roadsters. Within, perfect light, ventilation and sanitation. Life in a modern factory has reached the final goal of the Utopian existence. Just enough work to make the recreation period appreciated, and just enough play to keep Jack from being a dull boy.

In industrial life the architect is coming into his own. The manufacturer who still clings to the notion that new goods can best be made in an old shack is almost extinct.

The factory superintendent usually planned the old-fashioned manufacturing plant. The theory was that the only man to design a factory was a factory man. At first blush, this idea seems sound enough. The owner could see no reason for calling in an outsider to do something that the man on the job knew all about.

That is a proved fallacy. One might just as well say that the only person to plan a kitchen is the cook who works in it. But cooks are only human and change—they frequently do—whereas the kitchen is a fixture. Besides, the new cook never likes the old one's arrangement. It is much wiser to plan the kitchen for any intelligent cook, rather than for one particular cook. The factory man's vision is limited by too intimate a knowledge of his own special work.

When owners realized this they called in the engineer, who, although not a specialist in any particular kind of manufacturing, was familiar with manufacturing processes in general and with the simpler forms of building construction. He fulfilled a long-felt want, and factory conditions improved under his influence. But, being also a practical man, it was difficult for him to see beyond the purely mechanical phases of his problem. To him workers were just so many more machines to be placed, and buildings just so many more inclosed spaces in which to place them.

Just as the engineer replaced the factory man, so the architect replaced the engineer. What did the architect add that his predecessors did not have? Those manufacturers who still have no use for architects will tell you that he added "frills"—and expensive frills at that.

I am the last man in the world to defend the architect who does nothing but add lace to the nightgown. The sound architect has a broader point of view than either of his predecessors, and can produce something that yields a greater actual financial return. For he is able to bring to the industrial problem something of real value which the others have not brought—a comprehensive sense of arrangement.

I mean arrangement considered from every possible angle—not merely the logical arrangement of building to site, or the economical arrangement of construction types to local conditions, or the mechanical arrangement of incoming raw materials and outgoing finished product, or the financial arrangement of first cost and upkeep to final return; but the practical arrangement for the comfort, convenience and care of workers, the essential arrangement for supervision and inspection by managers, and, last but not least, the arrangement of all for the sake of a fine appearance.

Beauty for Less Money

The architect's greater knowledge of types of construction, economical spans, column distribution, window spacing, and so on, should enable him to save more than any sacrifice for appearance could possibly cost. I have yet to discover an owner so sordid that he would not prefer a handsome building if he could get it for less money.

The true function of the architect is not one of concealment or deceit, but of true and sincere expression. No harm comes from a factory looking like a factory. The artistic crime is committed when it looks like something else. But there is no reason on earth for it to look like a pigsty.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Corbett. The third will appear in an early issue

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THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

(Continued from Page 20

the ring and lost my job. At the age of twenty-six, having failed to bring about a reconciliation with my father, I succeeded in touching him for a hundred pounds and with this emigrated."

He gravitated naturally enough into real estate, in which his vivid imagination and seductive English should have led to considerable affluence. He was appointed society editor to a colonial paper, and in this capacity his diplomatic qualities and charm of manner were valuable assets, according to himself.

He got no further than this point in his erratic career, because it had become necessary for him to make his rounds of the theater to see that all was well. During his absence, when he was escorted by the cat, I made a quick escape. I never saw him again, but several weeks later I received a short and pithy letter, written on a sheet of the note paper which he had pinched from Mrs. Hutton's desk, in which he stated that he was quite willing to allow me to make him the hero of a play if I would give him "shall we say, a little matter of 10 per cent of the gross receipts." I came to the conclusion, however, that his story had already been written so often by other men, including Thackeray in Barry Lyndon, that it was not worth my while to accept his generous offer. For all I know to the contrary, he may still be going round that theater once every hour during the night, followed either by the same cat or that animal's prodigal son.

Under Dogs and Hard Luck

Among other under dogs whose stories I remember was the stage-door keeper of another London theater—one whose name and history are famous in the annals of the stage. At odd times during the course of the rehearsals of one of my plays, this man opened up. His was a hard-luck story also, but one in which honesty, energy and a fine ambition walked in step. Starting as a barber in a Devonshire town, this man, who was in the habit of shaving the members of touring companies, became bitten with the ambition to go on the stage himself. He sold his fairly flourishing business and with the capital thus acquired started a fit-up company with a repertoire of plays. For many years he toured among the minor towns of England with The Royal Divorce and East Lynne, in which he cast himself to play the leading parts. He cultivated long hair and beetling eyebrows and by giving an exact imitation of Irving succeeded in impressing the rustics who formed his audience with the fact that he was a histrionic genius. He billed himself in large letters as the "Irving of the Smalls," engaged young actors and actresses of good appearance and talents and succeeded in making some sort of living until he wore out his welcome, was forced to sell his tattered scenery and costumes and was driven off the road.

"Then London," he said. "By this time my locks were gray, my ambition dented, but I had the luck to find one of the young men who had served his apprenticeship with me installed as stage manager at Drury Lane. Through him I managed for a series of years to be employed in one-line parts in the dramas which were written yearly by Raleigh and Hamilton and put on with so much pomp and artfulness by Arthur Collins. I should, of course, have made a better living if I had gone to work in one of the barber shops in the West End, but pride was too great for this."

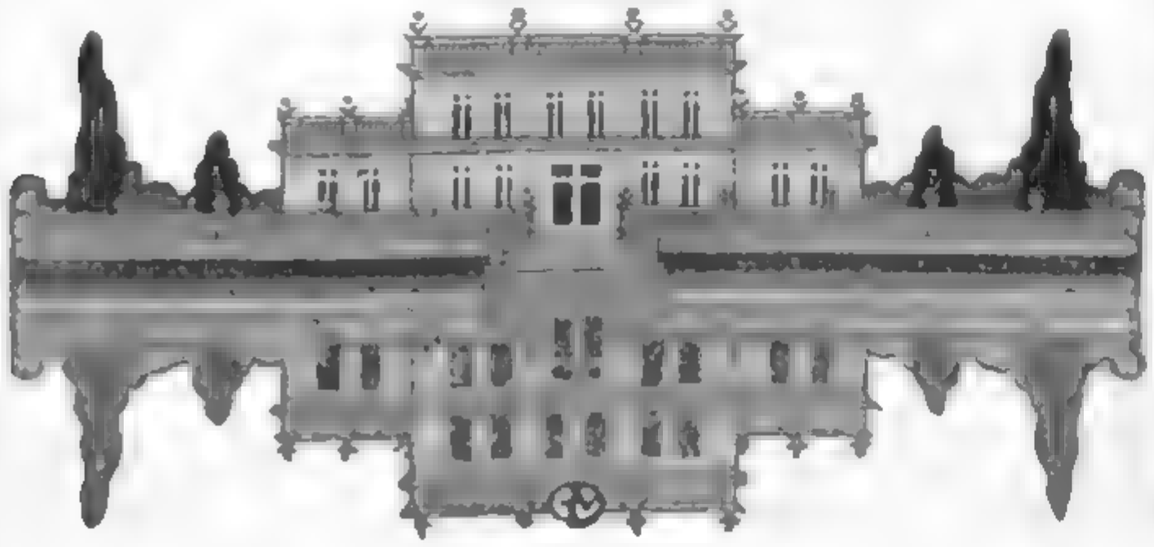
And when the authors of these concoctions retired both from the stage and life and Drury Lane Theater lost its appeal to the fickle public, this man, unable to tear himself away from the theater, sank to the bottom of the theatrical ladder and became the keeper of a door. Looking more distinguished than the actor manager for whom he called a nightly cab, he sat all day in a drafty cubbyhole, sorting letters, cooking his eggs and bacon and keeping out intruders during the performances of a list of famous plays. He was never able to leave his post long enough to see them and as he could never afford to take a holiday and was on duty even when his theater was closed for the off season, he never witnessed the performances at any other theater.

He was a strange figure with his long hair, lantern jaws and Irvingesque appearance. He regarded himself as a fallen star, and clung to the belief that he was the possessor of greater talents than those of any of the famous people whom he let in and ushered out of the door to which he was a constant prisoner. His dignity was immense. He spoke to no one unless it was necessary to answer a question. He performed his task, simple enough, in a most exemplary fashion and was known and liked by everyone connected, however briefly, with the theater which he grew to regard as his.

Last Gleams of a Fallen Star

His constant companion was a parrot as unloquacious as himself. A bird which, with similar dignity, cocked a skeptical eye at leading men and leading ladies, refusing to show the slightest interest in anyone who called him pretty poll and tickled his indifferent head. I was the only man, I think, to whom the ex-barber confided his story. To everyone else he remained an uncut book, shrouded in mystery. To me, he used to say, "Give 'em what they want. Treat the public as a child. You can make no mistake when you metaphorically gather them round your knees, turn the light down, and say, 'Once upon a time.' Fashions change and tastes differ, but in the hearts of the great theater-going public there is a longing for romance, for idealism, for the reward of virtue and the punishment of vice. Dull lives, sir, require a little joy, and every man and woman, however small or great, comes to the theater to sit on a magic carpet and be wafted to the place which is only seen in dreams."

Two or three years before the war, this man, then quite white, received his final call. He died of pneumonia and was buried in a vast churchyard some way out of London, beneath a stone which was erected to his memory by the money subscribed by the stage hands, dressers, walkers-on and his fellow under dogs. His parrot lingered for



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a few weeks, refused to eat or drink, and joined him where it is to be hoped both are now enjoying better luck on a road less difficult, and in a sunnier clime. The only thing that he left behind, and which gave a clew to the mystery of his past, was a large album of press notices, in which he was referred to by a number of country newspapers as the "Irving of the Smalls."

It is, I think, true to say that of the under dogs of the stage who are obliged to endure the greatest part of its artistic temperament, unrecognized and unsung, are those quiet and efficient persons who dress the leading actors and actresses whenever they are in work. They are required to be punctual to the second at every performance—never mind what may be their private feelings at the moment; whether little Tommy may have toothache or the mumps, or little Agnes have broken both her knees by having fallen down the area steps. They must invariably wear the reassuring smile of a dentist and be prepared to be turned into a pin cushion in order to receive the pointed sarcasm and the javelins of temper of their particular employer. They are the first to arrive at, and the last to depart from, the theater. It is their duty to make their dressing rooms look as smart and clean as possible and to have everything ready in the way of lights, heat, make-up, clothing, letters and flowers, if any. They must then stand by with beaming faces for the sometimes hurricane arrival of the star to whom they are hitched. If he or she is a little late, the dresser receives the blame. If, on the other hand, there is an accidental erring on the side of punctuality, the dresser is admonished for not having set watches right the night before

In some cases, particularly with women dressers, they are taken into the complete confidence of their principals and treated as though they were old family retainers, with whom, indeed, they may have grown, not old—an actress is never old—but, shall we say, mature.

Hitched to a Star

I remember a dresser, the faithful friend of one of the most charming actresses who ever lived in the world, who, after a good many years at her game, had acquired more manner, more condescension, more graciousness even, than the sweet lady whom she had followed from engagement to engagement. This good soul would have been amazed and stultified ever to have been placed among under dogs. From her own angle of sight, she had risen to the very top of the theatrical tree and regarded herself as wholly responsible for the beauty and invariable smartness of the lady whom she mothered, nursed, dressed, flattered and massaged every night of her working career.

She, herself, born in the slums of London, had started at the age of fourteen as a maid of all work in a Bloomsbury boarding house. Her next step up the ladder was as a waitress in an A. B. C. shop, from which she passed on to one of the London theaters as a program seller, combining both jobs. Bitten by the microbe of the theater she resigned from her restaurant and became a cleaner, and it was during her second year in that capacity that she deviled for a dresser who had fallen suddenly ill and so made her way from the front of the stage to the back of it, to her immense delight.

An excellent needlewoman, neat, deft, willing and with an equable temper, she was retained as a dresser on the books of the theater and eventually was noticed by her beloved mistress, to whom she devoted her life. At odd moments during the run of a play she attended classes in order that she might be taught how to read and write, and having acquired these gifts she then studied Shakspere and the works of other great dramatists, including Bernard Shaw, in order that she might be able to quote from them at appropriate moments and live up in some degree to the well-known wit and brilliance of the ever-youthful and more and more charming actress whom she worshiped and sometimes nagged.

With almost pathetic diligence and self-sacrifice she occupied her spare time taking elocution lessons so that she might be able to receive the nightly visits of people from the front of the house with a certain amount of style, and although she never overcame the usual cockney inability of taking an "h" without falling from the saddle, her choice and pronunciation of words became remarkable and amusing. Inclined to a slight rotundity, she put herself under a rigorous diet in order that she might wear the frocks that she inherited from her mistress and do them credit.

As may be imagined, it was not long before this exemplary little person, whose ambition was so great and whose sense of vocation was so eager, was promoted to the star's home in the joint capacity of personal maid and secretary. Thus she became a figure in theatrical circles and the mere mention of her name during the particular epoch of which I am writing was enough to arouse sympathetic laughter because of her extraordinary sayings, and a sort of familiar respect and admiration because of her blazing devotion and delightful dignity.

The Schoolmaster Stage Manager

Under the heading of under dogs must be placed, too, a certain stage manager whose story always seemed to me to be rather like that of one of the characters in a novel by H. G. Wells. He worked with me several times, well, and with great enthusiasm, and although he was a reticent person he let out certain things about his life at odd moments which were vastly interesting.

He was a man of, I suppose, thirty-eight or so, when I knew him first—thin, round-shouldered and unathletic, with a mop of hair which had gone white in streaks. He was always in a high state of excitement about something or other and his words tumbled out of his mouth like water over a weir. He covered more unnecessary ground than a terrier out for a walk, and when he was about to fetch something from somewhere he would always start off in the opposite direction and double back. He had a distinctly confusing effect upon the actors at rehearsal and when he held the book was always well in advance of the line or several pages behind.

It turned out that he had started his career as a schoolmaster, had stuck to what he found to be a very trying life for several years, dreaming all the while of going on the stage. The deadly routine of his school went all against his grain. He longed for the irregularity and vagabondage of the theater, the free and easiness, the romance. He joined a fifth-rate touring company and discovered to his enormous disappointment that he was of a far too nervous temperament to face the footlights. He invariably blew up. He had, too, a most disconcerting habit of cutting in, stepping on laughs, jumping scenes and wandering about the stage so that his mere presence was quite sufficient to throw everyone into a panic. His enthusiasm was so burning and his chaotic personality so likable, however, that the manager of his company was merciful and retained him to look after the stage.

He had a genius for details and could never be persuaded to leave the theater until long after the curtain had fallen. He moved from one company to another over a series of years and gradually improved his position, until he found his way to London and was appointed stage manager by a well-known actor manager, whom he addressed as "chief" and treated as though he were the headmaster of a school.

Being himself unable to act he was, of course, utterly unable to teach other people how to do so. All the same, he was never so happy as when he was left in charge of the stage during the enforced absences of the great man. It was then that, crouching like a monkey in a cage, he put the actors

(Continued on Page 197)

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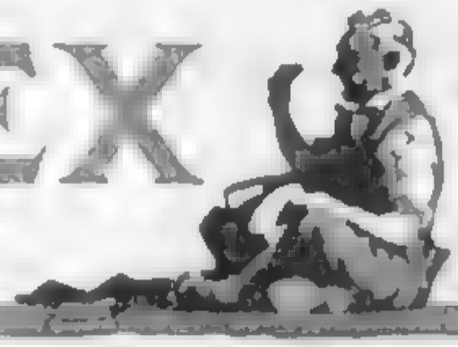

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(Continued from Page 194)

through their parts, moved them from place to place and endeavored to instill into them something of the subtle psychology which he believed they ought to bring out. It always filled me with amusement to watch his face and the faces of the actors when the chief marched in, said "What on earth is all this?" and completely revolutionized everything that he had done.

If he had not been generally regarded as "a dear old thing," pitied a little, and frequently helped, greatly liked by the stage hands, fairly useful in assembling scenery and seeing to all the numerous details that go with the production of a play, he would never have held his job; in which case it is difficult to know what he would have done for a living. He had long forgotten his algebra, his Euclid, his history and his rudimentary classics. He was married and had several children. In fact, he seemed to become a father just as often as his chief bought plays, and when, toward the end of a run, he brought his entire family to the theater and seated them in a box, the row of eager little faces looked like flowers on a window sill.

He was a bit of a playwright himself, though his efforts were never produced. This may have been owing to the fact that he had a peculiar way either of forgetting his plot at the end of the first act or of going off into another, so that not even the most attentive reader could make head or tail of what he wrote. He read plays, too, and would dash off to various playwrights with eager suggestions which entirely ruined their scheme. If a play, for instance, was laid in China, he would have a brain wave that it would be far stronger and more picturesque if its action were transferred to Hawaii or France. He never could understand why he and his suggestions were not taken seriously, but the saving grace of his character lay in the fact that he was able to laugh at himself. The happiest moments of his life were those when he took the rehearsals of the understudies, and at these times those of the leading actors who felt in need of amusement would go down to the theater after the play had been launched and watch him, from the dark corners of the theater, making a mess of things.

Understudies very seldom get the opportunity of appearing, because actors and actresses are strangely healthy people and seldom miss a performance, and so his chaotic handiwork was never disclosed.

A Sea Cook's Menagerie

So great a hold had the stage exerted upon this man that he took it home with him. Every piece of his furniture, including some of the beds, had been used in various productions. His walls were hung with bills and programs, and he had albums of press cuttings from papers in England and America, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and Canada, India and China, into all of which places he had followed the actor manager to whom he had been not only stage manager but secretary, butler, courier and, in one or two queer emergencies, valet as well. A useful and ubiquitous person, as will be seen.

In dealing with English under dogs there is the case of a man who occupied the useful position of property man for very many years in a London theater which was the little kingdom of a celebrated actor in the days before the war. It was generally said that he had drifted into the theater from the sea, that he had been the cook on an old four-master.

Like all seafaring men, he was a confirmed collector of pets, and his museum beneath the stage, in which there was a huge assortment of every kind of prop, from bottles of chili sauce to long crusader swords, was also a zoölogical garden—a fascinating place. In fact, it greatly resembled one of those junk shops which are to be found in Limehouse, or near the wharves of a port.

At one time he had as many as sixteen parrots—many of which indulged in language that frightened the police. Also he had several monkeys and one unfortunate penguin, which strolled disconsolately about his shop, grotesquely like the actor manager who trod the stage above. He bred canaries, too, and these had a pleasant way of bursting into song when the orchestra tuned up. They never sang so merrily as when the Zeppelins dropped bombs on London, one of which missed the theater by less than a hundred yards. He was deeply attached to white mice, and these he trained to give performances to the various leading ladies, who would spend a delighted hour watching them after matinées.

Each one of these mice had a name—Lewis Waller, Fred Terry, George Alexander, Mrs. Pat, Julia Neilson, Charlie Hawtrey, and the like.

The Side Show Downstairs

A bachelor, he had a room in an alley which ran from King Street, St. James's, into Pall Mall by the Marlborough Club an insalubrious narrow place lined with shops, with a celebrated public house at the Pall Mall end of it, which was a sort of club for the privates in the Brigade of Guards. To this place he would frequently take one or other of his pets after the fall of the curtain and entertain these soldiers with their tricks.

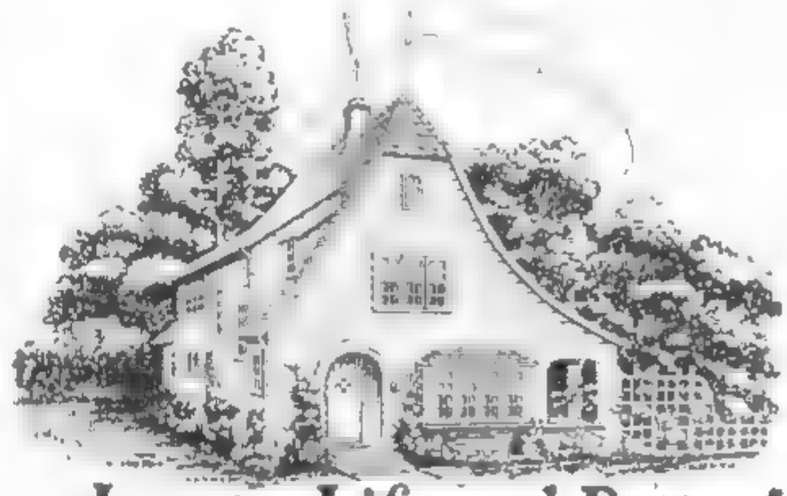
Passing one night on my way home, I was amused to hear him telling "Beerbohm" to be a good boy and heard the loud guffaws of these hefty Tommies, who were watching a white mouse walk along the counter on his hind legs.

There never was an occasion during the many productions at this theater when this man was at a loss to provide whatever was needed in the way of props. Everything had its place in his huge cellar, which was as neat as a drug store, and there, in the middle of many thousands of strange and useful things and all his various pets, this once adventurous man, who had tossed about at sea, sat with his ever-increasing family, of which he was so proud.

He was a simple, square-shouldered, good-natured, lovable person, a gentleman in every sense of the word. And when I shut my eyes I can see him now, with canaries perching on his shoulders, with white mice in his pockets, a monkey or two in close juxtaposition, and a penguin eying him affectionately while waiting to be fed. The audiences who went in and out of the theater were quite unaware of his existence, but I am sure that many of them would have paid just as much to see his museum and his animals as the plays that were so beautifully presented by their favorite actor, whose tricks they knew by heart.

As for the under dogs of the American stage—and there are many, of course—it seems to me that they have more money and better conditions than those of England to whom I have referred. Chorus men and chorus girls, and the small-part people who float about from the gigantic productions of Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. Dillingham and the energetic brothers Shubert, are required, it is true, to dress and undress—though mostly undress—in rooms that are apparently miles away from the stage. I have been in several theaters in New York in which these people have nightly to tackle a staircase which almost rivals that of the Woolworth Building, and the exercise which is acquired by going so frequently up and down must be very good for the muscles of the leg. In that vast barrack, the Century Theater, which not only has a huge nightly audience just above the level of the street but one in the roof and a third in a night club lately opened in the basement, there is an elevator for these under dogs, and heaps of elbow room. And in this theater, as in all the others in New York, there is extreme cleanliness and warmth.

Even doorkeepers in American theaters have more comfortable quarters than those of English theaters, and better pay. Take



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for example that nice room in the Empire Theater, hung with innumerable photographs in which Charles Frohman's very good friend John, the colored man, has spent so many years. The big, gentle John, whose devotion to the late Charles Frohman was very touching, I thought, has been on terms of friendship with the innumerable list of stars who have given the Empire Theater a great tradition and a halo of histrionic achievement of which New York must be very proud indeed. Call to memory the names, for instance, of John Drew, Mary Boland, sweet Maude Adams, delightful Laura Hope Crews, the beautiful Ethel Barrymore, and others too numerous to mention, who served under the Frohman banner in the theater he loved so well. All of them knew John and respected him and were as deeply moved as he was when the little wizard of the American theater went down in the Lusitania, quoting the words of Peter Pan: "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

If one may call the young beginners in the craft of acting under dogs, then it seems to me that those who find their voices and their feet in stock companies in this country undergo a very wearing time. Excellent, inspirational and essential as these practical training schools are, imagine how hard a strain it must be to go from play to play, with barely sufficient time in which to sleep and eat. I never can understand how it is possible for these enthusiasts to perform one play at night while they are rehearsing another in the daytime, and not get tangled up in the lines of both. It is a feat.

Concentration is brought to its highest point by these young people in the various cities where stock companies are putting up a determined and courageous fight for the spoken word at a time when moving pictures offer an ever increasing rivalry to the legitimate stage.

A year ago I watched the methods of Mr. Stuart Walker's stock company in Baltimore with the greatest wonder and admiration. The members of his little band, one or two of whom had made their mark in metropolitan theaters and were "filling in," seemed actually to live in that nice old building in Baltimore—and a delightful city it is—and to leave it only when Nature demanded sleep.

Life in a Traveling Bag

Then, too, the life of those other under dogs, if one may call them so without the least offense, who do the one-night stands is not an easy one. Conceive what it means to arrive at a town at seven o'clock in the evening, rush to the local theater after having bolted a meal at a cafeteria, dress and give a performance in scenery hastily put together and then, immediately on the fall of the curtain, scuttle back to the train, to spend the whole of the next day in cramped quarters on the way to the next brief stop. It is true that the trains are comfortable and the sleepers clean and efficient, but the jumps are long and shaky, the monotony wearing to the nerves, and the constant smell of smoke a most unpleasant companion. I believe that there are numerous members of the profession who spend their lives in this way and who may be said to live in bags. To them the mere thought of playing for a week in a theater or, better still, of enjoying a run in a New York house, must be El Dorado, the perennial subject of dreams.

One's pity goes out to those able vaudevillians who spend the greater part of the year, week by week, playing twice a day. I often wonder what they do with themselves between one performance and the other. Do they wander about the town, sit in the foyers of the hotels watching actual life or remain in their dressing rooms reading? A hard and monotonous life, my masters, and one which calls for courage. Homeless pigeons they always seem to me, flying from cote to cote with never a perch of their own.

I am not so familiar with the under dogs of the American stage as with those of the stage of England. I have, nevertheless, made many mental notes of quaint and interesting characters whom I have met at various times in and round the theaters in which my plays have been produced. One of them is a stenographer in the office of a great producing concern whose destinies are in the hands of a worried but likable man who is the modern Atlas so far as the stage is concerned. He carries several hundred theaters on his back and copes with his daily problems with a sort of wide-eyed amazement and the most astonishing equability, much misunderstood. I know him to be a man of honor and an excellent fellow, most charitably inclined, with whom it is a pleasure to deal.

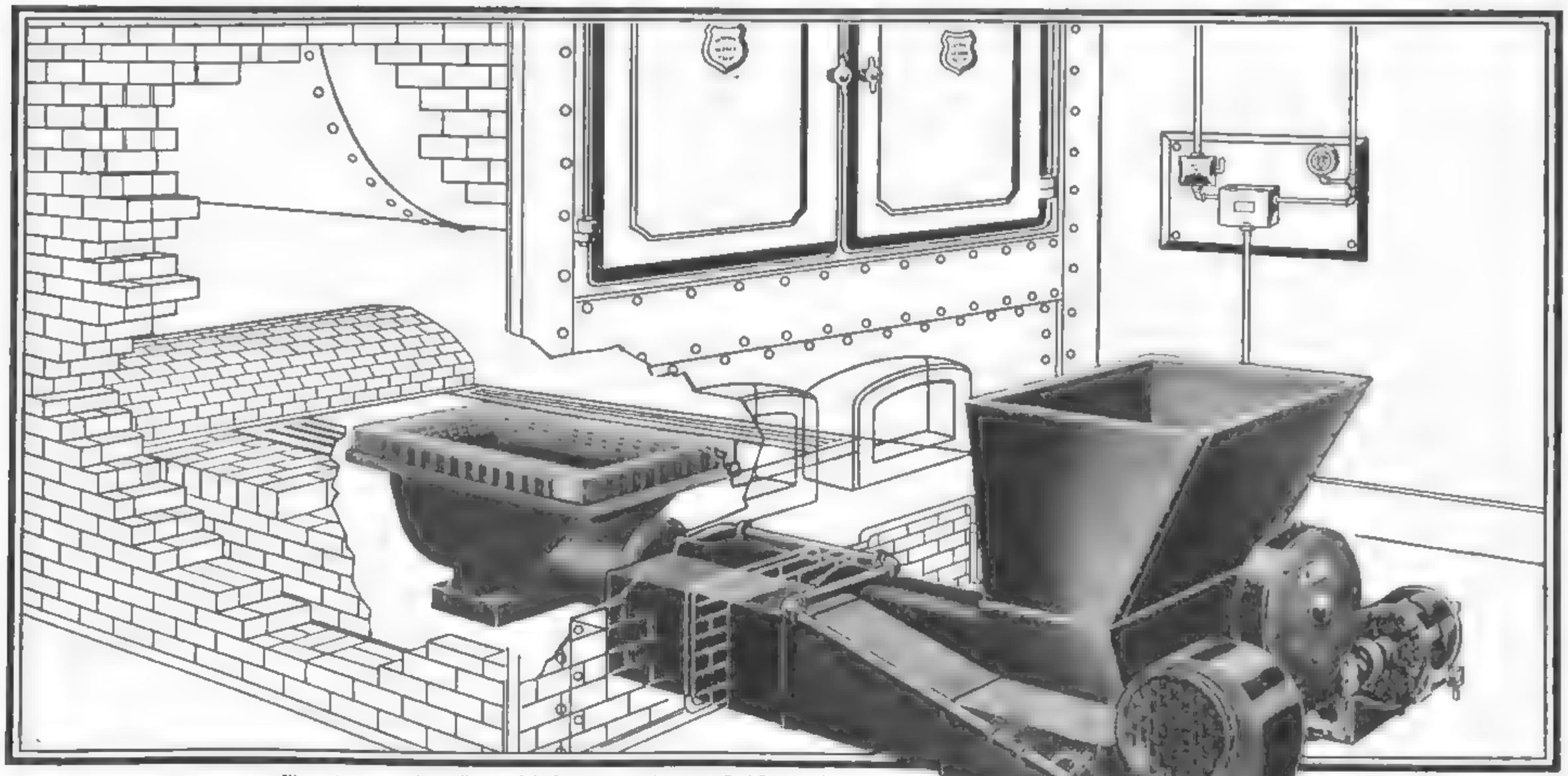
Pollyanna at Her Desk

The girl of whom I write might have sat as a model for the cover of a magazine and have appeared in that open position over and over again. In spite of a harassed life, with as many telephones on her desk as there are guns in a fort, she wears a smile that won't come off from the beginning to the end of her day. Her lips are as permanently curled as her hair and she has the extraordinary gift of looking as though she delighted in being snowed under with work. With all her telephones ringing at once and half the staff of the office flinging questions like bombs, she remains as imperturbable and limpid as a running brook, with every hair in place. Her badinage may not be very subtle, but in the many moments of great stress with which her office is inflicted—more, it seems to me, than any other in the world—her constant quips break through the cloudy atmosphere like little beams of sun.

She is known, of course, to many of the members of the profession, and especially to those who are important enough not to be obliged to herd together in the waiting room, but are able to pass through the outer barricades and seat themselves in the room outside the sanctum sanctorum of the Big Wind himself. To them she is known by her Christian name, and to them she hands out tips as to impending productions and frequently recommends one or other of these patient impatient people, to whom resting is very hard work, to the various authors who appear from time to time. She has a memory like that of Fate and at any moment can be relied upon to give the date of production of a certain play, its cast and length of run. She rivals Macaulay in this respect, who, you will remember, had only to read a thing once in order to be able to repeat it word for word whenever called upon.

Always in the most charming clothes, and with her nails as pink as a just-washed radish, she slips through the daily storm and stress of that chaotic office with all the imperturbability of a goldfish alone in a bowl. I often wonder what the office would do without her and what she will eventually do when, instead of tapping the typewriter and answering the telephone, she retires to the backwater of matrimony, as of course she will. In order to keep up the illusion of her former strenuous life I wonder whether she will have a telephone on the piano and leave the radio on?

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue



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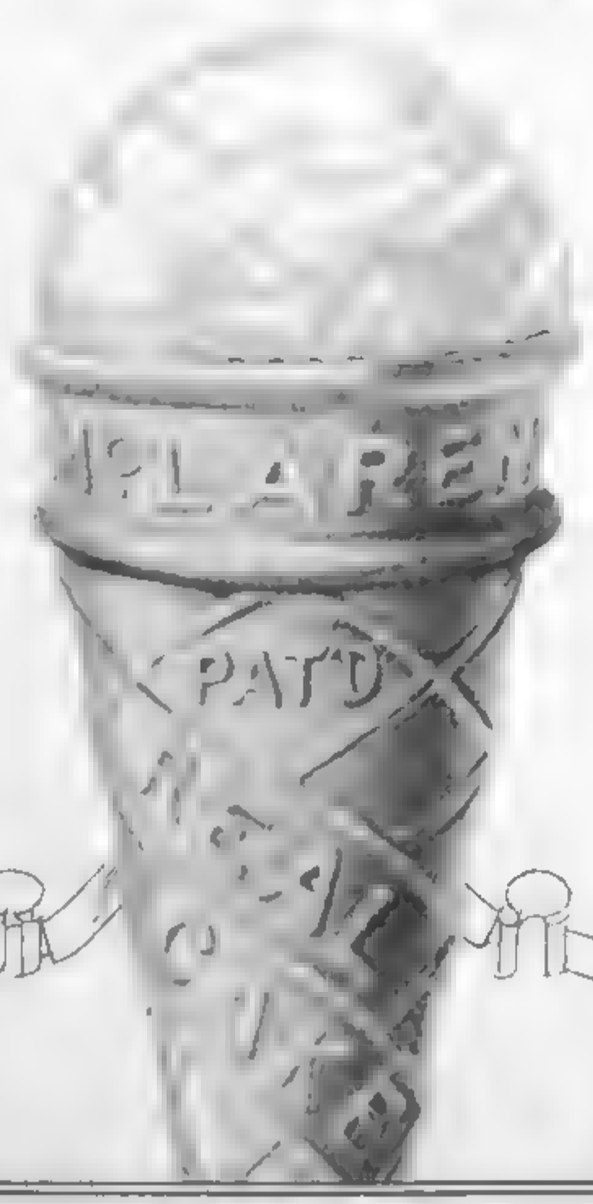
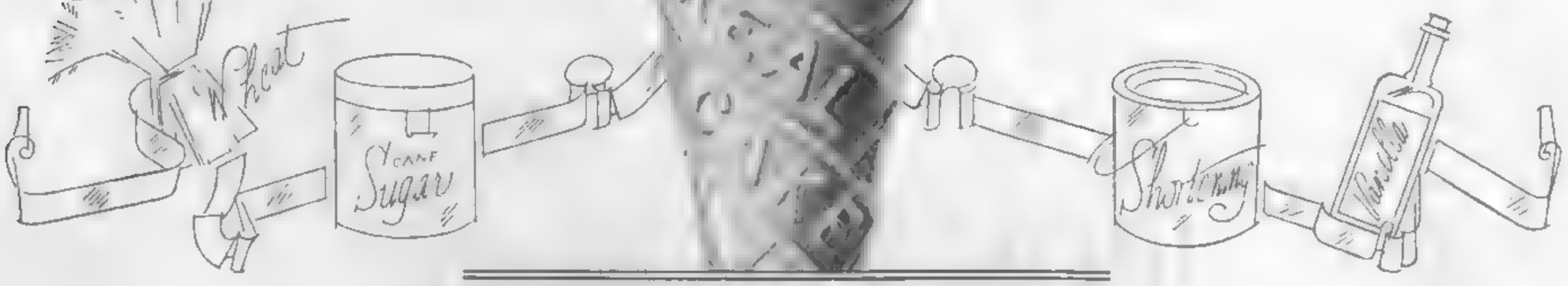
They're made in clean, shining bakeries, of real cake ingredients—the best wheat flour, fine shortening, vanilla flavoring and pure cane sugar. Mixed and baked by automatic machinery without being touched by hand.

It's this care in baking and selection of materials that gives McLaren Real Cake Cones such crisp deliciousness. They're always fresh, always full of crunchy, sugary, blend-with-the-ice-cream goodness that makes them a perfect treat. They make your favorite ice cream taste still better. They could not be purer nor more wholesome if you baked them in your own kitchen.





Patronize the places where McLaren Real Cake Cones are sold. You may be sure the dealer who sells them appreciates his responsibility for the health of the children he serves. His care in selecting fine cones is practically a pledge that his ice cream, syrups and fountain service will be of the same high standard.

To all who sell cones: McLaren Real Cake Cones increase your cone sales by their superior goodness. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber, or write for samples and learn for yourself. Bakeries or warehouses in 65 principal cities insure prompt service everywhere. McLaren-Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

McLAREN

REAL CAKE CONES

Look for the name McLAREN *on every cone*

YOU'RE ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 15)

away with a telephone circuit of that distance between us. He talks into the transmitter to the broadcaster, in low tones so that his voice will not get into the microphone. Well, if ever there was a short pick-up it is that which a man uses in broadcasting a sports event—from eye, or ear, to the mouth; it travels that way and is gone. Consequently we do not have, after the event, such vivid memories as the newspaper reporter or the more observant spectators. Grantland Rice, who is an expert in the newspaper game, found this out to his annoyance, after trying his hand, or rather his voice, at broadcasting. One experience, though he did a wonderful job, was enough; and he swore he'd never try it again. Everything was too transient, he said. He caught everything on the fly, and when he was through he had not enough material left for finishing the syndicate and magazine articles for which he had contracted; too few real recollections remained for report and analysis afterward. Everything seemed to have gone in one ear and, though not out of the other, at least out of his mouth. He discovered, he said, that he lost too much money in taking on such an assignment.

A Mood for Each Occasion

Our game is quite different, therefore, and as we undoubtedly would make but indifferent reporters in print, so the newspaper man does not always make the best broadcaster. Once I sat in with an editor—an expert, too, with a powerful style and a keen wit. Somehow, perhaps through self-consciousness, but I don't think it was altogether that, he found it difficult to pick out the right things to tell; those that might score on the printed page were not so interesting on the air. An effect gained in one medium, you see, will not always get over in another. A musician may give the suggestion of color in the tone of a violin, but not with paint on canvas; and a fine actor cannot always write so well as he talks. So it is with our respective callings.

If the work of reporting a baseball series is hard on the nerves it is sometimes also pretty exhausting for the voice, though I found that my musical training stood me in good stead here. I never quite gave out, but once I came near it—two years later, in the series of 1925. It isn't that you have to shout, though the crowd is shouting all around you. You can close down the mike to shut out the unwanted outside sounds; and it is much better to speak in an ordinary tone, as that will get over if your voice has the proper carrying qualities. Still, when the crowd shouts it is hard to keep your own voice down to a proper pitch. Unconsciously, with all the excitement, your own voice climbs up with the crowd's, and often you find it hoarse when you hadn't realized you had been straining it.

A great many letters came in after the 1923 series, not so many as 1925's 50,000 response, still sufficient to show that we had pleased people—3000, I think it was, in all. Most of these communications were very favorable, but there were enough dissenting to give the experience spice. Some called me all kinds of an egoist and strongly objected to any injection of the personal into the reports.

"What do we care," wrote some, "whether you are cold or hot, wet or dry; or what's the state of your health? What we want to hear about is the game."

Now the method of telling about things informally was not exactly designed. It began, I think, with the fights. Naturally it would be hard to report these as formally or with as much dignity as one would a Philharmonic concert. In the excitement one naturally lets oneself go, is more honest and down to the skin at big sports events. Then, too, sometimes we would get communications saying "We liked such and such an expression," or "We liked the way you handled the job last night"; and we'd think that perhaps we had been a little less stiff on that occasion and so take the tip; but the habit, I think, grew on us more or less unconsciously. And it should never go so far as to lug in humor deliberately. If a phrase or description strikes one spontaneously as funny, then shoot it home. But one cannot deliberately build up a joke, plant it and all, as can and do most vaudeville performers.

One proof of the popularity of the informal method of broadcasting came to us in an amusing way through a well-known newspaper, and, by the way, the fact that this year the papers assigned men on their staffs to review radio was proof that radio had really arrived, quite as the first critical reviewing of motion pictures showed, some years back, that people were at last taking the films seriously. One of these radio reviewers, who ran a regular column each day, praised my broadcasting of the Lynch-Goldstein fight and remarked:

"My, how mixed up and excited the broadcaster of WEAF got the other night over the fight! Fortunately, he wasn't as cold and inhuman as McNamee when he broadcasts his concerts from the same station."

There was a catch in this, though, that the reviewer didn't get. For I was the man who broadcast the fight. The reviewer didn't recognize at first that the voice that was so human and the other which was inhuman were one and the same, and that the ways of broadcasting serious concerts and fights were necessarily different.

It was another reviewer who took me to task later for saying that a fighter had fainted, when it was evident that he hadn't, since he continued fighting. The critic, you see, was ignorant of that fine point of the fistic art which is spelled with an *e*, not an *a*—feinting. But, then, even fighters sometimes seem to forget that too.

Summing Up the President

A second very interesting thing about the letters following the World's Series was the very common form of address. It was my custom to open any program with the salutation "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience," and to close the evening with the farewell "Good night, all." Radio was still comparatively new and the fans didn't know the names of the announcers as well as they do now. So I got many a letter directed simply to:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, New York."

Others were addressed to the other end, and it seemed sort of ominous to open these, inscribed:

"Good night, all,
New York."

I didn't like that "Good night"—it looked almost as if they had no use for me at all, wanted my job, wanted to fire me or something.

The next big assignment after the World's Series was the broadcasting of the Coolidge message to Congress, delivered in December of the same year—1923. This time I was not stationed near the speaker, who stood in the famous Senate Chamber of the Capitol, but was down in the cellar with the control man. Again we had no orders or instructions and it looked at first as if there would be little work to do beyond the mere announcing; any comment at the time seemed out of place at such a formal occasion.

But as I sat there in the cellar on a barrel, listening to the President's voice as it came over the loud speaker we had stationed near us, I began to take notes on the backs of old envelopes, listing the principal points of his message. I had begun just for the fun of the thing, but when the speech was half through, suddenly it occurred to me that

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It's no more than a fifteen minute job for anyone who follows the *complete* directions on the back of the SILVER LAKE Sash Cord package.

You get a 20-year written guarantee with SILVER LAKE—proof of the maker's confidence in this solid-braided, quality sash cord.

Specify SILVER LAKE for your new home. Your architect and builder will endorse your choice.

SILVER LAKE COMPANY
NEWTONVILLE, MASS.
Manufacturers of Solid Braided Cordage

The Silver Lake Package contains ample length for four new Sash Cords. On the back [illegible] you will find complete [illegible] for making the replacements in any sash

50¢ the package
At Hardware and Builders' Supply Stores

[illegible] Hank for quantity users. Carpenters: Carry SILVER LAKE in this form in your kit.

Silver Lake Sash Cord
LOOK FOR THE NAME STAMPED ON EVERY FOOT OF CORD

WITTLIFF BED BRACES
Your dealer can supply your next bedroom suite with a Wittliff Brace. Ask for it—it makes the bed an easy-rolling unit. No more creaking, wabbly beds, falling slats, broken locks, split posts. Insist on the genuine. Know it by the patented "Y" construction. Doubles the life of any bed. Saves carpets. Invisible in use. Inexpensive for your old bed, too. At most good dealers' or write us for free circular and name of nearest dealer.

Trusses the bed into a rigid, easy-rolling unit.

Easily attached. Invisible in use, under the slats.

WITTLIFF
BED BRACES
PATENTED MAY 12, 1916

WITTLIFF FURNITURE BRACE CO.,
Superior-Thirtieth Bldg.
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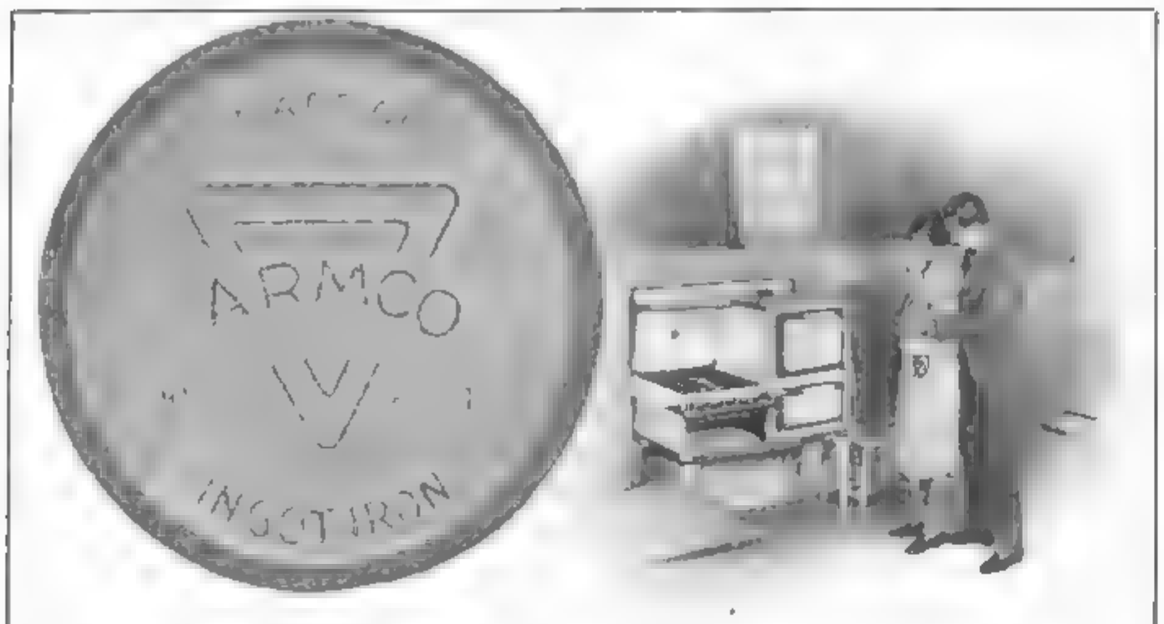
Manufacturers of braces for wood and metal beds, tables and chairs.

ATTACHED IN A MINUTE

MAKES [illegible] BEDS BETTER



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NOT only does the gleaming whiteness of porcelain enamel add permanent beauty to the home, but the glistening surface is so easy to keep clean that housework is lightened considerably.

When you select a stove, range, refrigerator, cabinet heater, table top, toaster, dishwasher, washing machine — any article of porcelain enamel — ask to see the ARMCO Triangle. It is your assurance that the manufacturer and dealer are giving you the highest possible material-value for your money.

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many of the radio audience would perhaps tune in late and so miss much of the message. It would not be a bad idea, I thought, to recapitulate it for them.

So at once, when the President had finished speaking, I went to the microphone, and after a simple announcement that the President had just finished his message delivered to the joint houses of Congress assembled in the Senate, I began my summary.

It was an innovation that pleased our audience, for the letters following showed a most favorable reaction; and, too, the points I had picked out as important to retell seemed to coincide with those later given in the evening newspapers. However, it was decided not to repeat the practice on other such occasions. Though this time it had been done without offense, it is obvious that there might be complications should the broadcaster be indiscreet or too partial in his summarizing, and stress certain points too much while ignoring others.

Still, we were sure that in the future we could do more in the way of color at such gatherings, brightening the rigid formality and procedure by descriptions of settings and crowds, as in baseball games, and possibly by some details of the buildings in which such affairs were held and stories of their historic associations.

One week after the delivering of this address our microphones were again set up in Washington, this time in the White House, for the broadcasting by the President of the Harding Memorial address. Before the start Mrs. Coolidge watched our movements with intense interest, asking in her sweet gracious way many questions about the apparatus and its working.

Characteristically enough, the President himself put no questions to us. I have observed him closely on many occasions and rarely indeed have I heard him ask any. He seems to take everything in with his eyes. This very day I watched him as he stood with Butler and other prominent people, having innumerable queries shot at him, but seldom did he speak himself; just stood there listening, thinking, absorbing. I could not help but wonder at his poise and calm, and the wise shrewdness of those eyes which, you can depend upon it, were all the time taking in something.

Overhearing a Convention

In the spring of 1924 the whole office grew excited over the National Conventions, the first of which was to be held by the Republicans in June. There never had been any broadcasting of such proceedings and it was not yet possible to tell whether the leaders would sanction such publicity. Finally, however, permission was given and WEAF was selected as the official station. As a rule the big outside jobs are exclusive, since it is more practical for one station to handle matters, tying up, of course, with other outfits; though sometimes a local station is also allowed to broadcast for the section immediately adjacent to the city where the event takes place. And again no orders were given us by the office; indeed, there were no precedents or rules to guide us. It was a new sort of job and all we really knew was that people met and somehow got together on a candidate. How they did it, we didn't know, or what were the proceedings we had to cover.

So two weeks before the opening, one of our plant men who takes care of the mechanical end of our assignments went with me out to Cleveland to look the big hall over and find out as much as we could about the procedure. After this little reconnaissance we returned to the office, and went back to Cleveland again, with a staff of thirteen men, two days before the first gun was fired. However, there wasn't much firing or fireworks at this convention; it was too placid and smoothly run for that. Our part of it, though, was very interesting and presented a number of problems. To give you an idea of how our equipment was placed, we had first better draw a swift picture of the great hall, which seats approximately 12,000.

There was the usual great gallery allotted to the spectators, and on the auditorium floor sections were set aside for the various delegations, each being marked by a standard bearing the name of some state.

At the right and left were the pipe organ and band, and on the stage various notables. In front of the stage proper was a platform, where the actual officials of the convention sat, and from this there ran out into the audience a narrow walk, about four feet wide, where the chairman or speaker stood when there were speeches or any special announcements to make.

An inclosed booth is not needed at outdoor events and celebrations, but it is quite necessary in a hall where our broadcasting and conversation might disturb the deliberations; so one of glass, like the monitor's booth in our studio, was erected on the stage near the base of the proscenium arch. It was equipped with a table, chairs, paper, a telephone receiver, head phones and a little board with signal lights, also two microphones, one for regular announcing, the other for use in case the first got out of order. Microphones were also placed near the band and the organ, and out on that narrow walk for broadcasting the speeches.

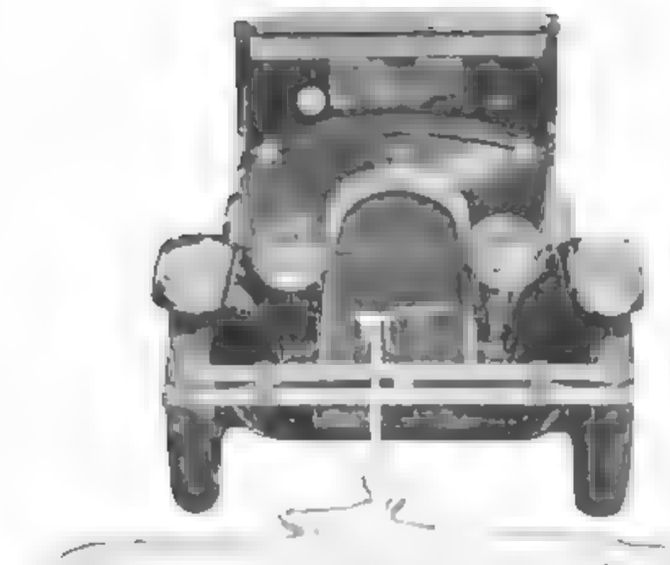
A Dangerous Tongue

I could cut off my own microphone in the booth but, as at the baseball games, when I wanted to start or cut off any of the others I had to telephone the control room. If an important speech was being made from the tongue I would call through the transmitter, "Stage," or, if I thought music would prove a pleasant variation, "Organ," or "Band." To make everything quite sure, we placed in the booth that little signal board; the lights showing red when my microphone was on, white for the stage, and so on. There was always assurance, if one kept one's wits about him, that the air wasn't dead. We had come quite a ways, you see, from the first studio days, when I would press the button and shut off a singer, then press it again when somebody was bawling me out, which the outside world was not supposed to hear. And it is really remarkable, when one considers how many things are going on in such places—roll calls, resolutions, speeches, band selections, parades, and so on, with an audience of 12,000 people, and all these microphones and telephones working and wires relaying everything to New York and out again to twenty-seven stations all over the land—that so few mistakes are made. And it is a fact that at these big broadcastings no real break has ever occurred except through a storm or one of those catastrophes we call an act of God.

Although, seated as I was, I could look out of the glass walls of my little house and see everything that was going on, I could not analyze all the proceedings or tell what was coming next, in a several days' gathering which had no absolutely fixed program. So one of the staff stayed on that tongue with head phones on his head and could talk not only to the control room and bandmaster but to the booth. From here, too, he could gather from the officials the procedure, changes in the program, if there were any, information about the next speaker, and so on; and in turn he would relay this information over the short telephone circuit to me or to my associate in the booth.

That tongue extending out into the auditorium was practical for speaking purposes, but sometimes it had an amusing effect. Every once in a while during a lull in the program two politicians would disentangle themselves from the crowds on the platform and walk out on the tongue for a little private deliberation of their own, away from the rest. Here they thought they could confer in ordinary tones without being heard, since the tongue was built high and they stood considerably above the audience. But they forgot all about the silent mike, and instead of speaking in their expected privacy, they were actually telling their confidential arrangements to the

(Continued on Page 205)



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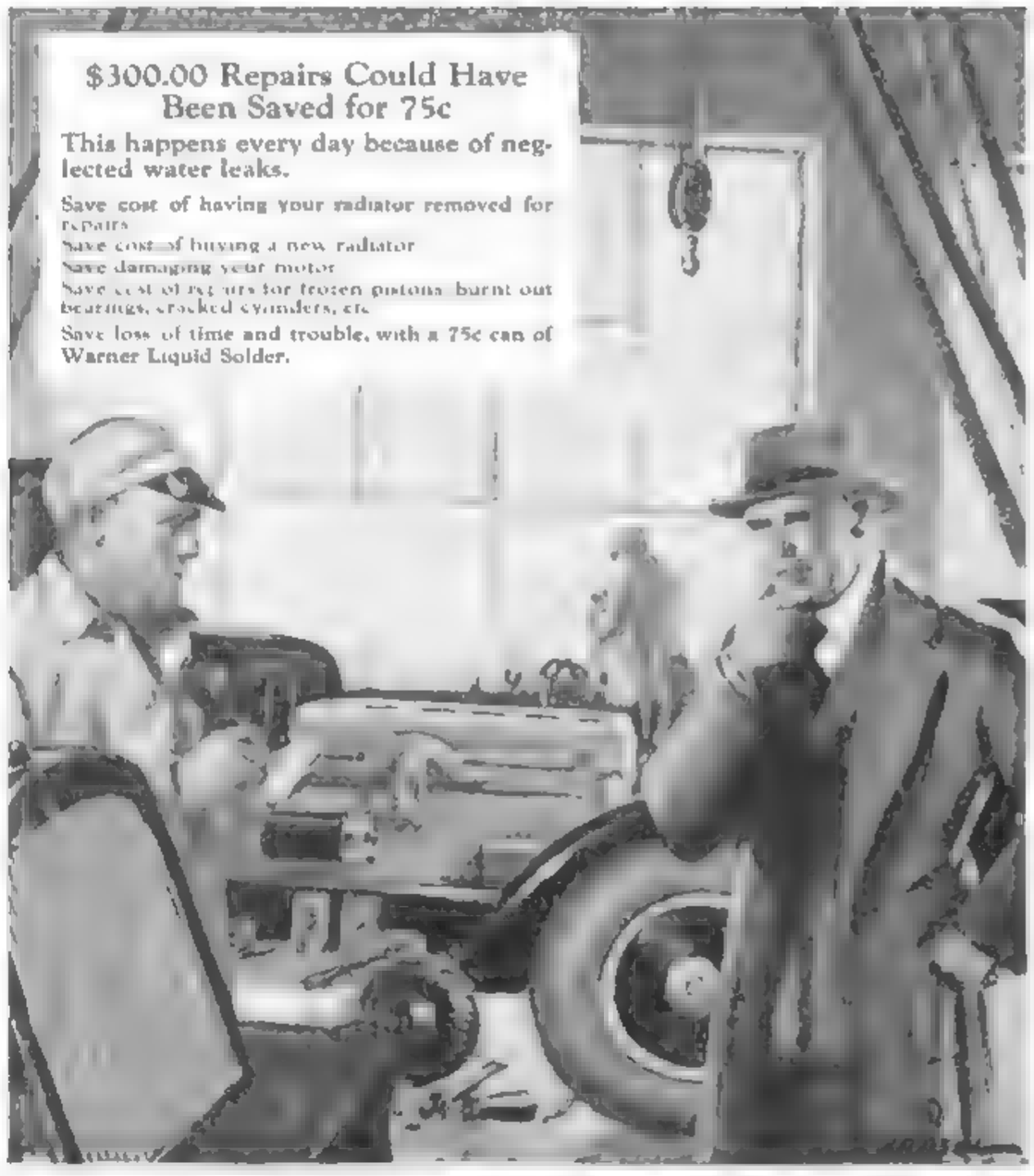
$300.00 Repairs Could Have Been Saved for 75c
This happens every day because of neglected water leaks.
Save cost of having your radiator removed for repairs
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Save damaging your motor
Save cost of repairs for frozen pistons, burnt out bearings, cracked cylinders, etc.
Save loss of time and trouble, with a 75c can of Warner Liquid Solder.

You are careful of Oil— Why careless of Water?

—Being careful of your automobile motor's oil but neglecting to stop water-leaks is like "locking the back door but leaving the front door open so thieves can walk in".

—Yet thousands of car owners are daily damaging their motors that way—they are only 50% careful. See if *your* car has a leak anywhere in its cooling system. Stop it instantly yourself this new Warner way.

Even a small drip can prove fatal. The loss of one drop of water per second through a leak will lose 1.4 gallons in 24 hours. The danger of even such a small leak cannot be over-estimated. For example, if your radiator holds 4 gallons, in less than 4 days it would be dry.

People deceive themselves that, *because water is free*, when it has leaked out all they have to do is to simply refill the radiator. But pouring in fresh water *cannot undo the injuries done while it was leaking out.*

Terrific heat is produced anew with every cylinder-explosion. Enough water must constantly circulate around every cylinder to prevent it from *burning up*. The heat is there every second the motor is running. *If enough water is not there, damage is inevitable with mathematical certainty.* Every engineer knows it—knows the lessened motor efficiency; the burnt out bearings; the scored cylinders, etc., that result from loss of water through leaks.

That is why engineers enthusiastically endorse Mr. A. P. Warner's success in providing a sure, safe and easy way for every car owner to safeguard his car from this needless destruction.

75c
Big Car Size $1.00

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Enclosed find 75c. Please send me prepaid one can of Warner Liquid Solder.

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who determines the correct amount of hidden moisture — a calculation essential to permanent worth in Oak Floors.

BRUCE

The label appears on all boards of Bruce oak flooring. Sold nationally through retail lumber dealers everywhere.

This expert at the kiln-laboratory [illegible] Bruce knowledge [illegible] and technical efficiency in the [illegible] essentials of good flooring manufacture

DAILY tests for moisture content, —and this man's word is law! He passes on the correct amount of moisture in tiny test pieces of rough oak lumber, but in so doing he determines the lasting satisfaction of entire floors in your future home. Your ideal of a permanent lustrous expanse of polished oak, reflecting Nature's beauty in dancing shafts of light, depends upon his accuracy.

It is this basic precaution, perfected only after years of exhaustive research in the Bruce laboratories, that makes it possible for you to specify Bruce oak flooring, with the assurance that it will retain its life and wearing qualities indefinitely.

Look for the name "Bruce"

Equal care and precision in every stage of manufacture follow this first calculation at the kilns. Your identification of sound oak flooring is the name "Bruce" impressed on the back of every flooring piece, convincing to every prospective builder of a home. It is your guarantee of a better floor, recommended and sold by leading retail lumber dealers everywhere. Yet, despite its excellence, Bruce flooring costs no more than ordinary flooring. Economy in operation and national distribution bring Bruce flooring within reach of the most modest purse.

Over old floors

Ask your dealer to figure the low cost of laying Bruce oak over the worn floors in your present home. No other single improvement will do more to modernize your home, and increase its value for rental or sale.

"Just Inside your Threshold"

Write for this booklet, containing 24 pages of interesting flooring facts: appropriate use of various widths and finishes; distinctive effects in different rooms; proper care of Bruce oak flooring.

E. L. Bruce Co.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OAK FLOORING IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 202)

whole world. To save them embarrassment later, sometimes I had to be pretty quick in ordering the control room to cut off the mike.

This convention was a pretty cut-and-dried affair, with the only color the beautiful light and color effects of the magnificent organ, the tremendous chorus of Onward, Christian Soldiers, from 12,000 throats, and the only excitement occurring when they kept wiring to Governor Lowden offering him the Vice Presidency, and he kept wiring back that he meant what he meant when he said no. There were perhaps two other incidents that stand out in retrospect—a little friendly chat between Bryan and Will Rogers, and my having my picture taken. Ordinarily the latter wouldn't seem much of an event, but the way this was handled was out of the ordinary.

At five o'clock one afternoon I received word from New York to get in touch with our office in Cleveland and have my photograph taken and transmitted to New York by wire. Four and one-half minutes after the photographer had finished his work the picture was in New York. It was printed that night in the New York Times; and next morning at breakfast I saw the picture in the Times, copies of which had been sent to Cleveland by aeroplane. Four great modern inventions the camera, telephone, printing press and aeroplane—had done their work well and with incredible swiftness. And a fifth—radio—was somehow linked up with it all, since a broadcaster was the subject of the picture.

As for Bryan and Rogers, who were both acting as correspondents for newspapers, I heard W. J. offer Will, and in all sincerity, to tell him of anything funny that he saw occurring in the convention. Rogers was equally gracious, for quick as a shot he came back, promising to inform Bryan of anything serious he observed.

When it was over I was fresh as a daisy and thought convention broadcasting was a cinch; but the Democratic Convention was something else again. At this, too, we had hook-ups all over the country, twenty-three stations in all, enabling almost everyone in the entire nation who cared, to listen to the proceedings.

The Garden of Many Memories

I visited the scene—Madison Square Garden in New York—several times beforehand to get material for dead spots in the program. As at the baseball games, there were bound to be many times when nothing of much interest to anyone not a politician was on—committee appointments, reading of rules, and so on; and for such spots I had to be forearmed with something of a more entertaining nature.

The Garden was not the new one on Eighth Avenue which Rickard has just erected, but the old one at the northeast corner of Madison Square; and much material lay ready waiting in its history. For it had been designed by one of America's leading architects, Stanford White, in 1890, and had held more varieties of people and entertainments than any hall in the land. Housed under one roof were a great arena, innumerable dressing rooms for elephants or men, a once fashionable café, a theater, a gym and a concert hall. Way up in the Spanish tower under the statue of Diana, which once looked down on the buildings all around, were art studios of the architect, Stanford White, and on the main roof the roof garden where Harry Thaw shot White, in this building of which the architect was so proud and which was to prove his undoing. In the main arena have been circuses, prize fights, six-day bicycle and walking races, fashionable balls and horse shows, Biblical pageants and exhibits of poultry and cattle; and here, too, Wilson has spoken, and Roosevelt; Corbett has boxed and John L. has fallen before Charlie Mitchell's fist, and sometimes the whole place has been turned into a lake where battleships have steamed and, later, mermaidens from the Bronx and Amsterdam Avenue and Baxter Street have sported in one-piece bathing suits.

All this history, with other entertaining incidents out of the past, I made ready, taking a stenographer along with me on my tour of the building. I came near striking a snag here, though, for the man in charge of the publicity of the convention came upon me one day while I was at work dictating notes.

"Remember, young man," he said, with a scowl meant to frighten me, "I want to see every word you send out."

So I took extra precautions in preparing this filler stuff for his inspection, and somehow it got by. After examining the sheets he said, "All right. Use your own judgment. Shoot what you like." It was a great relief, for how I was going to have him censor not only the descriptive matter but every word I shot out on the air I did not know.

All Aboard for Alabama

So I started in, still fresh as a daisy, to be at it for sixteen hours a day for fifteen days, to lose many pounds in weight, have my digestive apparatus go completely blooey and grow so tired I had to be punched to be kept awake. Yet the letters that came in afterward said, "You didn't seem tired at all!"

But that was afterward, and meantime the convention was on—routine, seating, speeches, resolutions, nominating, speeches again, a lot of red tape at first, but gradually it gathered steam and tension, then snapped wide open with the nomination of Governor Al Smith. I never heard anything like it before—horns, whistles, sirens—one giant one just back of my booth—people standing up, stamping, shrieking, throwing tons of paper and food—bands competing—others outside—crazy—heads banging and breaking chairs, and 1000 young men in the gallery singing East Side, West Side, all around the town—you could hear that even above the uproar.

Then came the parade of standards—bitter arguments between delegates where the state sentiment was split—even exchanges of blows between the more hot-headed—and Senator Walsh, the presiding officer, standing above it all, looking weary and a little disgusted. Then a fresh uproar as a new state and standard decided to get on the band wagon and fell in line in Al Smith's parade. It was all worse than any fight or baseball game, for there the cries go up to heaven, while the bedlam here bounced back from the iron girders of the roof.

Through it all—this hour and a half of that wild demonstration—I had to talk, with that siren directly back of me. I could hardly think—and it was hard to cut the mike down low enough to shut out the outside noises that threatened each moment to come through and drown my voice.

That filler-in stuff, which I had called on during the first days and which secured a favorable mail reaction, I did not call on now. I had enough else to send out—more than enough. Then came the balloting, and in this there was much of tedium, relieved now and then, as my stage friends would say, by a "giggle."

No one who heard it will ever forget that vote of Alabama—hour after hour, day after day; for 103 ballots, it never varied—sounding like some train dispatcher's cry:

"Alabama casts twenty-fouah votes for Under-r-woo-ood!"

That old war horse, Governor Brandon, of the same state, acted as the train dispatcher and he had an unforgettable delivery—a mixture of Southern drawl and singsong, long drawn out, with a humorous accent on the "Un" of Underwood. And how it did roll and echo among the iron rafters; indeed so impressive was it that after the fifteenth ballot all of the 12,000 people in the hall joined in, as soon as Alabama's name was called, singsonging it and trailing it out with old Governor Brandon.

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The MONOGRAM self-locking features protect the temperature meter and cap from theft and injury. You have your choice of the Standard model as shown below, or with ball ends of rarest multihued imported onyx. If a cap suggestive of the light, airy grace of a bird appeals to you, then there's the MONOGRAM Wing Cap.

MONOGRAM Radiator Cap prices range from $4.00 for the Standard Junior model to $10.00 for the Royal Onyx Senior model. And while you are about it, put a MONOGRAM Illuminated Onyx Gear Shift Ball ($5.00) or a MONOGRAM Locking Onyx Gear Shift Ball ($2.50) on your gear shift rod.

Write for descriptive literature

THE KINGSLEY-MILLER COMPANY
604 West Jackson Boulevard Chicago, Illinois

Export Department:
Cable Address
. MONOGRAM

Canadian Mfg. and Sales
J. B. WALDEN, Jr.
London, Ontario

Would You Accept $2.50 for a Spare Hour?

"How do you like the way my subscription orders are coming in to you? Yesterday I secured 16 subscriptions. Not bad considering that I'm selling automobiles at the same time. The two work together splendidly."

—Grant DeK. Pritchard

Mr. Grant DeK. Pritchard of New Jersey sells automobiles all day. But on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour extra as our spare-time subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *the Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But there are other reasons which will prove just as attractive to you:

1. You need no previous experience to succeed.
2. You do not need one penny of capital.
3. Profits from the very start.
4. You work just when it suits your convenience.
5. You need not leave your own locality.

That's all we can say in this limited space. The next step is up to you—which is the reason for the coupon. Upon its receipt, we will promptly send you all the rest of the pleasing details—for there is no better time to start than *NOW!*

Just Clip the Coupon and Mail Today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 357 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your offer sounds attractive. Send me all the details without obligation to me.

Name

Street

City State

Save Skin ~and Temper!

BLACKHAWK Quick Detachable wrenches make every bolt and nut on your car easily accessible. There is a socket to fit every job without ever slipping, and a husky handle that gives just the right reach and proper leverage for quick, sure work.

Dealers can supply you with a selected "Q. D." set especially designed for your particular car. You will find a Blackhawk set the best tool investment you ever made.

Blackhawk Water Pumps for Fords

The "Chief"

The over-size pump. Prevents boiling in summer. Ends winter freezing by circulating the water at top speed and stopping alcohol evaporation.

Turbine Head

The "Chief's" turbine type impeller delivers more water than ordinary types. Double bronze bearings, double lubrication, and extra heavy construction make it outlast the car. Fits all models. Price $7.50 at dealers'.

The "Scout"

Second only to the "Chief" in pumping power. Price $5 Both pumps come complete with belt and horn bracket.

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P Milwaukee, Wis.

BLACKHAWK

HASTINGS
REAL GLASS WINDOWS FOR ALL FORDS

Is your Ford new or old? In either case you can replace the rear curtain [illegible] a few minutes with a Hastings [illegible] Keeps out wind and [illegible] Easily put on. Only $5.00.

Look for the name on the frame

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO. HASTINGS MICH.

The Jiffy Suit

Opens and closes securely. No buttons to catch or come off. Nothing to scratch polished surfaces. It protects your clothes from dirt, dust and grease.

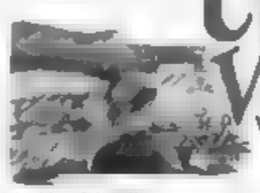
If your dealer does not have it in stock, we will ship postpaid on receipt of price - - $4.45

Send for free circular showing styles for men and boys

Jiffy Garment Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY. 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

Clear Vision
WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST



Apply NO-BLUR to your windshield twice a year [illegible] whether spring showers or [illegible] Easily applied. [illegible] CLEARE with [illegible] NO-BLUR [illegible] your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added [illegible]

Apply Twice A Year

Results Guaranteed

STANDARD SALES CO., Dept. D-62, Memphis, Tenn.
AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS

Rich flavor *in every* golden drop

MADE from the world's finest mustard seeds—mixed in spotless factories. Spread it on all meats—and mix in gravies.

GULDEN'S MUSTARD

There is a street somewhere out Brooklyn way—I never could lead you to it, but I know it is there—also called Alabama, and for months after the convention, each time that the conductor called "Alabama" the passengers would take up that cry:

"Casts twenty-fouah votes for Underwoo-ood!"

During the second week I nearly had the pleasure of a complimentary vote myself, and you can be sure I was much pleased, not only on this particular broadcaster's account but because of the tribute implied to the effectiveness of radio.

The suggestion came from four or five delegates from Massachusetts who, during a lull in proceedings, came over to my booth and said that they had received letters from their wives telling how much they had enjoyed the radio reports. They felt as though they were actually in the hall with their husbands, it was all so real; and having heard about the complimentary vote being given to Will Rogers, they thought the man who had entertained them should also be honored. The husbands in question readily fell in with the suggestion and told me that it would be fixed.

Later they came over and said the situation was too acute. This may seem strange, but their delegation stood something like thirty-three for Smith, two and one half for McAdoo, with a half a vote wandering. Things were very intense in the McAdoo-Smith deadlock and to give that half vote to me, though it meant nothing except as a compliment, would have been bad psychologically. Conditions were hourly getting worse; it was dangerous even to ask after a man's health or slap him on the back; everybody was suspiciously watching for signs, and the defection of that lone half vote might have been considered significant; anything just then might have started something.

Summering in New York

So, on the voting went, resolution following resolution, ballot succeeding ballot, with the resulting snarls and wrangles, until everyone thought the end would never come. Most of the delegates were broke and longed to get home. Fifteen days of convention, mixed with a lot of sightseeing, might have been pleasant; but fifteen days spent in one hall, with no relaxation or relief in sight, with hotel bills mounting up, and most of the delegates moving out of good quarters into cheaper, from good restaurants to sandwiches, get on the nerves. Not being able to leave my booth often, I had to rely on sandwiches myself, and though two years have since passed, I am not yet able to look at two pieces of bread placed face to face.

Even the amiable Will Rogers was dissatisfied, in spite of that complimentary vote. He had contracted to cover this convention, too, but remembering the other, which lasted only a few short days, had arranged to do it for a flat price. Never again, he said; next time he would ask for daily wages.

The Big Man of the Convention

The one laugh that grew out of this situation came when Delaware wanted to break the unit rule, by which it had held through all the long voting, and the spokesman declared his delegation was no longer bound by it. Senator Walsh, the chairman, declared otherwise, and in support of his decision quoted from a ruling by the United States Supreme Court: "When an act is repeated over and over, through the years, it must be considered an act of policy." How his voice dryly sang out that "over and over, through the years." It stampeded the convention, furnishing a very necessary comic relief.

And no more than I can lose that clarion call of Brandon of Alabama can I forget Walsh's sardonic query when some disputatious delegate tried to speak: "For what purpose does the gentleman arise?"

He was a big figure in all the events I was trying so hard to broadcast, but to me Bryan loomed up as even bigger, at least more dramatic, and yet he had started almost without a friend.

But at last the end came to this convention which broke all records, many purses, and some hearts—also my health for the time being. The delegates were too tired even to mumble a vote for Vice President. Perfunctorily, like men after a long siege, each leader without consulting his fellow members, cast a total ballot. Then all packed up to go home.

Now, as I look back at it, it is not the candidates John W. Davis and Charley Bryan, or Al Smith, that loom up most significantly. It is W. J. Bryan himself, and however any of us may differ with his policies, we cannot deny him either courage or power. He won more than one personal victory in this convention—the last he was to enjoy on earth; for the great Commoner will broadcast no more.

One other voice, too, had been stilled for me. Shortly after that message to Congress was broadcast my mother passed on to "where beyond our voices there is peace."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. McNamee and Mr. Anderson. The third will appear in an early issue.

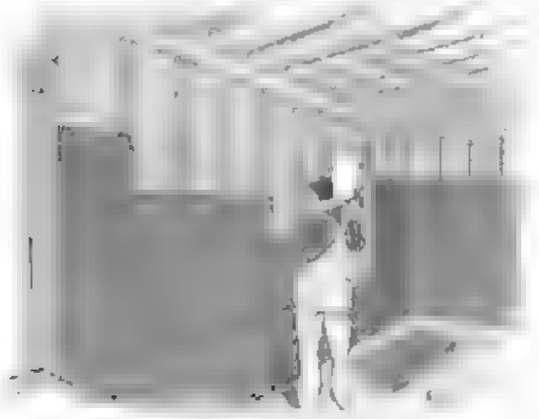
The Golden Gate Driveway, Yellowstone National Park

How to Build a House

that will be

Warmer in Winter
Cooler in Summer
Easier to Heat
Easier to Sell

BUILDING a home that will be warm in winter, cool in summer, easy to heat, easy to sell, is neither difficult nor expensive. Simply line it with Armstrong's Corkboard.

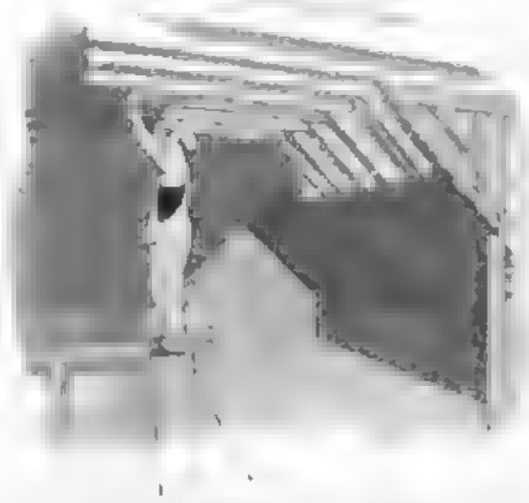


Nailing Armstrong's Corkboard to studding in a frame dwelling

Armstrong's Corkboard is a heatproof material made of pure cork, nature's own heat insulator. No other material equals Armstrong's Corkboard for the insulation of dwellings, no other material is as effective. Built into the walls and roof, it makes them practically heat-tight. In winter, this means a home that can be kept comfortable throughout on the coldest days with a smaller heating plant and much less fuel. In summer, it means upstairs rooms that are as cool and livable as those downstairs. The corklined house is a comfortable home the year 'round, and one that will find a ready buyer if you ever want to sell.

It is an easy matter to line any type of house with Armstrong's Corkboard. It is nailed, like lumber, against studs, joists or rafters in frame or veneer construction, and put up in a backing of Portland cement mortar against brick, stone or hollow tile walls. Plaster is applied directly to the cork, and you can be perfectly sure that it will bond permanently to the cork and be less liable to crack than if applied on lath.

Lining a home with Armstrong's Corkboard is not expensive. The saving in lath and the reduction in the size of the heating plant offset a considerable portion of the cost of the cork. And the saving in fuel will repay the balance in just a few seasons.



Nailing Armstrong's Corkboard to rafters in a frame dwelling which will have a finished third story

It will cost you nothing to investigate Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation. Just send in the coupon and a 32-page, illustrated booklet and sample will be sent you promptly. Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company (*Division of Armstrong Cork Company*), 194 Twenty-fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.; McGill Building, Montreal, Quebec; Armstrong Cork Company, Ltd., Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England. Branches in the Principal Cities of the United States.

Applying plaster directly to Armstrong's Corkboard without the use of lath

Made of pure cork in boards 12 inches by 32 or 36 inches —from 1 inch to 3 inches thick

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Armstrong's
Corkboard Insulation
A Heatproof Lining for Walls and Roofs

Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company
194 TWENTY-FOURTH STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.
or McGILL BLDG. MONTREAL, QUEBEC

GENTLEMEN—*You may send me complete information about the insulation of dwellings with Armstrong's Corkboard*

Name

Address

MAY

At the left, just ankles.

Below, shapeliness that gives evidence of fastidious care—the same ankles, but now clad in "Onyx Pointex"

The difference between perfection and mediocrity in ankles

WHAT wondrous miracle is it that "Pointex" works with women's ankles? Listen and we will tell you.

Those twin tapering lines that spring from the shoe top at the back of the ankle do something infinitely greater than make "Onyx Pointex" stockings *wear* better. They make them *look* better. They create an illusion of slenderness even where slenderness is not. They emphasize the natural beauty of the ankle where it exists. They glorify the ankle. They give it grace, charm, allure.

No wonder all women, whose wisdom prompts them to look carefully to the line between skirt hem and shoe top, point invariably to the little red box behind the counter and say, emphatically, "Onyx Pointex."

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below.

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight	$1.65
Style 255, Service weight	$1.95
Style 355, "Sheersilk"	$1.95

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight	$2.75
Style 450, "Sheersilk", the finest web of silken strands	$2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers New York

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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What is the "man's world" saying

Any time you see from two to twenty Class A men engaged in conversation, you can pretty well guess what it is they are discussing. If they roar, and wave their arms, and threaten people, it's Florida, or Evolution, or Personal Liberty. But if they nod and smile and chime in happily, each only trying to outdo his neighbor's praise, it's Barbasol!

Millions of our very best citizens look on Barbasol as a real personal friend. It saves their time, sweetens their lives, and tames their toughest beards. They would sooner go back to whiskers than give up their Barbasol.

Out of a file bulging with enthusiastic testimonials, not one of them solicited, we offer a few ardent comments on this no-brush, no-rub-in Modern Way of Shaving:

Hooray for Education!

"Barbasol cut down my morning task from 20 minutes to 10, or almost enough time saved for the prescribed reading of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books."—W. E. B., Northampton, Mass.

"No hot water, no rubbing, yet the razor went through the beard as it would through butter, and left face fresh and cool. What has been a complicated process has become as simple as washing the face."—J. H. B., Denver, Colo.

"More or less of a sentimental chap, it is only the sheer merit of Barbasol that causes me to neglect my brush (a present from my oldest lad) as well as the soapstick holder. Daily I have expected to renew their acquaintance, but, no, my face feels better and my shave is shorter. Over a period of critical time I have proved to a skeptical being (myself) that Barbasol is superior."—R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

34 years before Barbasol!

"After trying all the soaps, powders and creams I could reach during the past 34 years, I will say without evasion or exaggeration that Barbasol is the thing!"—J. F. C., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Before using Barbasol, I couldn't possibly shave over three times a week without getting my face in an awful condition. Now I can shave every day, with all ease, and my face stays as smooth and soft as can be."—H. M. C., Pulaski, Tenn.

"Shaving has always been the bane of my existence, and while I still begrudge the time it takes, I no longer dread the discomfort of the process and I find that with Barbasol even the time consumed is noticeably shortened."—C. H. C., Ames, Ia.

"After Barbasol, I would no more think of returning to the old method than I would of returning to stage coaches and ox teams. You can imagine what saving half an hour every morning means to a Florida real estate man!"—G. O. F., Tampa, Fla.

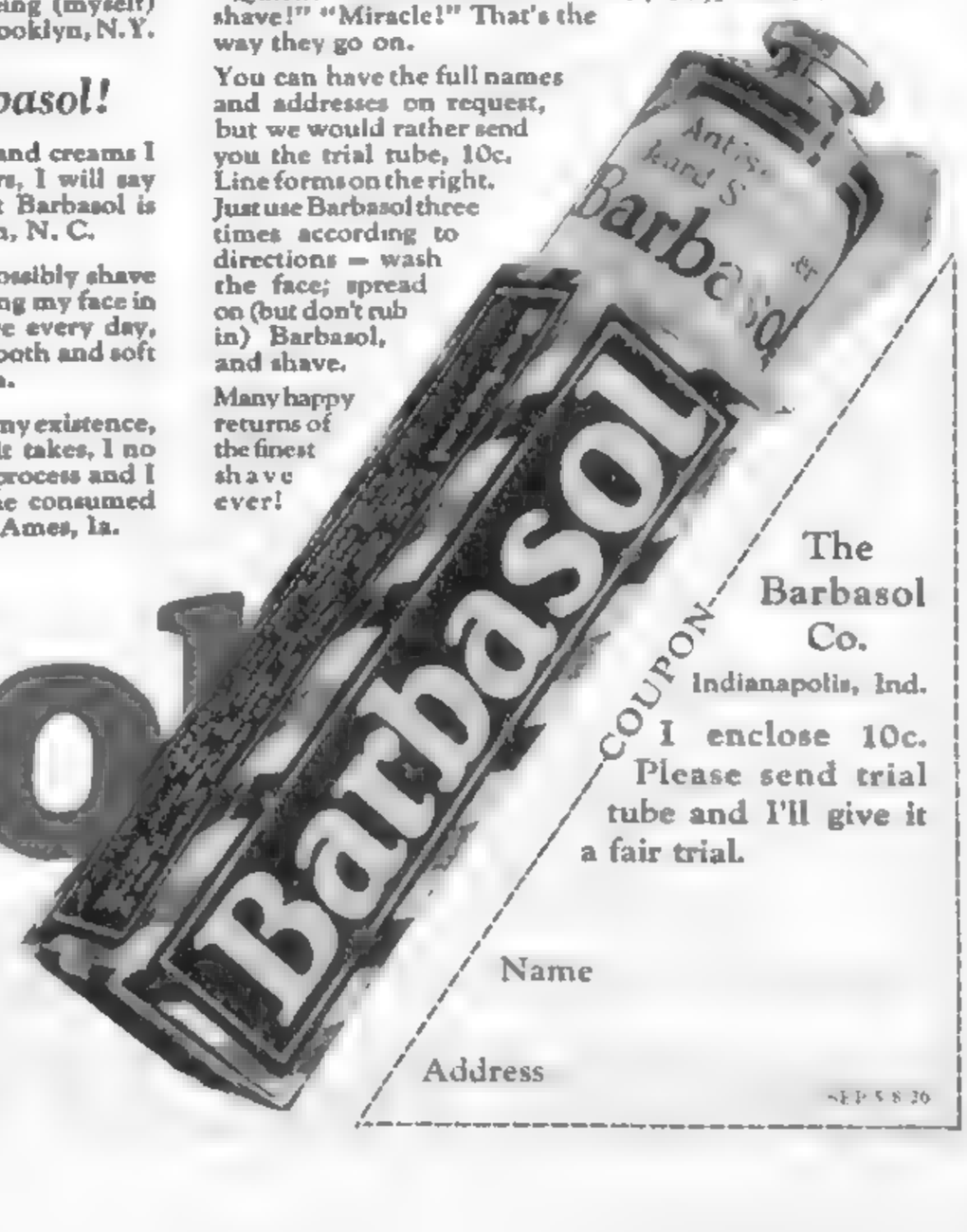
"We are still waiting for Tom Marshall's cigar, but we don't need to wait any longer for a good shaving cream. Barbasol is it!"—M. D., Chicago, Ill.

Come you and shave likewise!

"Quick!" "Wonderful!" "Oh, boy, what a shave!" "Miracle!" That's the way they go on.

You can have the full names and addresses on request, but we would rather send you the trial tube, 10c. Line forms on the right. Just use Barbasol three times according to directions — wash the face; spread on (but don't rub in) Barbasol, and shave.

Many happy returns of the finest shave ever!



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name

Address

SEP 5 8 26

The Altar of Sacrifice—Zion National Park

New Wonders of the West

See Zion National Park—Bryce Canyon—Cedar Breaks Prismatic Plains—Kaibab Forest—North Rim Grand Canyon

NOWHERE else can you see such a rich variety of scenic wonders as in this 450-mile tour by comfortable motor-bus through the enchanting canyon country of Utah-Arizona. There is something of all that is superlatively beautiful, original in form, abysmal in depth, majestic in height and gorgeous in color, plus wild desert horses, deer-filled forests, cliff dwellings, scenes of Mormon history and Indian warfare.

Low summer fares. Through sleeping cars to Cedar City; then take the complete 5-day motor-bus tour and see it all, or a shorter 3 or 4-day tour to Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks only. Personally escorted all-expense tours. Comfortable lodges. A memorable vacation in itself, or an easy side trip on tours to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, California or the Pacific Northwest. Season June 1 to October 1.

Handsome Book in natural colors tells about this new wonderland. Ask for it.

Address nearest Union Pacific Representative, or General Passenger Agent (Dept. A2) at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Ore. : Los Angeles, Cal.

UNION PACIFIC

The Poets' Corner

The Saving Grace

Oh, the man worth while is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead *right!*

WHEN he sits at directors' tables
And is called a Business Napoleon,
When he reads delectable fables
Of his boyhood's first simoleon
In the Monthlies of Aspiration,
And begins to edit his letters
To print for the edification
Of those who are Breaking their Fetters,
There's a test he must now be meeting—
Howsoe'er he regard it imperiously,
He must answer it straight, uncheating:
Does he take himself really seriously?

Can he chuckle at fulsome praises
That fill him with warm delight,
And admit, "I was lucky as blazes;
My mistakes went blindly right"?
Can he gaze in a mirror, unposing,
Not admiring the set of his jaw,
But grinning to think how his prosing
Is worshiped as Ultimate Law?
Can he smile at the grim aridity
That Master Men have (by rumor)
Without sinking to bland placidity,
Which is death to a sense of humor?

If there be such a laudable fellow
I will valiantly cry his name
With gay and stentorian bellow
For a seat in the Hall of Fame.
I will hymn his worth to the ends of Earth,
I will chant both day and night,
"Oh, the man worth while is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead right!"

—*Jerome B. Barry.*

Estrangement

WHENCE is this silence in our hearts, and how—
While still we gaze in one another's eyes,
And smile just as we used to smile—comes now
This silence, and this sadness of surprise?
How have I lost you whom I dreamed to keep?
How have you lost me whom you thought to find?
Where did we miss? When was the path too steep?
And was it you—or I—who fell behind?
Dear Heart, I cannot tell. I only know
Where once was light is darkness now and pain,
And through those flowered ways we used to go
So gayly, we shall never go again.
Somehow, somewhere, we parted—who can say
If it was you—or I—who lost the way?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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The Day the Big Rise in Salary Comes the Living Expenses take a Jump

They talk two minutes about "saving-it-all." But they talk until midnight about the new things they will buy.

THE first big jump in your income!

You did not know just when it was coming. Your boss did not know. Your friends did not know.

The only people who seemed to know it was coming were people who would not have known you if they had met you on the street.

Yet they sent you things by mail. Booklets that described things you could not afford. Circulars describing purchases and investments far beyond your means. Catalogs with pictures of wonderful possessions you could hardly hope to own.

And then, one day you found yourself buying here and there these very things from these very people. You found yourself with a bank account, at the very bank whose circulars used to amuse you because the prospect of a bank account seemed so far away.

You found yourself with a charge account at a department store that you once thought was too high-priced and exclusive for you even to enter its doors.

While this change was taking place with you the same thing was happening to several million other men. Every great business in America is founded on the belief that young men are going to get along—earn more, need more, spend more. It is that belief that causes merchants and manufacturers to depend upon good printers and good printing to help cultivate tomorrow's market. By printed direct advertising, business men are constantly preparing people's minds for buying the very goods that today they think they will never be able to afford.

YOUR CUSTOMER IN THE MAKING

Changed habits of living mean changed habits of buying. The buying habits of the average person change sharply at least four times: at marriage; when the first child is born; when the first big jump in income comes; and when the first home is bought. And not until after each of these events does the individual know that commercially he is a new person—a customer in a new form, a consumer of different goods. But the advertiser with a live mailing list and a good printer to serve him can bank on these events and create new customers before the customers themselves realize that their buying habits have changed.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

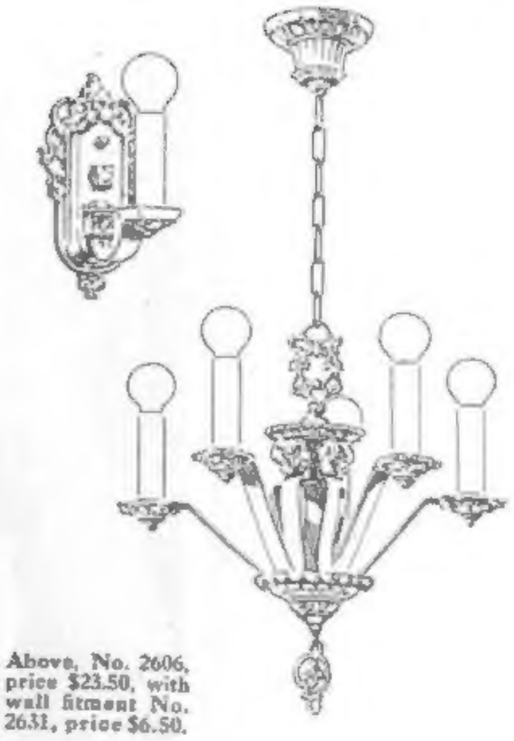
The first step in the production of a series of effective printed pieces should be to consult a good printer. His advice on the technique of their production is valuable.

The planning and producing of this highly remunerative form of advertising is discussed and illustrated in a series of books issued from time to time by S. D. Warren Company. Copies of these books, as published, will be sent you by any merchant handling Warren's Standard Printing Papers; or we shall be glad to mail them direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

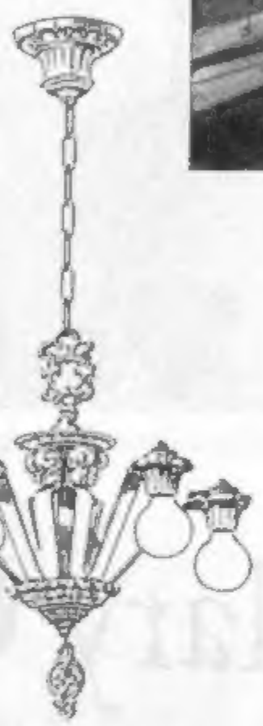
WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Above, No. 2603, price $20.00, with wall fitment No. 2633, price $8.50.



Above, No. 2606, price $23.50, with wall fitment No. 2631, price $6.50.



At right, No. 2607, price $23.50, with wall fitment No. 2634, price $12.50.

Riddle Fitments are admirably adapted to use with the new pearl-gray Mazda lamps, as shown in the sketches.

Fitment No. 2609, price $28.50. Also in drop-light style at the same price. Prices do not include lamps.

At left, No. 2604, price $20.00, with wall fitment No. 2632, price $10.00.

New Riddle Fitments Embodying the Use of Wrought Iron

Perhaps you have noticed how many new homes and apartments are being equipped with Riddle Fitments and in how many instances, too, these standard lighting fitments are being used to replace old-style lighting fixtures. The trend towards Riddle Fitments will be accentuated, we believe, with the introduction of this new series, in a varied selection of suspended pieces and wall brackets, in which substantial bar iron is judiciously employed in interpreting new and individual style ideas of the Riddle designers. Free modeling has been effectively used in combination with a hand-fashioned type of treatment of the heavy iron bars (not light straps but heavy bars), which lends itself ideally to the colorful decoration . . . The fitments pictured and sketched above give merely a suggestion of the appealing quality of the designs and of the moderate prices at which these new Riddle productions are available. If you are building a new home or apartment, for your own occupancy, re-sale or rental, see these new fitments and other Riddle pieces which permit securing lighting equipment of standard merit and quality, and of modern design, with such reasonable expenditure. The name of a nearby Authorized Riddle Dealer, and illustrated folder, will gladly be sent on request. The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Riddle
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Give them the safety of home...

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

Heart's Desire, to many a family, is the little summer cottage snuggled away among the pines, beside some smiling lake.

Both to those who have and to those who plan the building of such a haven from the city's heat and noise and care, there is a thought of greatest value in the name of Sheetrock. That thought is *safety*.

Safety from fire, off there in the woods, with the men folks back at their office desks between week-ends. Real protection within the walls and ceilings that cannot burn, ignite or transmit fire, because they are made of Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard.

Then there are the extra comforts of a cabin lined with Sheetrock. The firm, broad sheets of Sheetrock make *rigid, permanent* walls and ceilings, insulating against the noonday sun and the chilling mists that come up at dawn, *sound-proof, warp-proof, vermin-proof*.

It is so easy to get, to handle, and to build with this *fireproof* wallboard. Sheetrock comes all ready for use; broad, high sheets of gypsum, processed and factory cast, needing only to be nailed to the joists or studding. If you want to decorate, Sheetrock takes wallpaper, paint or panels perfectly. There are specially beautiful and novel effects with *Textone* on Sheetrock.

Be sure you get the genuine — made only by the United States Gypsum Company and branded on every board with the U S G Sheetrock label. Your dealer in lumber or building supplies sells it in your town. Or you can get from us the name of the U S G dealer nearest your cottage location.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

72 designs selected from National Architectural Prize Contest for $1.00. Mail coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

U S G PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

Old Dutch protects your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

Safeguard of the home

All cleaning is done for the sake of health as well as appearance. Old Dutch because of its superior quality and distinctive character not only keeps things spick and span, but brings *healthful cleanliness* because it removes all dangerous invisible impurities as well as visible dirt.

This is a help and protection of greatest importance in the kitchen, refrigerator, utensils, sink, stove, etc.—wherever food is prepared and kept.

There's nothing like Old Dutch. Its foundation is a natural detergent; free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder – under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped; and like thousands of tiny erasers, clean by *erasing* all dirt and invisible impurities without scratching or marring the surface.

Do not complicate your cleaning by using scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which not only mar the surface, but quickly accumulate and hold dirt and impurities.

Healthful Cleanliness is the safeguard to health and Old Dutch is your safeguard to *healthful cleanliness.*

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